Nov. 13, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

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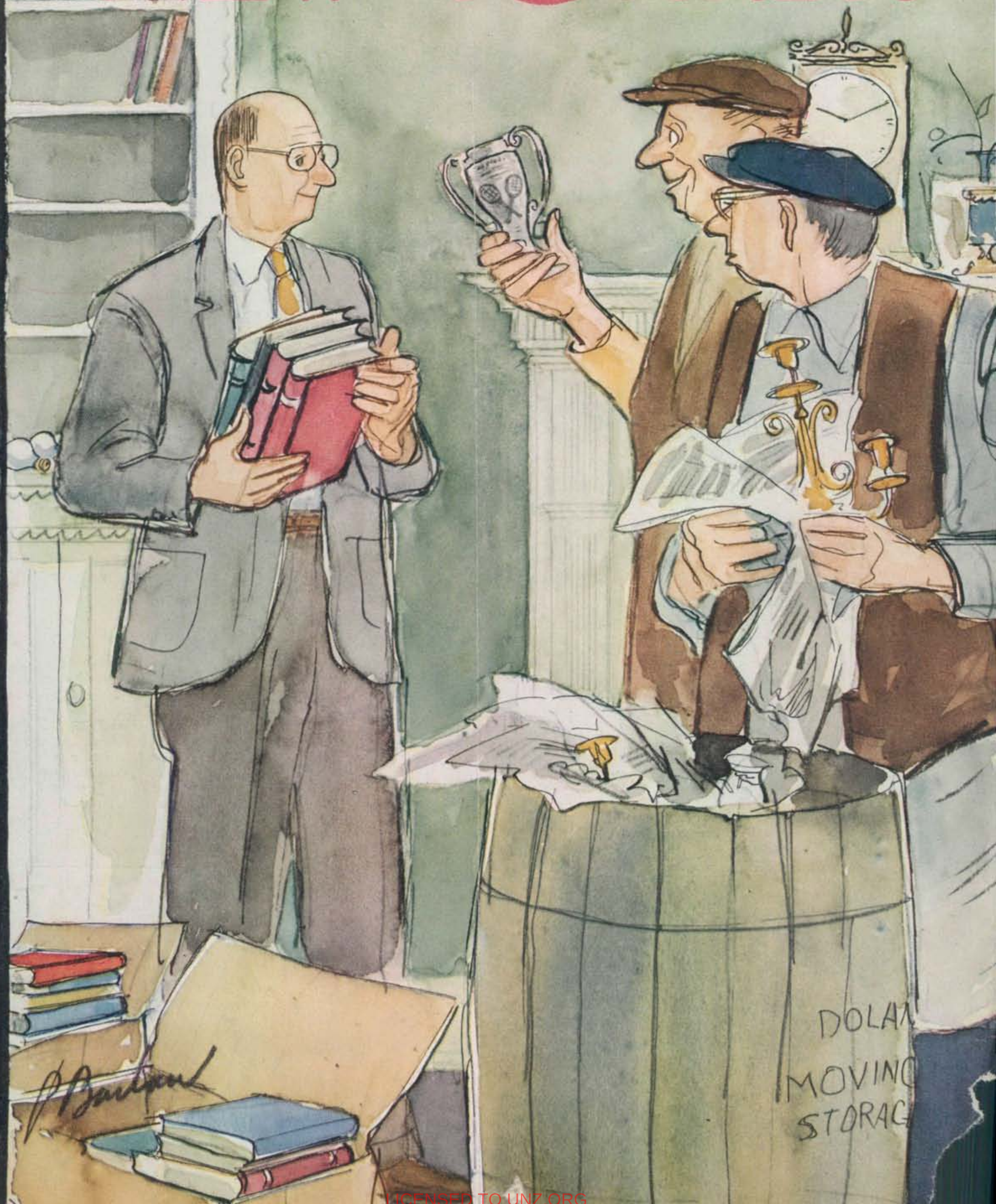
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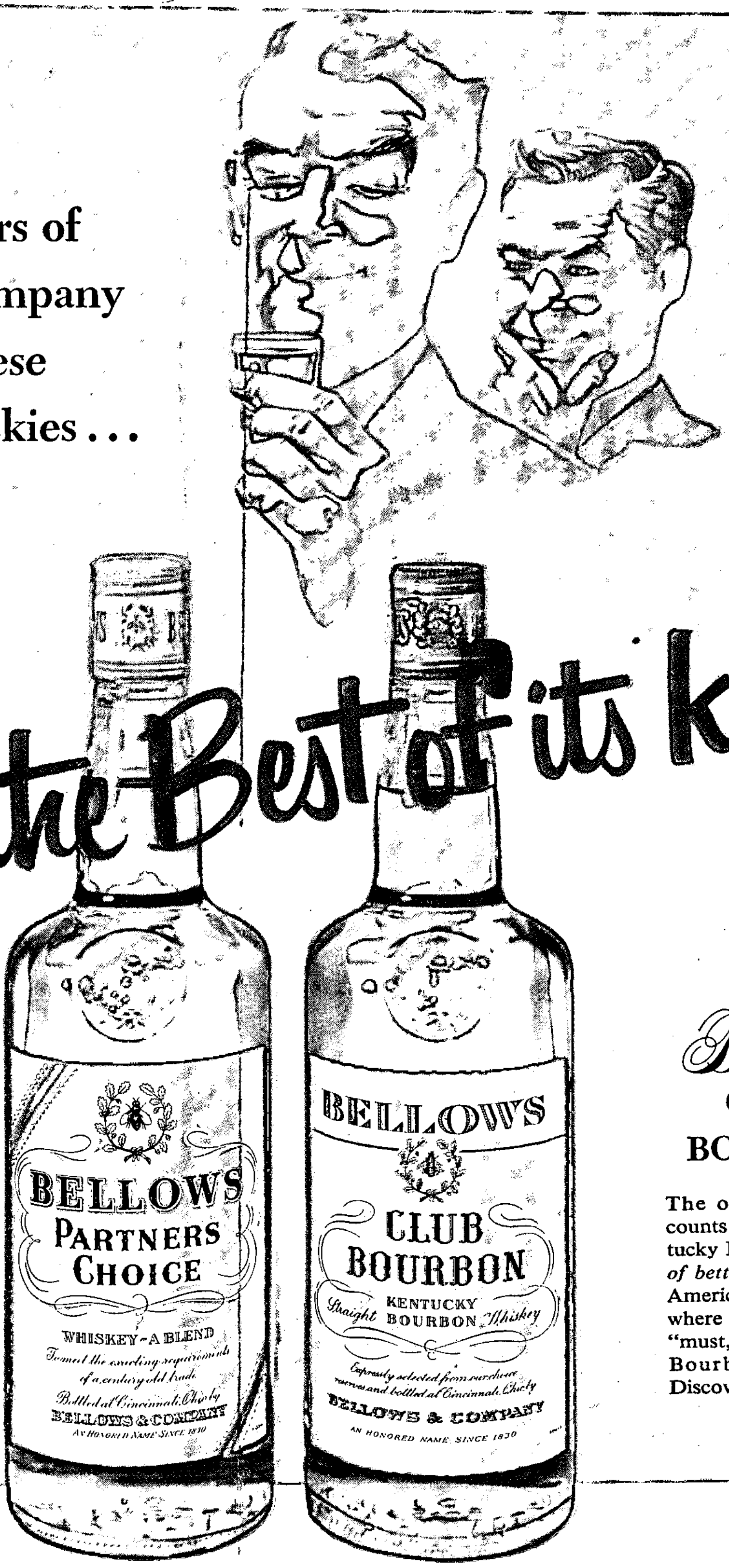
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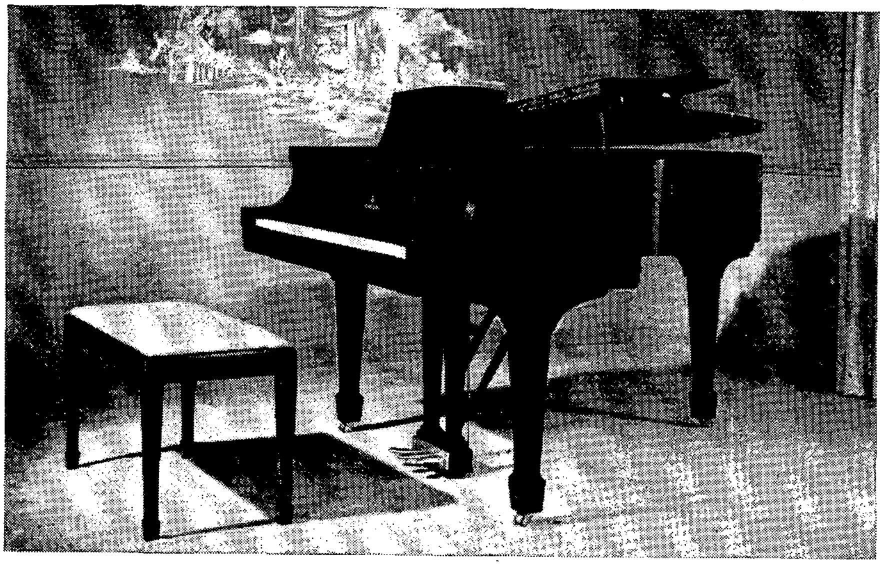

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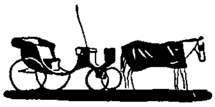
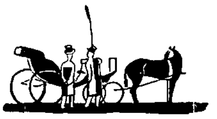


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All Summer Long—Like his "Tea and Sympathy," Robert Anderson's second play deals with troubled and sensitive adolescence, but in spite of a careful production, it doesn't seem to bring anything very new to the subject. John Kerr is very fine in a leading role, and there are other admirable performances by June Walker, Ed Begley, and Clay Hall. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly at 8:35. Matinée Saturday at 2:35. Closes Saturday, Nov. 13.)

Anniversary Waltz—Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields have concocted much better comedies than this one about two people who lived together before they were married, and Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey have been happier in the theatre, too. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead is practically all there is to this remake of a 1944 comedy about fashionable sex. With Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, Werner Klemperer, and Robert Coote. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fragile Fox—Norman A. Brooks's melodrama concerning a group of American soldiers in the Battle of the Bulge has its moments of humor and excitement, but the plot and characterization are both pretty elementary. Dane Clark, James Gregory, Don Taylor, and Crahan Denton do particularly good work in the all-male cast, which was directed by Herbert Swope, Jr. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-9750. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—Donald Cook, Jackie Cooper, and Cloris Leachman head the cast of Jean Kerr's and Eleanor Brooke's diverting comedy about a comic-strip artist and his singular romance with himself. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 27.)

Quadrille—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, near the top of their form, as usual, in a Noel Coward comedy that is considerably below Mr. Coward's best form, but amusing, in a long-winded way. With Edna Best and Brian Aherne. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rainmaker—N. Richard Nash's melodrama about a plain girl and a captivating stranger is dated and sometimes silly, but it has its moments, and it also has Geraldine Page. Others in the cast are Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Reclining Figure—Although Harry Kurnitz has written some funny scenes in this comedy about art dealers and their clients, the proceedings are fairly elementary, on the whole. Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson are in a cast directed by Abe Burrows. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tender Trap—The authors, Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith, are all in favor of marriage, as opposed to promiscuity, but they make out a very poor case for it. Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, Ronny Graham, Janet Riley, and Joey Faye are among those who fight the losing cause. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Traveling Lady—Kim Stanley and Kathleen Comegys do their best to rescue Horton Foote's play about a girl who is trying to rescue an impossible marriage. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the caine mutiny court martial:** A dramatization of a section of the Herman Wouk novel, in which Lloyd Nolan is Queeg, John Hodiak the defendant, and Barry Sullivan the defense lawyer. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **oh, men! oh, women!:** This play, by Edward Chodorov, deals with a psychoanalyst whose own mind comes under something of a strain. At present, Lloyd Bridges is playing the tormented healer, and Joan Gray, Dody Heath, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who contribute to his distress. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 13.) . . . **the seven year itch:** A middle-aged man gets more or less carried away with his own fantasies about being a Valentino. Elliott Nugent has taken over as the man in George Axelrod's comedy, and Sally Forrest is playing his inamorata. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 14.) . . . **the solid gold cadillac:** A comedy, by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, portraying some complicated skulduggeries in the business world. Loring Smith heads a talented cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **tea and sympathy:** A preparatory-school student, charged with homosexuality, is saved by the understanding wife of his housemaster. Joan Fontaine and Anthony Perkins are currently in the central roles of Robert Anderson's play. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about the Americanization of Okinawa, with, for the time being, Burgess Meredith, Scott McKay, Paul Ford, William Hansen, and Mariko Niki. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—Whether you lived through the twenties or are too young to remember those frivolous times, you ought to like this British parody of the sort of musicals that were then prevalent. The book was written by Sandy Wilson, who is also responsible for the lyrics and music. Julie Andrews is a complete delight in the role of a charmer as empty-headed as a Toby mug. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

By the Beautiful Sea—Shirley Booth is visible in this piece about Coney Island in the nineteen-hundreds, and she may just possibly be enough to redeem it. Herbert and Dorothy Fields wrote the book, and Arthur Schwartz turned out the music. Others featured in the cast include Wilbur Evans, Mae Barnes, and Carol Leigh. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fanny—Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and other talented people in one of those big, colorful, plot-and-character musical shows, which is based a little obscurely, on the doings of some poor but tuneful folk in Marseille. Book by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan; score by Harold Rome. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

On Your Toes—Vera Zorina's dancing is top-notch, and the Rodgers and Hart songs still have their appeal, but the book shows every one of its eighteen years. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—Labor relations in a pajama factory might not strike you as the most promising theme in the world for a musical comedy, but George Abbott and Richard Bissell have turned it into one of the merriest of the current offerings. In the highly competent and professional cast are Janis Paige, John Raitt, Eddie Foy, Jr., Carol Haney, and Reta Shaw. Music and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin, Cyril Ritchard, and some spectacular bits of stagecraft combine to make this revival of the Barrie fairy story perhaps the best you've ever seen. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**can-can:** Montmartre in the nineties. Cole Porter did the score, and Lilo and Norwood Smith are among the inhabitants. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **kismet:** An adaptation of Edward Knoblock's 1911 comedy-melodrama, with a score pieced together from the music of Alexander Borodin. Alfred Drake and Doretta Morrow are the vagabond poet and his daughter. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Wedding Breakfast—A four-character play by Theodore Reeves. The cast, under the direction of Herman Shumlin, is made up of Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Anthony Fran-

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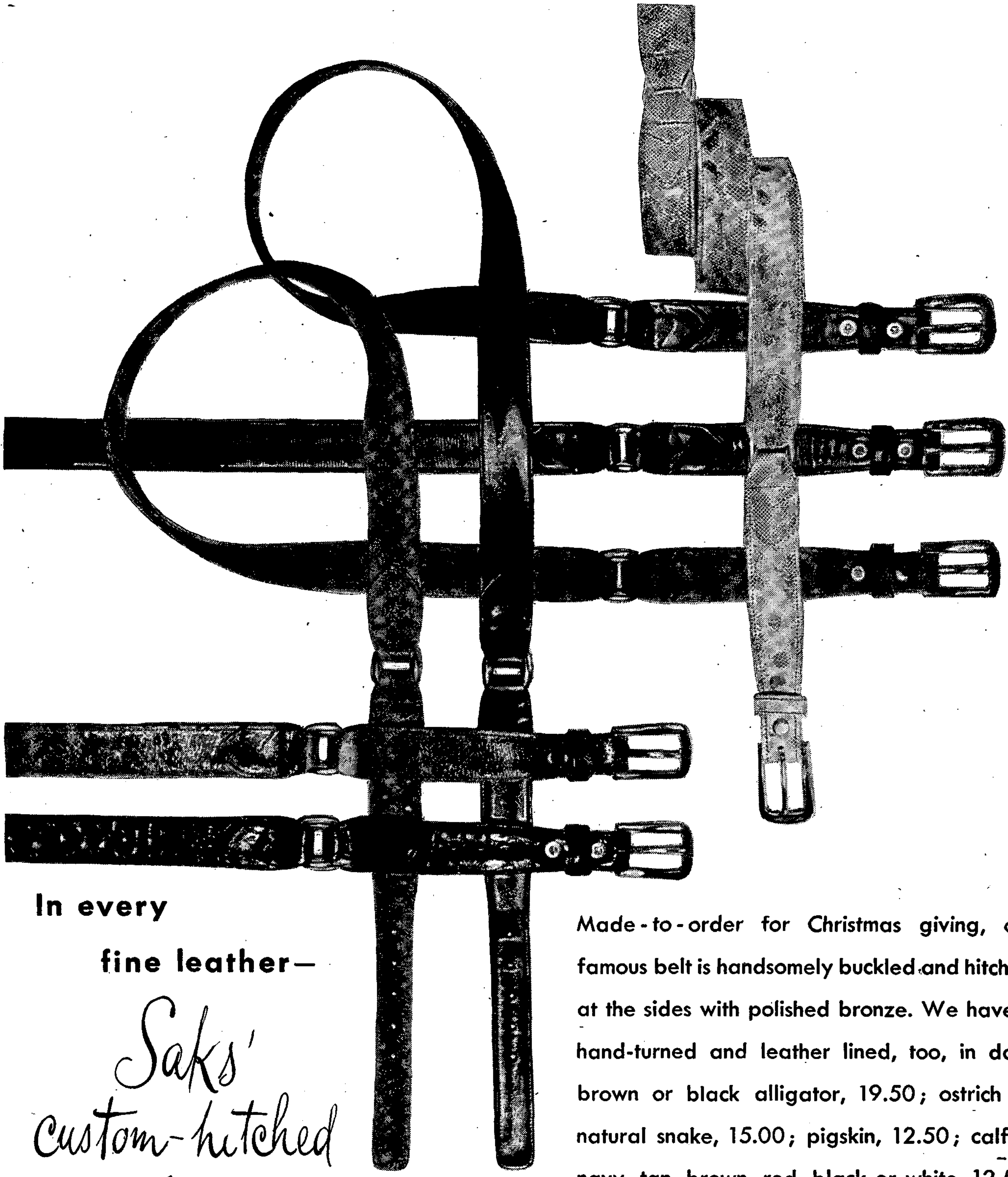

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Men's Shops

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

ciosa, and Virginia Vincent. Kermit Bloomgarden is the producer. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 16. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Living Room—Barbara Bel Geddes in a play by Graham Greene. Presented by Gilbert Miller and Donald Albery, and directed by Hugh Hunt. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 17. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Abie's Irish Rose—Anne Nichols' revamped version of her 1922 comedy, with Ludwig Donath and Neil Fitzgerald. Staged by Miss Nichols and produced by Michael Rose. Opens Thursday, Nov. 18. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Through Sunday, Nov. 21: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

President Theatre—"Sands in the Negev," an Israeli play (the first to be presented here in English) by Yigal Mossensohn. Celia Adler and Peter Capell head a cast directed by Boris Tumarin. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Two one-act operas—"Sun-Up," a new one by Tadeusz Kassern, based on Lula Vollmer's play, and Kurt Weill's "The Tsar Has His Photograph Taken"—performed by the Opera Players. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

Theatre de Lys—A revue, "I Feel Wonderful," with music and lyrics by Jerry Herman and sketches by Barry Alan Grael. The cast, directed by Mr. Herman, includes Phyllis Newman and John Bartis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—"The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Ballets Espagnols Teresa and Luisillo—Classical ballet and traditional and flamenco dances by a company of Spanish dancers, which is appearing here for the first time. Presented for a four-week engagement by Michaux Moody in association with Jules Borkon. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, Nov. 28.)

MISCELLANY

Dramatic Readings—T. S. Eliot's "The Family Reunion," read by a company of actors that includes Helen Gahagan, Hurd Hatfield, and Blanche Yurka. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8.) . . . ¶ A reading of "Hamlet," by a group of actors sponsored by Helen Hayes. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a jewel box that bears the mark of expert workmanship, has Blue Danube dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until ten, and dance music after that, by Mr. S.'s crew and Chauncey Gray's orchestra. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Gleb Yellin and his instrumental ensemble murmur sweet nothings "under the clock" at cocktails, except Sundays, and from seven to nine in the Madison Room Mondays through Fridays. No dancing.

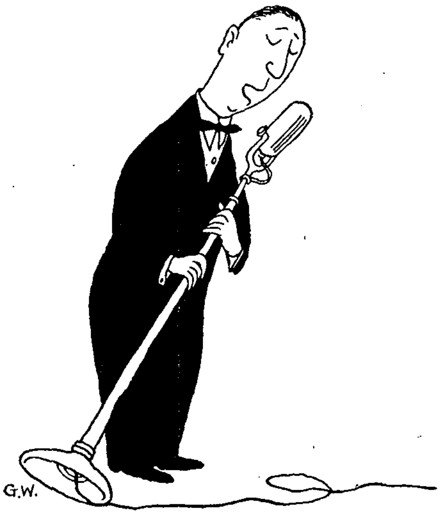
El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A few of the customers sleep out, but they're back again bright and early next day. Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band play for dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde, after all these years of going it alone, has heeded the well-founded rumor that it's nice to have a man around the place. Luckily, he's the hardy perennial Jack Whiting, a song-and-dance chap who adds a lot of color to her petit-point embroidering of ballads. They're in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's band take care of the diners' athletics. Sunday, Nov. 14, is the last night for the Hildegarde ménage. On Tuesday, Nov. 16, Manuel Capetillo, a singing matador from Mexico, and a tribe of compatriot musicians and dancers will be taking their first bows. Only a dinner show Sundays, and nothing Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to a small orchestra, which is usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Geneviève, a handsome young Parisienne, is having her first shot at singing for her supper in this country. The scene is the Persian Room; the major-domo is Ted Straeter, pianist, tenor, and fashion plate, whose virtuoso dance band alternates on the stand with Mark Monte's musicians. As of Thursday, Nov. 18, the whole floor show will be Kay Thompson, the girl who made lounging pajamas famous. She'll be doing her usual high-pressure song-and-dance act. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The serenity of the Rendez-Vous Room, one of the best of all possible worlds, is broken only by the rocket's red glare of an arriving swordful of flaming *shashlik*. Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dreamy dance music starts at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's group does muted melodies for cocktails in the Palm Court every afternoon. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill is full of Lombardos, whose dance tunes will never get them a ticket for speeding. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, practically the last of the fabled Fifth Avenue town houses, is still run with the traditional grandeur. Dancing all evening to Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's perpetual-motion bands, and, at dinner and supper, the very French songs of Fernanda Montel, a woman of the world who is making her annual Stateside visit here. Closed Sundays.



Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—All week long, in the Café Lounge, Irving Conn's orchestra ministers to anyone in a mood for calisthenics.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, there are songs by Vaughn Monroe, whose voice is its own public-address system, and dance music by Richard Hayman's orchestra, whose slowpoke music is all sweetness and light. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A long-run television show with all manner of guest artists and an interesting giveaway gimmick. Dancing in an alcove to the music of Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The incumbent revue is built around two dozen time-honored Arthur Schwartz-Howard Dietz songs, all of which speak so well for themselves that there is little left for the book of the show to say, a fortunate state of affairs. The humor, some of it juvenilely robust, is done best by Paul Gray and Louise Hoff; the dancing looks best when Tommy Wonder and Rain Winslow are involved. Panchito's band and Salvatore Gioë's orchestra play for dancing after nine and between shows.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Nat Brandwynne's fine big orchestra spends most of its evening in the Empire Room, where Maureen Cannon is singing and Gloria and Jaro York are prancing at dinner and supper. On Friday, Nov. 19, Patachou, a homebody sort of soprano, will check in from Paris to cheer up the mealtime hours. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The huge maze called Peacock Alley affords Alex Fogarty's decorous piano from six to twelve and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra from eight-thirty to one. Sundays, Mischa Borr's orchestra does a solo flight from six to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, which has had its head in the clouds for so long, offers cocktails—thus beating any other sightseeing bus hollow—and modest non-dance music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats, of course, are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Norbert Faconi is a star exponent of the you-and-I-were-made-for-each-other brand of tableside violin. He's at work at suppertime every night but Sunday, and there is Continental piano music at dinner. Sundays, at suppertime, Bud Gregg does piano in an American vernacular. . . . **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): Cy Walter is presiding over his fashionable finishing school for drawing-room pianism in this cool, collected little buttery. Lessons from six to eight and from ten to two every night but Sunday. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An executive suite of notable opulence wherein Addison Bailey, who remembers a good tune when he hears one, is at the piano during cocktails, dinner, and supper, except Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis was out of town when Rome burned, but he's fiddled at most of the important social occasions since then. His tiny dance band is around after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins loving, weeping, making music, and dancing with fascinating fury. The clients are now and then allowed to do a little footwork, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *nuit blanche*, Herman Arminski plays for cocktails, and Tommy Hughes for dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Harmless antics, largely song and piano, in an extremely relaxed youth hostel. . . . **CHEZ CARLO**, 120 E. 40th St. (MU 5-1011): A casual dining room wherein Norbert Faconi provides prowler violin from five-thirty to ten, after which he is succeeded by easygoing music that sounds best when Stephen Ballarini's big, deep voice chimes in. No noise

One man's world

Through his life's work, and his affections, a man constantly pushes back the boundaries of himself—and traveling in an ever-widening world discovers new interests, beauties and satisfactions. How naturally it follows, then, that he may wish to make permanent notation of his life and times, express his love for those who love him, in the boundless lights of diamonds. Given to celebrate his great moments . . . of love, of birth, of anniversary . . . they radiantly reflect, for endless generations, the joys that give his life rich meaning. He seeks, of course, the counsel of a trusted jeweler in making his selection.

The value of a diamond is determined by color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight. A two-carat diamond, for instance, ranges from $1365 to $3315, plus tax, at representative jewelers. Exceptionally fine stones are higher priced.

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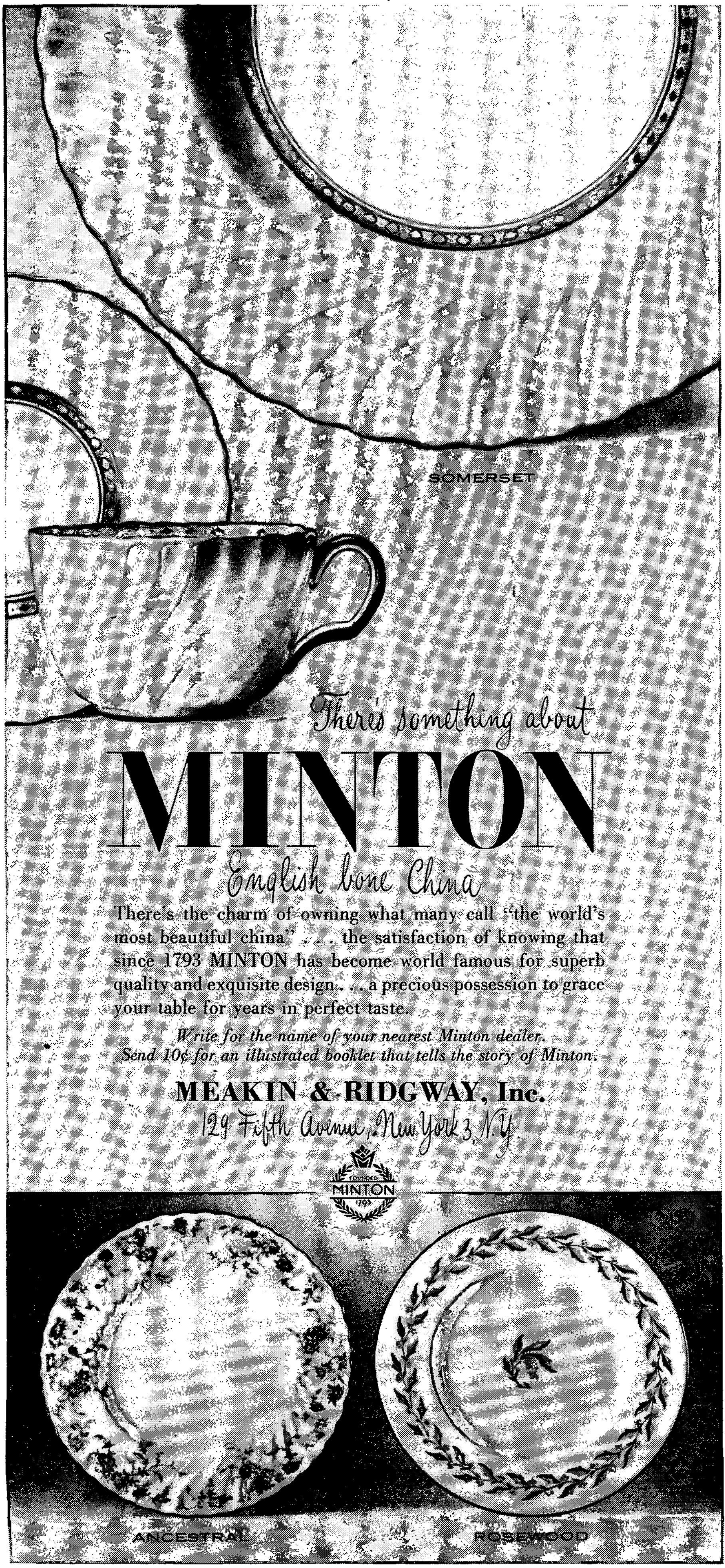

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sundays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): One of those unpretentious but comfortable seashore bar-and-grills, alternately throbbing with everyone-knows-everyone-here conversation and the piano of Louis Hawkins, the energetic host of the place, and of Bob Printz, whose deft phrasing is mostly moonlight and roses. Closed Sundays.

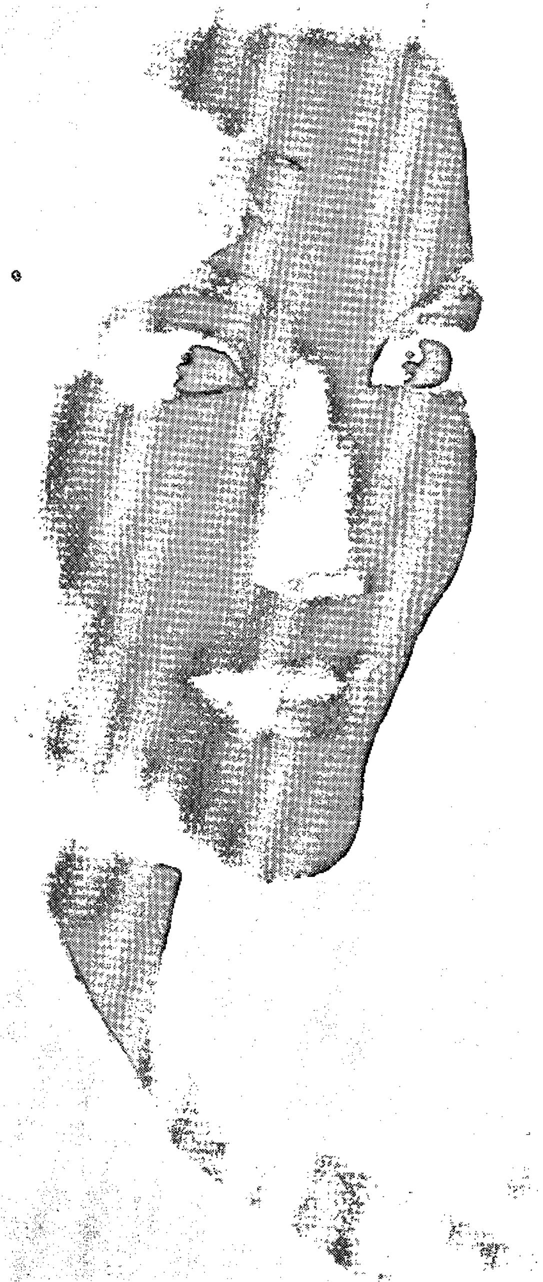
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Through Wednesday, Nov. 17, Nat King Cole, whose evensong lovingly celebrates the romantic maladies we Manhattan cliff dwellers imagine we are heir to, will be the rose among all the thorns in this underground rock garden. Thereafter, the tomboy Kean Sisters (Betty and Jane) and Myron Cohen, a migrant from the Seventh Avenue ateliers, will be in operation. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): At the end of the lengthy gymkhana here, Mae West gives a pep talk on her favorite hobby, men, using a number of live models to illustrate her lecture. There is a certain ambiguity in some of her phrases; as usual, there is none in her delivery. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dwight Fiske, who's spent a lifetime collecting epigrams and double-entendres, is displaying some new acquisitions so cunningly put together that it's hard to tell them from the old ones. There are also the George La Faye Puppets, a group of bodied and disembodied Parisians who lope through a brief but stirring life cycle; the electric voice of Susan Johnson, a fine singer and a fine, healthy minx; and the ballads of Othella Dallas, who's rather new at the game. Mr. Fiske bows out on Wednesday, Nov. 17. The background is Bart Howard's and Otis Clements' piano and the restrained jazz of Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Like most after-dinner double-domes, Irwin Corey has nothing whatever to say; it's just the wonderful way he says it. The high-jinks mood is enhanced by Dorothy Loudon's head-on collision with the conventions of blues singing. Julius Monk, mentor of this unruly brood, plays piano, and the music of the unique Norman Paris Trio is a show in itself. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The indestructible Robert Clary is simultaneously caroming off the walls and the ceiling as he utters his own special nonsense ballads. There is also vocalizing by Ada Moore, a tall freshman with a sunny disposition and a diversified style that's in its formative years. She'll be replaced on Tuesday, Nov. 16, by Ruth Price, another fledgling singer. The dance music is by Clarence Williams' trio, which has Carl Lynch on guitar. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Helena Bliss, a girl with a stage-size voice, is the local canary. She's off Sunday, Nov. 14, and does her final stint next evening. Antique movies are added on Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. There is also plenty of piano all week long by Bob Downey, Harold Fonville, and Hazel Webster. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): The course of untrue love doesn't run very smooth, either, but Mabel Mercer's special lyrics offer a few helpful household hints on what to do about it until the analyst comes. She's ensconced in a small upstairs salon where the knowledgeable Sam Hamilton is almost constantly at the piano. Closed Sundays. On the floor below is the febrile Show Spot Lounge, where, except Mondays, Laurie Brewis provides cheery piano. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Several wild bulls rage through this china shop. The most destructive is Mae Barnes, who declaims her lyrics in a voice heard round the world. The comedy of Tony and Eddie, who do pantomime to other people's recordings, is sometimes on the beam, sometimes way over the river and into the trees. There are also Jimmie Daniels' *bon-vivant* ballads, the songs of Marion Colby, and the Three Flames' existentialist words and music. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PUR-**



Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—
that is all ye know on earth...

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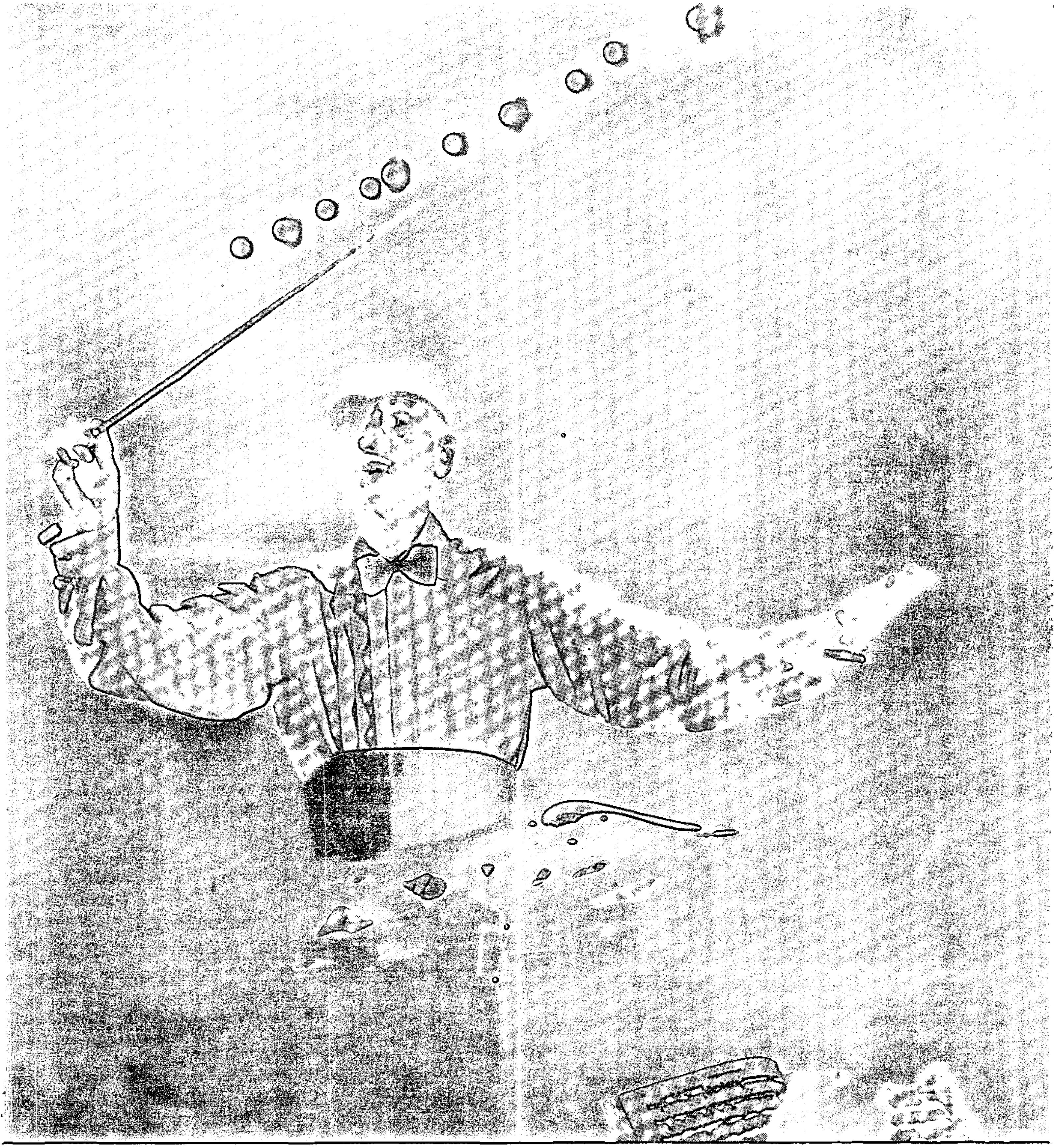
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

PLE ONION, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): A homey little cellar populated principally by Jorie Remes, an avant-garde comedienne who appears to have found life rather a trial but is willing to carry her case right up to the Supreme Court. Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, two of the more fetching younger marrieds, sing high-style polyphonic jazz in between times. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most other places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): A famous tollhouse on the Mason and Dixon Line. The boys in the back room are Dick Cary (Wild Bill Davison will take back his portfolio from him on Monday, Nov. 15), Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton has the solo-piano chore. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are especially rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Hazel Scott, long a conspicuous absentee from café life, is again bending over a hot piano. Her trio and Don Elliot's quiet-spoken vanguardist quartet report for duty around nine. Jimmy Lyons does the dinner piano. Sundays, Jack Elliot's brisk and bright modern trio has the place to itself. . . . **BASIN STREET,** Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): A liberal education is offered by the curriculum here. Through Sunday, Nov. 14, Billy Ward's Dominoes, who sing in a London-Bridge-comes-tumbling-down jitter style, and the Jazz Concert Stars (Bill Harris, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Tommy Potter, and Jo Jones, who are all hot but never bothered) will be blowing off steam. The room is closed Mondays. On Tuesday, Nov. 16, Woody Herman and his Third Herd, Erroll Garner's trio, and Lea Mathews (she sings) will check in. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): An off-campus activity for many a stripling. The music, all of it old-line, is by Pee Wee Erwin's veterans. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris and his band (Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, Don Kirkpatrick, and George Foster) keep vivid green the memory of jazz as it was when all practitioners played by ear. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): The meeting place of an extremely feverish free-thinking, freewheeling society. Through Wednesday, Nov. 17, Chet Baker's subdued and subtle quartet, Willis Jackson's band, and the Joe Roland Quintet will be doing all the talking. Next evening, Sarah Vaughan's talented voice, Lester Young's quintet, and Bonnemere's mambo sextet will move in. Visitors on Mondays, which are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Grill has reverted to its old love, music in the barrel-house mood. It starts at six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at five-thirty on Sundays. Right now, it's being played by Conrad Janis and his tailgaters. The afternoon guests on Sunday, Nov. 14, will be Pee Wee Russell, Teddy Roy, Art Trappier, Henry Goodwin, and George Stevens. Dancing after nine-thirty; no music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): A cheerful point of view prevails inside the circular bar, where, after nine, Marian McPartland and her two-man rhythm section play a lot of good, up-to-date harmonics. While they're off duty, Johnny Mehegan, Juilliard *cum laude*, lets loose his own introspective modernist piano. No music Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, Herman Chittison sits down at his well-tempered concert grand around nine-thirty. He and his trio are steady, solid senders. No music Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): The South has risen again, in gale force. Its musicians (among them Jimmy McPartland, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Bud Freeman, Buster Bailey, Milt Hinton, Charlie Queener, and Big Chief Rus-



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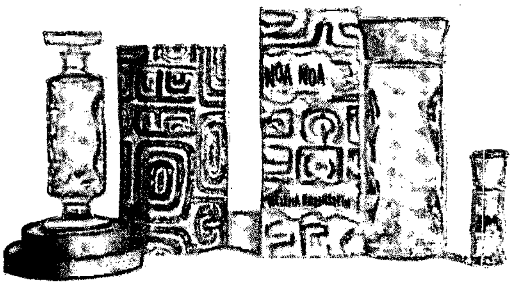


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sell Moore) shuffle on and off the quarter-deck behind the bar from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M., all huffing and puffing like mad. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): Promised for Friday, Nov. 12, is a playoff involving a number of long-term champions; namely, Bobby Hackett, Zutty Singleton, Tony Parenti, Joe Sullivan, Ken Kersey, Snub Mosely, Frank Orchard, Keg Purnell, Billy Butterfield, Max Kaminsky, and Pee Wee Russell. Dancing, too, as if anyone would bother. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 12-13, this rifle range will be manned by such Dixiecrats as Charlie Shavers, Johnny Windhurst, Cecil Scott, Tyree Glenn, Art Trappier, Willie the Lion Smith, and Pop Foster.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Alexander Archipenko—A big retrospective show of his sculpture, with examples covering the last fifty years; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Marc Chagall—About a dozen gouaches and oils, representing different periods of the artist's work; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Seymour Franks—Abstract Expressionist oils, distinguished by a sound feeling for both color and structure; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Ruth Gikow—A set of seventeen oil paintings, the principal theme of which is young people; through Nov. 27. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Paintings on a variety of subjects, including Biblical themes, landscapes of Arizona and Maine, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

William Gropper—Figures, as seen in varying landscapes, are the dominant subjects of this group of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Nov. 27. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

John Koch—New oils, displaying this artist's crisply meticulous, if at times slightly glittery, technique; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

Benjamin Kopman—Oils and gouaches, rich in color and boldly Expressionist in handling; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Closed Thursday, Nov. 11.)

Ibram Lassaw—New constructions in bronze, again mostly celebrating imaginary astral bodies and constellations; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Walter Meigs—A first solo exhibition of paintings, almost Japanese in their economy of pattern, by an artist of considerable promise; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Modigliani—Twenty-nine oils, sculptures, and other works, including some little-known examples; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

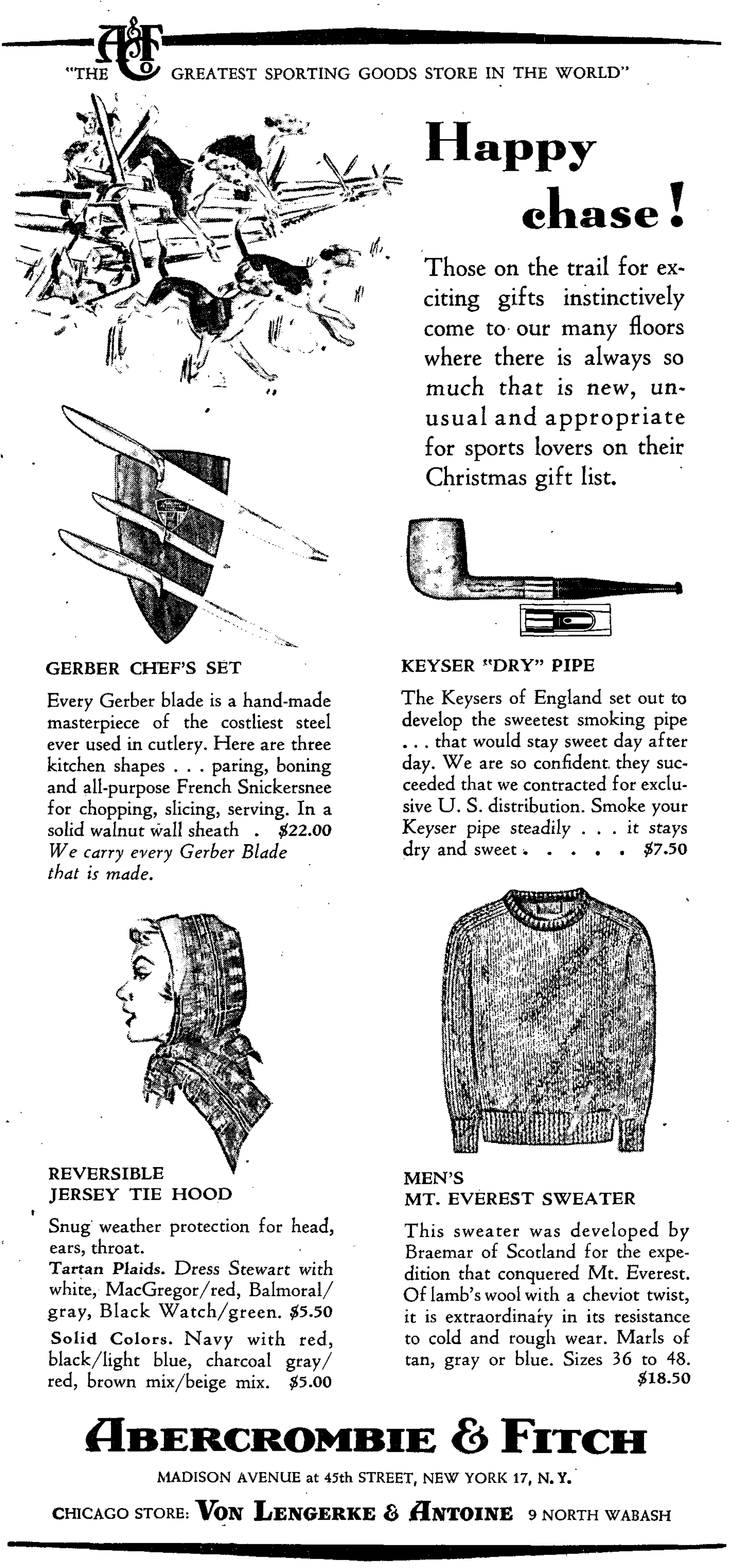
Henry Moore—A selection of thirty-two bronze sculptures, mostly figures, in addition to drawings, water colors, and pastels; through Dec. 4. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Thursday, Nov. 11.)

Picasso—A group of oils, water colors, and drawings, 1900-52; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Robert Vickrey—Paintings in tempera, most of them with a hauntingly Surrealist flavor; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

John von Wicht—Contemporary American musical compositions expressed by the artist in oil paintings; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Robert Watson—A first New York exhibition of oils by a young Californian. His work is crisp



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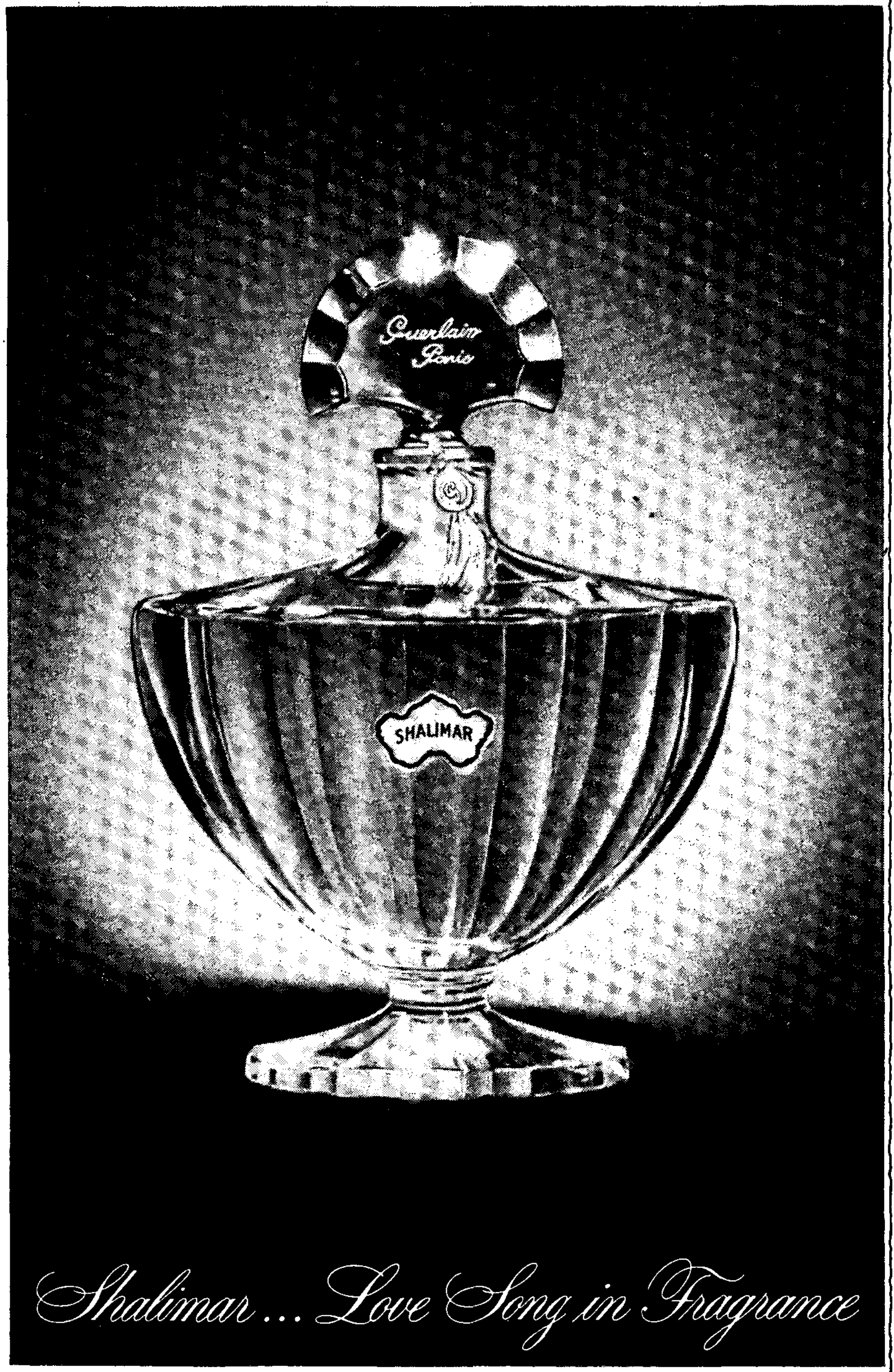

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in texture, if a bit monotonous in conception. Through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Babcock, 38 E. 57th St.)

Hale Woodruff—New abstractions, acidly sharp in color and somewhat calligraphic in design; through Saturday, Nov. 13. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Old Master Drawings—The Durlacher Gallery's eighteenth annual exhibit of drawings, ranging in date from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, by Jordaens, Canaletto, William Blake, and many others; through Nov. 27. (11 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Show—A show for the benefit of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, with pieces by Loren MacIver, William Zorach, Ben Shahn, and other artists who are or have been members of the school's faculty; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

French; Group Shows—At the **janis**, 15 E. 57th St.: A well-selected showing of paintings and other works by Jean Arp, Matisse, Miró, Picasso, and other modern masters; through Nov. 29.... **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century drawings for the benefit of the Museum of Besançon, from that museum's collection; through Saturday, Nov. 13.... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by Modigliani, Klee, Soutine, and others, from the collection of the late William March; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the **alan**, 32 E. 65th St.: Mitchell Siporin; starting Tuesday, Nov. 16.... **associated american artists**, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Zygmunt Menkes; starting Monday, Nov. 15.... **babcock**, 38 E. 57th St.: Harold Rotenberg; starting Monday, Nov. 15.... **de braux**, 131 E. 55th St.: Ilonka Karasz; starting Wednesday, Nov. 17. (Weekdays, noon to 6.)... **knoedler**, 14 E. 57th St.: Frederic Remington; starting Monday, Nov. 15.... **kootz**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Hans Hofmann; starting Monday, Nov. 15.... **national academy of design**, Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: Group show; starting Thursday, Nov. 18. (Daily, 1 to 6.)... **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Vlaminck; starting Monday, Nov. 15.

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings by modern American artists, among them Byron Browne, Mervin Jules, Philip Evergood, and Harry Gottlieb, at the Little Red School House, 196 Bleecker St., on Friday, Nov. 12, from 8 to 11, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 13-14, from 2 to 11. For the benefit of the scholarship fund of the Little Red School House and the Elisabeth Irwin High School.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About a hundred Dutch masterpieces (Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, and others) loaned, primarily, by European museums and private collectors; through Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display, in celebration of the Museum's twenty-fifth year, of some three hundred paintings owned by the Museum, plus forty new acquisitions; through Jan. 30.... ¶ A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and José Guadelupe Posada; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, Degas, and a number of other French Impressionists, in a show of paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thursday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fourth selected display of the Museum's twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, these done for the most part between 1907 and 1914. After Sunday, Nov. 14, the Museum will be closed until Wednesday, Nov. 24, when there will be a new show. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of twentieth-century American paintings, sculptures, drawings, and water colors from the permanent collection, marking the opening of the Museum's new quarters; through Sunday, Nov. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Nov. 11, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Herta Glaz, Otto Edelmann, Kurt Boehme, and Hans Hopf. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 12, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Licia Albanese, Mildred Miller, Eugene Conley, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 15, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Herta Glaz, Otto Edelmann, Kurt Boehme, and Hans Hopf. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Andrea Chenier," with Zinka Milanov, Herta Glaz, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Opera Production Fund.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Robert Merrill, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Lisa Della Casa, Mildred Miller, Eugene Conley, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Heidi Krall, Maria Leone, Leonard Warren, and Giacinto Prandelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Mario Del Monaco, Frank Guarrera, and Luben Vichey. Mia Slavenska, the Met's new prima ballerina, will also appear. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization; for tickets, call CO 5-6291.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 12, at 2:30 (both with Zino Francescatti, violin). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:45 (with Norman Carol, violin). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:30 (with Van Cliburn, piano). . . . ¶ Richard Rodgers directing a program of his works on Monday, Nov. 15, at 8:45 (with soloists and a chorus; for the benefit of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society's Pension Fund). . . . ¶ Bruno Walter conducting on Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 19, at 2:30 (both with Clifford Curzon, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Alexander Brailowsky, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Charles Munch conducting the opening performances of the season here: Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:45, with Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30, no soloists. (Carnegie Hall.) . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30; no soloists. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Joyce Flissler, violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Concert Society of New York—Virgil Thomson conducting a chamber orchestra, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano, and Alice Howland, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 5:30.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting an all-Bach program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8:40.)

American Opera Society—Arnold U. Gamson directing a performance of Rossini's "Otello," in concert form, with the Concert Choir; Jennie Tourel, mezzo soprano; Thomas Hayward, tenor; and others. The first in a series of four programs. (Brooklyn Academy of

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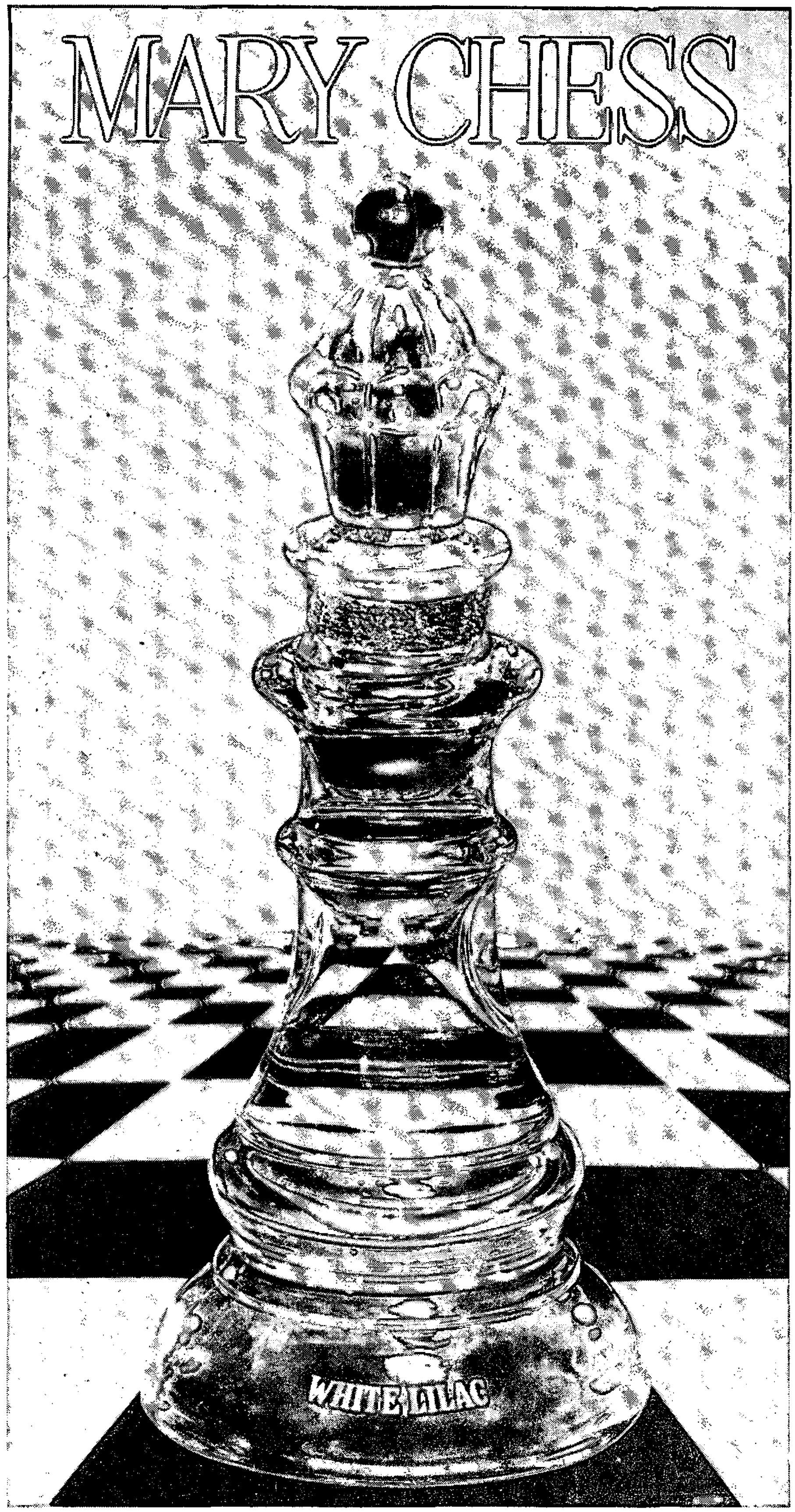

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Marais and Miranda—Ballad singers. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.... ¶ Society for Ethical Culture Auditorium, Central Park W. at 64th St. TR 4-5200. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Natalie Hinderas—Piano. A benefit for the Urban League. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 2:30.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Leontyne Price—Soprano. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Knickerbocker Chamber Players—Conducted, in part, by Izler Solomon. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 9-5500, Ext. 497, except Saturdays and Sundays.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano; the second in a series of twelve Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Nov. 15, at 8:40.)

Giovanni Bagarotti—Playing the violin and conducting a chamber orchestra, in the first of three programs presenting a cycle of Mozart's violin concertos. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—The first in a series of five programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 8:40.) ... ¶ The first of two concerts. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. The third in a series of six programs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 9-5500, Ext. 497, except Saturdays and Sundays.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Jacob Lateiner—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Roland Hayes—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos; the first in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 12: Ralph Jones vs. Hector Constance, middleweights, 10 rounds.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 19: Floyd Patterson vs. Willie Troy, middleweights, 8 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—**saturday, nov. 13:** Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst, at 1:30.... ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca, at 1:30.... ¶ Fordham vs. Holy Cross, at the Polo Grounds, at 1:30.... ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30.... ¶ Navy vs. Columbia, at Annapolis, at 2.... ¶ Penn State vs. Rutgers, at State College, at 1:30.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 1:30.... ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30.... ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New

Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 20 (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Syracuse, at the *Polo Grounds*. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Philadelphia. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Nov. 13: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 17: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Jamaica: Weekdays at 1; through Monday, Nov. 15. The Remsen Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 11, and the Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 13. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Thursday, Friday, and Monday between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:30 and 1:25.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concert of the season, with Lisl Weill, illustrator, and Abbott Lee Ruskin, nine-year-old pianist. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.) . . . NEW YORK WOODWIND QUINTET: A program of chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 14, at 2:40.) . . . NEW YORK YOUTH CONCERTS ASSOCIATION: Wheeler Beckett conducting a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 17, at 2:30. For tickets, call Englewood 3-2776.) . . . PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Robert Notkoff, thirteen-year-old violinist. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 11.)

Plays—By the PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Nov. 11, at 11, 1, and 2:40.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thursday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown on WCBS-TV Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays from 5 to 5:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays from 5:15 to 5:30.

Poetry Center Readings—Louis MacNeice. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 13, at 8:40.)

John James Audubon—A self-portrait and other oils, water colors, an original edition (in four volumes) of "Birds of America," his writing box, and his will are some of the hundred and fifty paintings and possessions in a loan exhibition arranged as a benefit for the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory, at Bar Harbor, Maine; through Nov. 26. (Kennedy Galleries, 785 Fifth Ave., at 60th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Chrysanthemum Show—A display called "A Reflection of Old Japan;" through Nov. 28. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System," deals with asteroids, comets, and meteors; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thursday, Nov. 11, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

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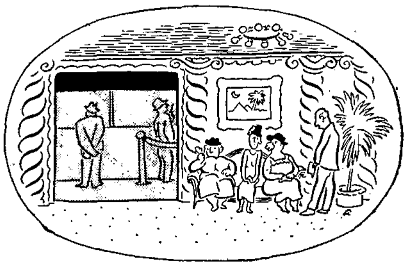
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Beat the Devil—Some jolly doings fomented by several diverting crooks who have taken up residence in an Italian town on the Mediterranean while they hatch plans to get control of a big uranium deposit in Africa. The script was written by Truman Capote and John Huston; the scoundrels are Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, and Ivor Barnard; and Jennifer Jones and Gina Lollobrigida add the feminine touch. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Nov. 13.)

Bread, Love and Dreams—A sportive Italian film in which Vittorio De Sica, playing a middle-aged marshal of the police, pursues a village vixen, amid all kinds of merry uproar among the resident peasantry. Gina Lollobrigida is the girl Mr. De Sica pants after, and who can blame him? (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Caine Mutiny—An adaptation of the Herman Wouk novel about life on a minesweeper patrolling the Pacific during the last war. When the film takes itself seriously, it's a bit foolish, but when it's being lighthearted, it's pleasant enough. Humphrey Bogart is fine as the lunatic captain of the minesweeper, and Van Johnson is equally persuasive as the executive officer who gets in all the trouble. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 13-15.)

Carmen Jones—Oscar Hammerstein's way-down-South version of the Bizet opera has an all-Negro cast, and the plot has been jazzed up, but not beyond recognition. Dorothy Dandridge makes a magnificent Carmen, and Harry Belafonté is her Don José. Most of the songs are sung off screen by Marilynn Horne, LaVern Hutcherson, and Marvin Hayes, but the redoubtable Pearl Bailey, who is also on hand, sings her own, thank heavens. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

High and Dry—An ancient Scottish mariner pits his wits against those of an American transportation wizard in an English picture that has plenty of solid comic scenes. Alex Mackenzie is the aging but artful Scot, and Paul Douglas is his American foil. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Little Kidnappers—A charming English film, mostly about two small boys in Nova Scotia in 1904. The young ones set up some fine defenses against the rigid Calvinist orthodoxy of their grandfather, including the offhand adoption of a baby one of them has found in the woods. Jon Whiteley and Vincent Winter are splendid as the boys, and Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel do all right as their elders. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—Jacques Tati, a notable comedian, in a French film that has its funny moments as it describes, with no superfluous dialogue some of the doings at a lively seaside resort. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 16.)

On the Waterfront—All hell breaking loose on the Hoboken docks in a film that compares favorably with some of our best movie melodramas. Marlon Brando does a scorching job as a longshoreman who sees the ethical light after a long wrestle with a fairly elastic conscience, and he is supported magnificently by Karl Malden, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee J. Cobb. The film was written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Sabrina—A spotty comedy about a chauffeur's daughter who manages to make her way from garage to mansion. It's distinguished by an excellent performance by Humphrey Bogart, cast as a big businessman for whom love dawns late, and by the presence of the toothsome Audrey Hepburn. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

REVIVALS

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Nov. 14-16.)

Devil in the Flesh (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love, as explored in a French picture. With Gérard Philipe and Micheline Prelle. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 16-17.)

Five Fingers (1952)—A spy drama, with James Mason as the sneaky one. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 16-17.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Nov. 16.)

Gilbert and Sullivan (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 13.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Nov. 14.)

Jamaica Inn (1939)—Charles Laughton in the Daphne du Maurier romance, directed by Alfred Hitchcock. A British film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 14-15.)

The Little World of Don Camillo (1953)—A hardboiled priest (Fernandel) frustrating the plans of a Communist mayor (Gino Cervi) in a small Italian town. Made in Italy, with French dialogue. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Nov. 14.)

Paisan (1948)—An Italian picture concerning the invasion of Italy. Directed by Roberto Rossellini. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Nov. 13.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess (Audrey Hepburn) slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman (Gregory Peck) and a photographer (Eddie Albert). (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Nov. 12.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Nov. 12.)

Sidewalks of London (1940)—English stage people. A British film, with Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison, and Charles Laughton. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 14-15.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 14-15.)

Two Cents Worth of Hope (1952)—An Italian comedy, played against a background of poverty and unemployment by a cast of amateurs. Directed by Renato Castellani. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Nov. 11.)

We're Not Married! (1952)—Some crises that develop when several couples discover that their marriages are void. With Fred Allen, Ginger Rogers, and David Wayne. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 16-17.)

A Woman's Face (1941)—Deformity and violence. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 17, tentative.)

The Young and the Damned (1952)—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency. A Mexican film, with a cast of amateurs. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; Nov. 12.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 14: "The Life and Death of a Hollywood Extra" (1928), directed by Robert Florey; and "The Last Command" (1928), with Emil Jannings, Evelyn Brent, and William Powell. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 15: "Shooting Stars" (1928), with Brian Aherne and Annette Benson; and "Her Screen Idol" (1923), produced by Mack Sennett, with Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-7992)
"Hansel and Gretel," a film with a cast of electronic puppets.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through Nov. 17: "The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"A Bullet Is Waiting," Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"White Christmas" (in VistaVision), Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Nov. 16: "A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.
From Nov. 17: "Drum Beat" (in CinemaScope), Alan Ladd, Audrey Dalton.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CARMEN JONES (in CinemaScope).

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through Nov. 16: "Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney, George Raft.
From Nov. 17, at 8:30: "Désirée" (in CinemaScope), Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Michael Rennie. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Greater New York March of Dimes. For information about tickets, call CO 5-7460.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Phffft," Judy Holliday, Jack Lemmon.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Wednesdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Thursday, Nov. 11, at 2, 5, and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Desperate Decision," Daniele Delorme, Henri Vidal.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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14	15	16	17			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 16: MR. HULOT'S HOLIDAY (in French and English).
From Nov. 17: "Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Nov. 16: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.
From Nov. 17: "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" (in CinemaScope), Elaine Stewart, John Derek; and "Outlaw Territory," John Ireland, Joanne Dru.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 16: THE CAINE MUTINY.
From Nov. 17: "Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Nov. 11: SIDEWALKS OF LONDON, revival; and JAMAICA INN, revival.
Nov. 12-16: "La Ronde" (in French), Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux.
From Nov. 17: "Mlle. Désirée" (in French; also called "The Love Life of Napoleon"), revival, Sacha Guitry, Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Devil's Pitchfork" (formerly called "Ana-ta-han;" in Japanese, with an English narration by Josef von Sternberg, who also wrote and directed the film.)

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Nov. 16: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.
From Nov. 17: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Bob Mathias Story," Bob Mathias, Ward Bond.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Lili," Leslie Caron, Mel Ferrer.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
HIGH AND DRY.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 16: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.
From Nov. 17: "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" (in CinemaScope), Elaine Stewart, John Derek; and "Outlaw Territory," John Ireland, Joanne Dru.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Detective," Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish).

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Nov. 14: "Leonardo da Vinci," revival, a documentary film.
From Nov. 15: "The Sea Around Us," revival, a documentary film based (more or less) on the book by Rachel Carson.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
THE LITTLE KIDNAPPERS.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-5779)
Through Nov. 12: "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Desperate Moment," revival, Dirk Bogarde, Mai Zetterling.
Nov. 13: BEAT THE DEVIL; and "The Clouded Yellow," revival, Jean Simmons, Trevor Howard.
Nov. 14: THE INFORMER, revival; and "The Law vs. Billy the Kid," Scott Brady, Betta St. John.
Nov. 15-16: "Security Risk," John Ireland, Dorothy Malone; and "Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.
From Nov. 17: "The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons; and "The Royal Tour of Queen Elizabeth and Philip" (a documentary film in CinemaScope).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 13: THE CAINE MUTINY.
Nov. 14-16: DEAD OF NIGHT, revival; and "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.
From Nov. 17: "Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills; and "The Red Inn" (in French), Fernandel.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Nov. 11: "Scaramouche," revival, Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker.
Nov. 12-15: "Rhapsody," Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman.
From Nov. 16: "Young Bess," revival, Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Nov. 16: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.
From Nov. 17: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Bob Mathias Story," Bob Mathias, Ward Bond.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 17 (tentative): A WOMAN'S FACE, revival; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Spencer Tracy.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Nov. 13: "The Egyptian" (in CinemaScope), Edmund Purdom, Jean Simmons; and "The Royal Tour of Queen Elizabeth and Philip" (a documentary film in CinemaScope).
Nov. 14-15: SIDEWALKS OF LONDON, revival; and JAMAICA INN, revival.
Nov. 16-17: "Security Risk," John Ireland, Dorothy Malone; and "Duel in the Sun," revival, Jennifer Jones, Gregory Peck.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 16: THE CAINE MUTINY.
From Nov. 17: "Hobson's Choice," Charles Laughton, John Mills.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 16: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.
From Nov. 17: "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" (in CinemaScope), Elaine Stewart, John Derek; and "Outlaw Territory," John Ireland, Joanne Dru.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 16: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.
From Nov. 17: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Bob Mathias Story," Bob Mathias, Ward Bond.

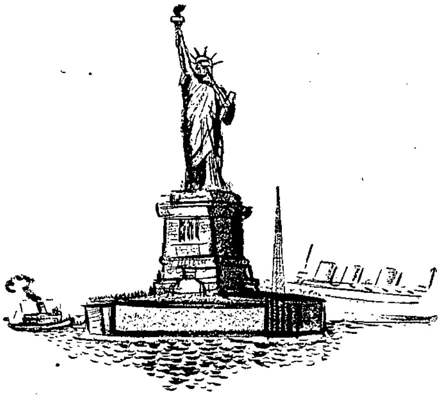
WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 12: ROMAN HOLIDAY, revival; and SHANE, revival.
Nov. 13-15: THE CAINE MUTINY.
Nov. 16-17: DEVIL IN THE FLESH (in French), revival; and "The Story of Three Loves," revival, Kirk Douglas, James Mason.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 13: THE CAINE MUTINY.
Nov. 14-16: "The Lonely Night," a documentary film on psychotherapy; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
From Nov. 17: "Ugetsu" (in Japanese).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 11: "Stars of the Russian Ballet" (in Russian).
From Nov. 12: A program of eleven U.P.A. cartoons, plus "A Prince for Cynthia," "The Stranger Left No Card," and two other George K. Arthur films.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 16: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.
From Nov. 17: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Bob Mathias Story," Bob Mathias, Ward Bond.



Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 13: GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, revival; and "A Tale of Five Women," revival, Bonar Colleano.
Nov. 14-16: "September Affair," revival, Joseph Cotten, Joan Fontaine; and "The Mating Season," revival, Gene Tierney, John Lund.
From Nov. 17: "The High and the Mighty" (in CinemaScope), John Wayne, Claire Trevor.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Nov. 16: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.
From Nov. 17: "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" (in CinemaScope), Elaine Stewart, John Derek; and "Outlaw Territory," John Ireland, Joanne Dru.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Nov. 13: THE CAINE MUTINY.
Nov. 14-15: TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT, revival; and "Gunfighters," revival, Randolph Scott, Barbara Britton.
Nov. 16-17: FIVE FINGERS, revival; and WE'RE NOT MARRIED!, revival.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Crest of the Wave," Gene Kelly, Jeff Richards.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The World Dances," a film on folk dancing and musical folk lore, with a narration by George Fenneman.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Nov. 11: TWO CENTS WORTH OF HOPE (in Italian), revival.
Nov. 12: THE YOUNG AND THE DAMNED (in Spanish), revival.
Nov. 13: PAISAN (in four languages), revival.
Nov. 14: THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO (in French), revival.
Nov. 15: "Under the Paris Sky" (in French), revival, Brigitte Auber.
Nov. 16: FORBIDDEN GAMES (in French), revival.
Nov. 17: "Passionnelle," (in French), revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Aida" (in Italian and English), Sophia Loren, Lois Maxwell.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
BREAD, LOVE AND DREAMS (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 16: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.
From Nov. 17: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Bob Mathias Story," Bob Mathias, Ward Bond.

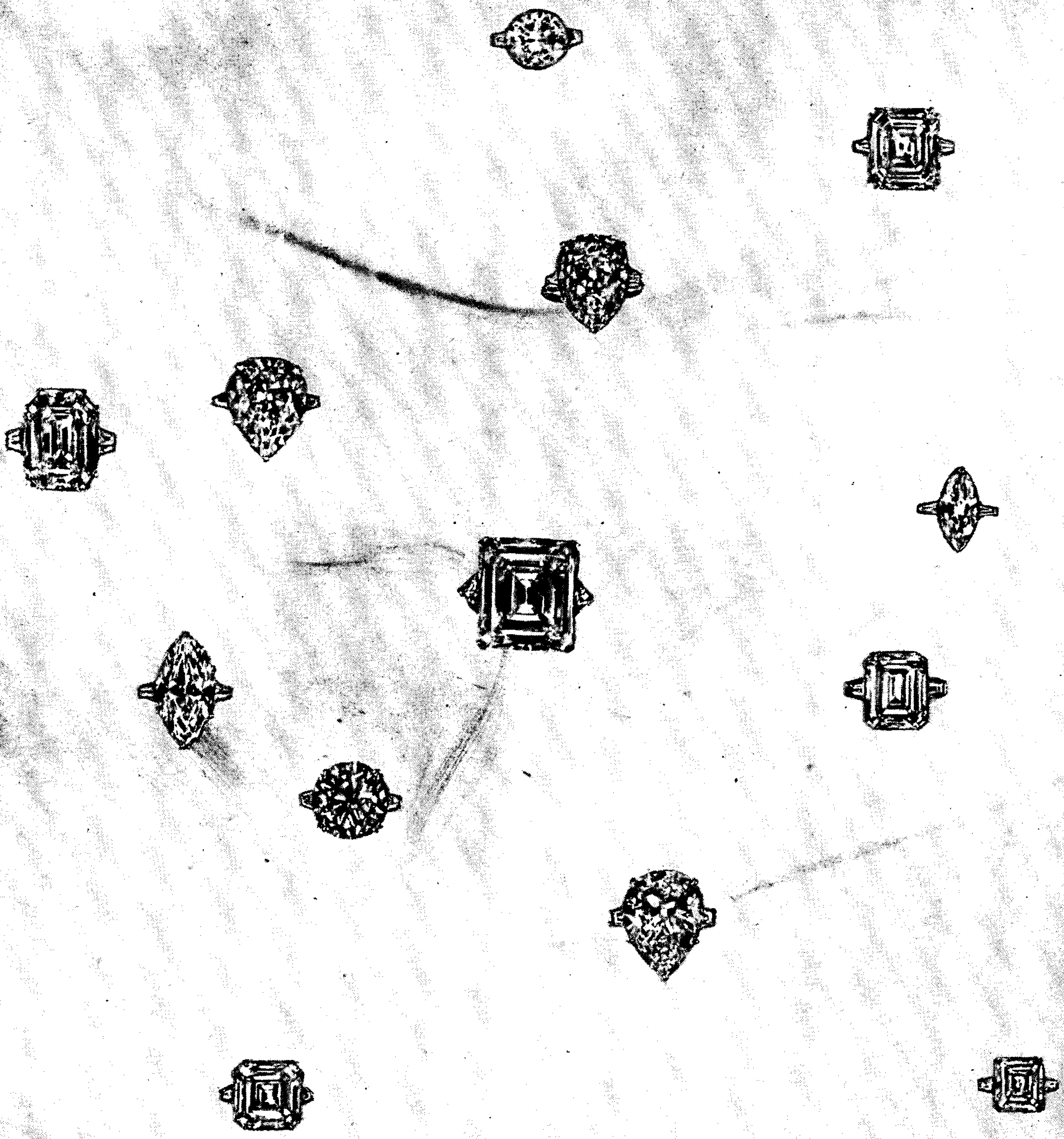
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 16: "The Moment of Truth" (in French), Michèle Morgan, Jean Gabin; and "Devil's Pitchfork" (formerly called "Ana-ta-han;" in Japanese, with an English narration by Josef von Sternberg, who also wrote and directed the film.)
From Nov. 17: "Pit of Loneliness" (in French), Edwige Feuillère, Simone Simon; and "Belissima" (in Italian), revival, Anna Magnani.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Nov. 16: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.
From Nov. 17: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Nov. 16: "Rear Window," James Stewart, Grace Kelly; and "Pride of the Blue Grass," Lloyd Bridges, Vera Miles.
From Nov. 17: "Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor; and "The Bob Mathias Story," Bob Mathias, Ward Bond.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (AC 2-9406)
Through Nov. 16: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.
From Nov. 17: "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" (in CinemaScope), Elaine Stewart, John Derek; and "Outlaw Territory," John Ireland, Joanne Dru.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Nov. 16: "Dragnet," Jack Webb, Ben Alexander; and "The Golden Mistress," John Agar, Rosemarie Bowe.
From Nov. 17: "The Adventures of Hajji Baba" (in CinemaScope), Elaine Stewart, John Derek; and "Outlaw Territory," John Ireland, Joanne Dru.



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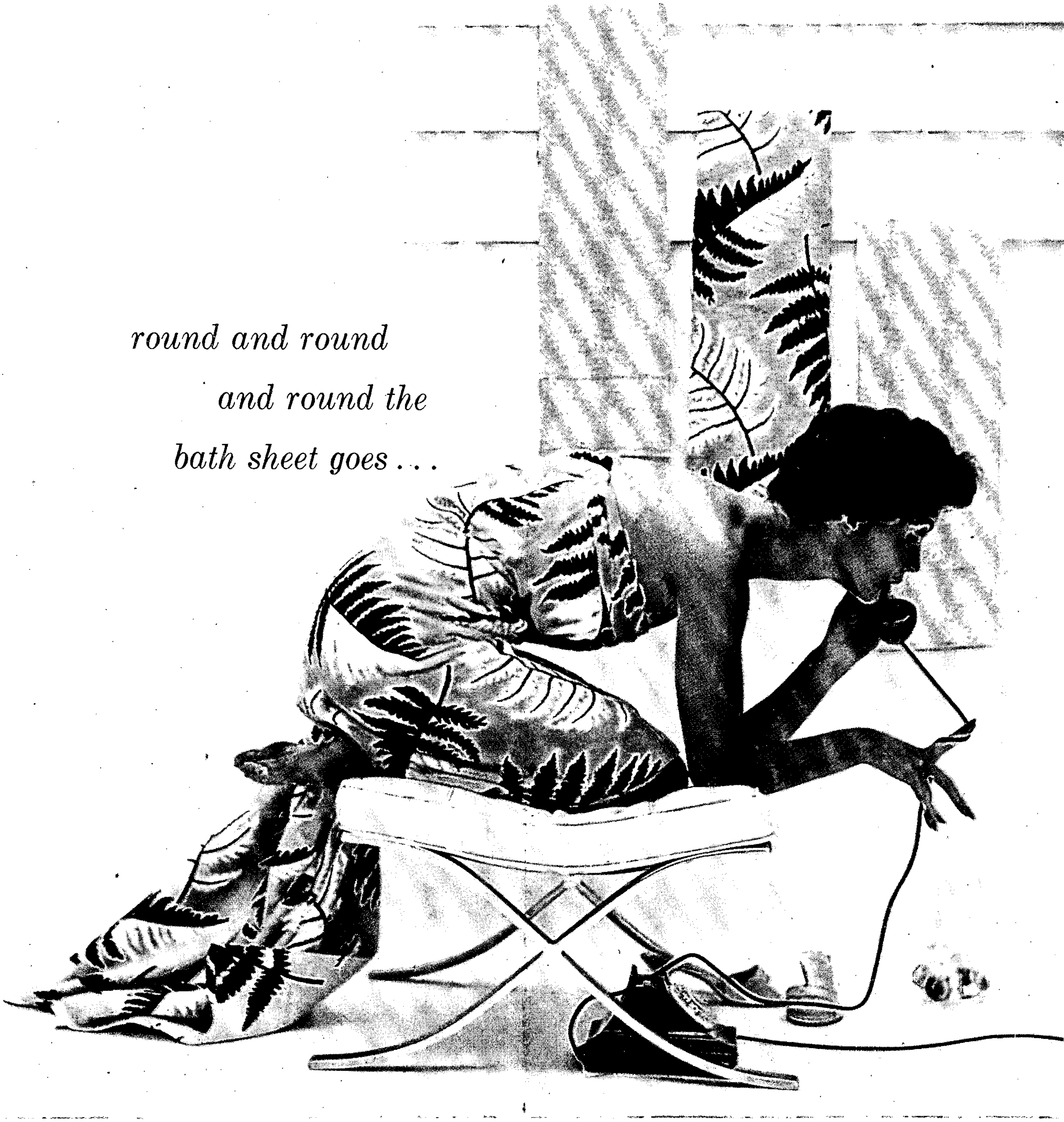

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Pacific's new Decorator towels

Causing talk, talk, talk . . . Pacific's new bathing beauty, decked front and back with a shower of leaves. It's just one show-piece from an exciting new series of Decorator towels . . . each print co-ordinated with its own monotone towel-mate. All in the plushiest Supersorb® terry, ever . . . as fluffy as a powder puff next to your skin. Choose from a sparkling array of colors.

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Hand towels and
face cloths, too
Available at all fine
stores.

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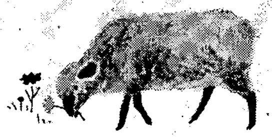
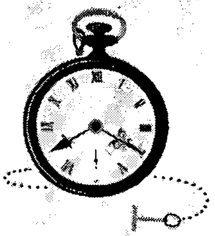


Wool from Australia



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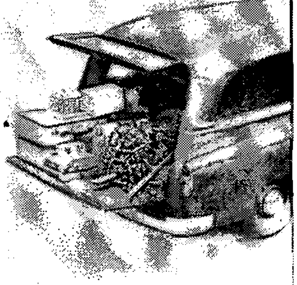

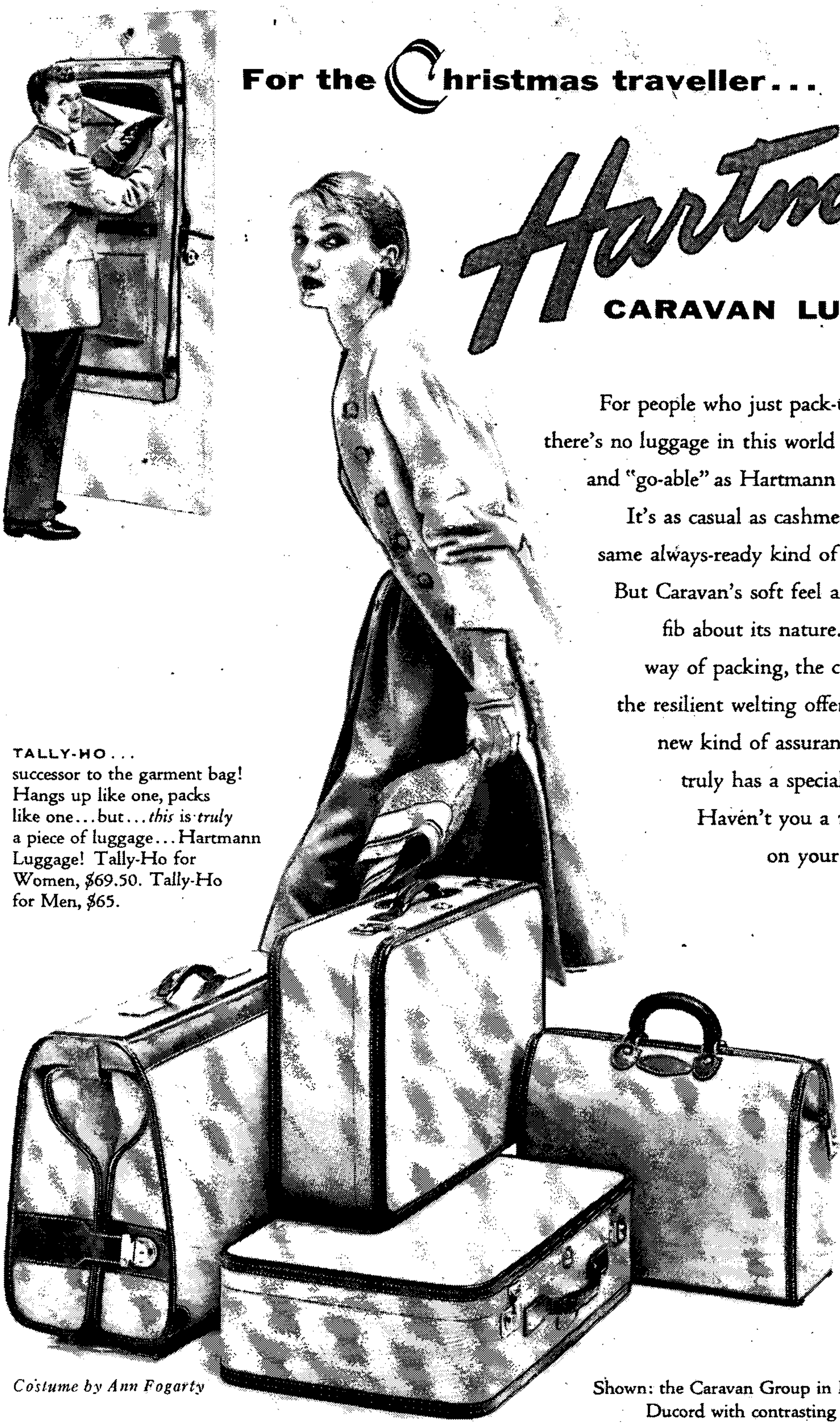

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Hartmann

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For people who just pack-up-and-go, there's no luggage in this world as "packable" and "go-able" as Hartmann Caravan Luggage. It's as casual as cashmere, with the same always-ready kind of elegance. But Caravan's soft feel and toss-about lightness fib about its nature. Caravan's gentle way of packing, the cushiony sides, the resilient welting offer a fabulous new kind of assurance. This luggage truly has a special gift for travel. Haven't you a *very* special traveller on your list?

TALLY-HO . . . successor to the garment bag! Hangs up like one, packs like one . . . but . . . *this* is *truly* a piece of luggage . . . Hartmann Luggage! Tally-Ho for Women, $69.50. Tally-Ho for Men, $65.

Costume by Ann Fogarty

Shown: the Caravan Group in Buckskin Tan Ducord with contrasting cowhide trim.
Left to right . . . Tally-Ho (suit size) $65; 24" Week-End Case (on top), $53.50; 26" Pullman Case (bottom), $67.50; Shoe Bag, $47.50.
Other Hartmann Caravan Luggage from $29.50. All prices plus tax.

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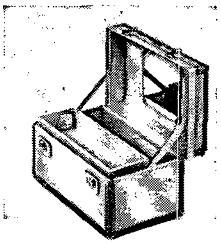
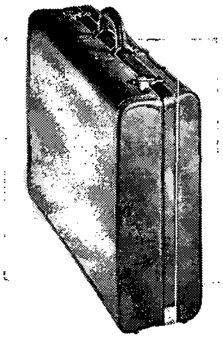
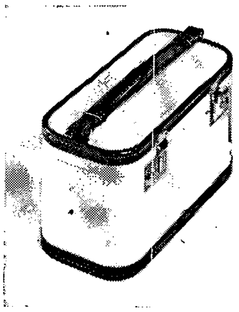


FABULOUS WAY TO MAKE U . . . so who's mad? Or could be anything but ecstatically glad t receive this most elegant of make-up cases . . . the Hartmann Skymate Poudre Case. Of fines imported natural rawhide. With tray, mirror, plastic-over-sati lining, and adjustable loops fo her cosmetics. $100



INDUSTRY'S "BIGGEST WHEELS" travel with a Hartmann Knoc-about of Industrial Belting Leather. This two-suiter really knows its business. The leather a Hartmann exclusive, i "solid." Tanned with the natural hide oils left in. Time merely puts a finish on . . . not a end to . . . this luggage! $125



SHE'LL HAVE HER ARMS BOT FREE TO HUG YOU when yo give her this Hartmann Carava Cosmetic Case with over-arm strap. Takes all her beauty etceteras off her hands. With plastic over-satin lining, mirror adjustable loops. Wouldn' surprise us if this replaced he handbag! Country Tweed with Belting Leather. $39.50.

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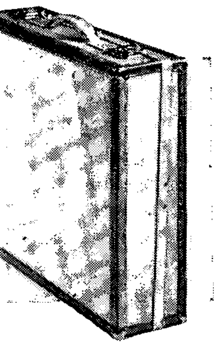

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rette. And he'll find his suit
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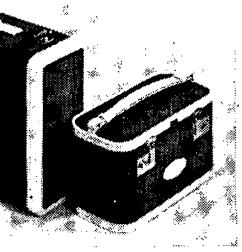

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what girl wouldn't if she
ived this celebrated Hart-
n Luggage for Christmas.
Granada Green with white
hide . . . a refreshing color
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es, too. The Cosmetic Case
capacious Week-Ender are
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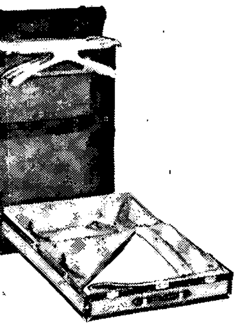

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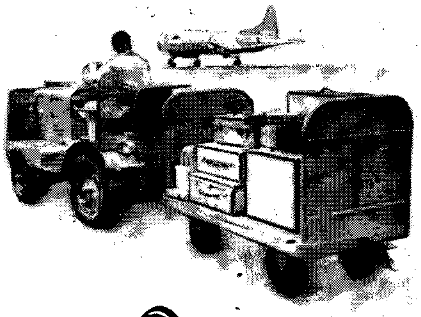
time for Christmas.*



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Mink Coat by Ritter Brothers

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Left to right . . . 26″ Pullman Case for Accessories, $85;
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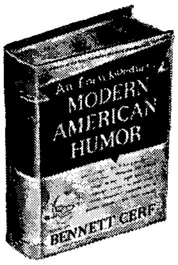
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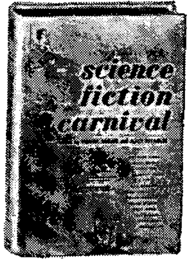
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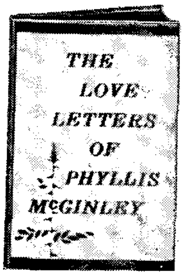
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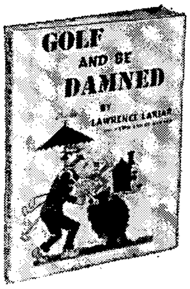
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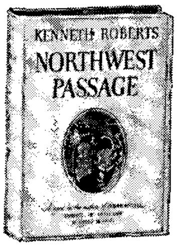
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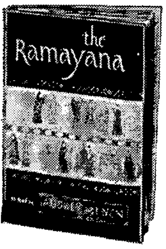
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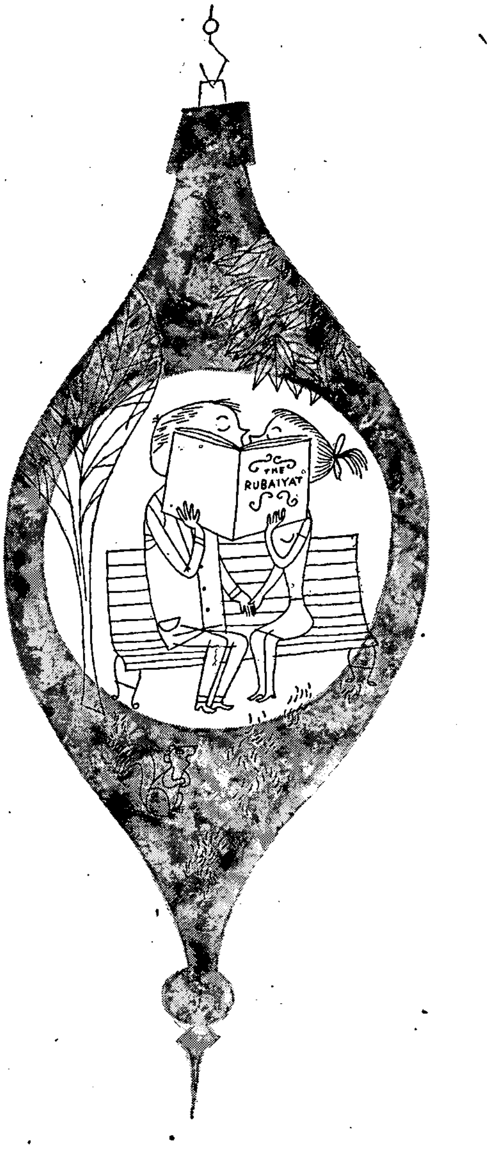
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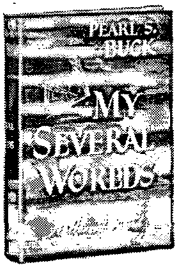
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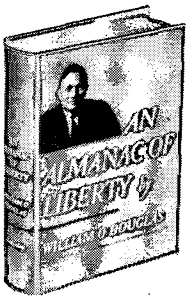
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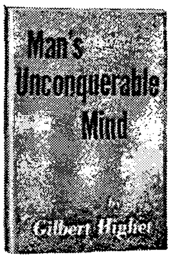
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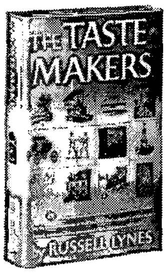
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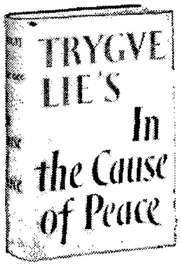
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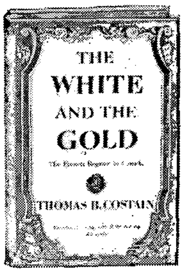
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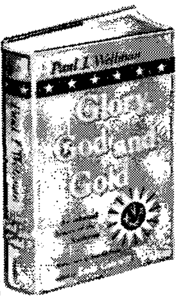
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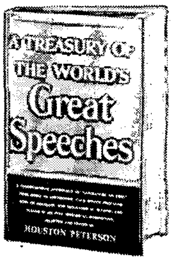
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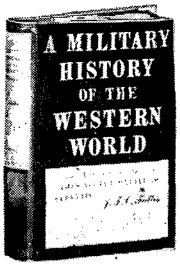
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J. F. C. Fuller

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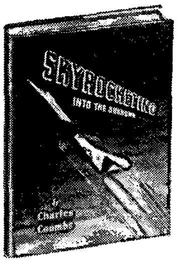
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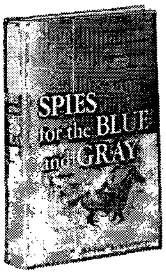
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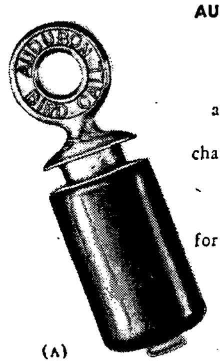
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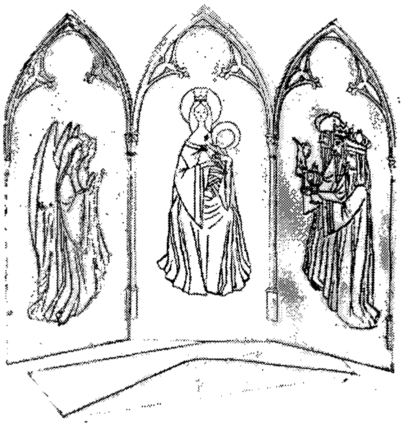
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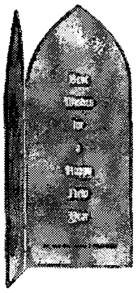

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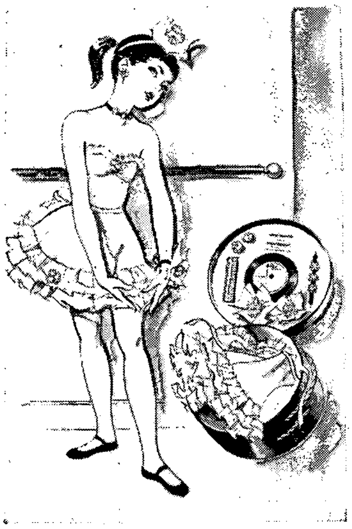
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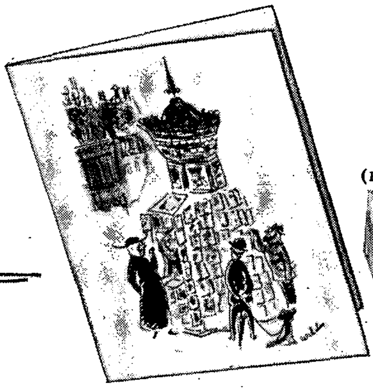

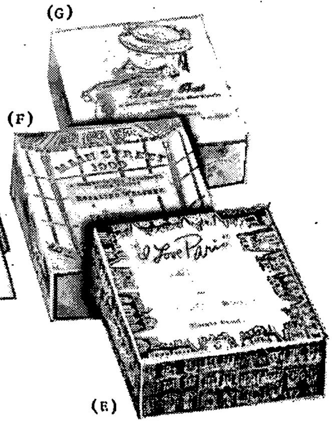
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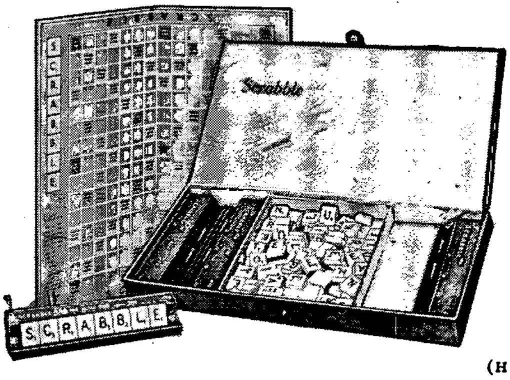
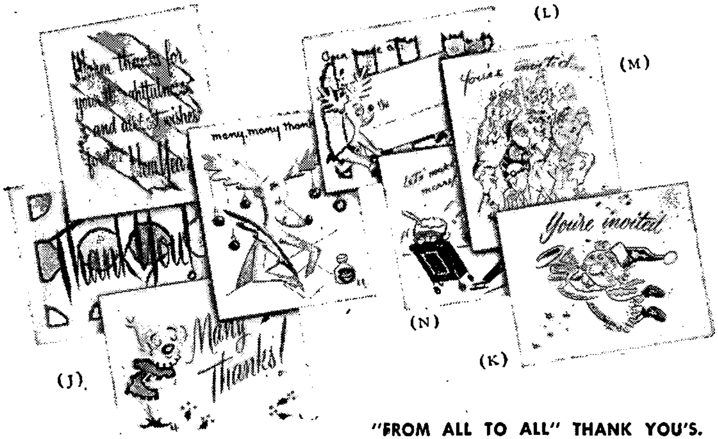
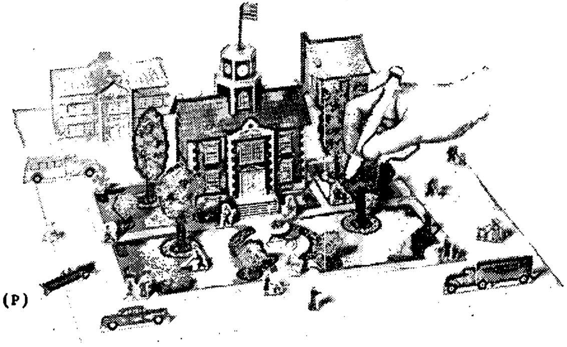


holiday cheer



"FROM ALL TO ALL" THANK YOU'S.

You'll thank your own lucky stars for finding such color-gay charmers aglow with genial holiday cheer! 20 assorted thank you notes, designed by the *Forers* with made-for-each-other envelopes in a bright gift box. A pleasure to send — a joy to receive! (J) $1.00. "PARTY PRETTY" INVITATIONS. Four festive designs, destined to make your holiday party a fabulous success! *Angel Santa* (K); *Open House ("Mr. and Mrs. Reindeer")* (L); *Sophisticated Santa* (M); *Let's Make Merry* (N). Box of 25 with matching envelopes. Ea. $1.25.



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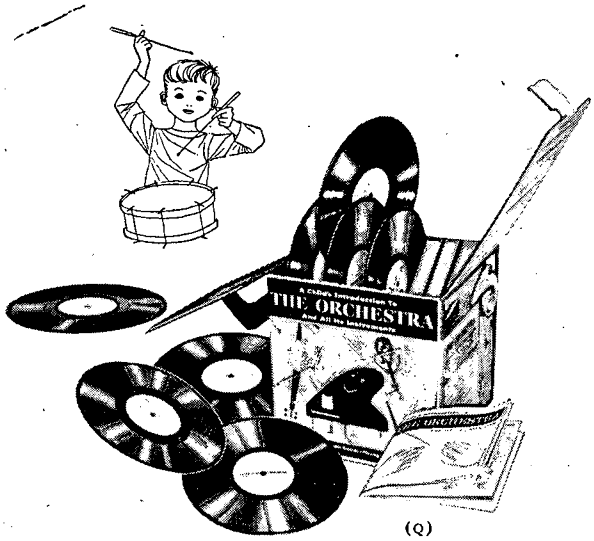
A whole magic village springs to life at the touch of nimble young fingers—without cutting, pasting, mess! First you paint, then press out pre-cut parts, then put village together. Of tough, kraft-lined board, scored and numbered for easy assembly! Includes 8 wonderful plastic, felt-tipped fountain brushes, each with different-color pure-food tablet. Just add water and paint! *Plus* 16 extra color-refill tablets. Actually a 2-in-1 toy because Fountain Brushes can be used again and again for painting and sketching fun! (P) $2.00

extra



THE ORCHESTRA.

A Child's Introduction to the Orchestra and its instruments. 8 extra-play Golden Records (6 minutes each) in a colorful 7x7x7 chest introduce the instruments of the orchestra in 17 delightful songs (*Knute The Flute, Monsieur Forlon The French Horn, etc.*) and 15 instrumental demonstrations, by the *Sandpiper Chorus* and the *Golden Symphony Orchestra*, under *Mitchell Miller*. The last record brings the instruments together in a special little 6-minute symphony. Playing time (you can use an automatic changer) is 48 minutes. Charming key to musical understanding for all ages. (Q) $3.95

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THESE ARE PROBABLY THE SLOWEST MADE SHOES IN AMERICA

In an age when shoes come rattling pell-mell off the production line, Nettleton makes a point of taking its time.

The skilled craftsmen who make Nettletons go about their business with a pride of craftsmanship rarely met these days. They cut and match the fine leathers just as it has been done at Nettleton for 75 years. For, as these artisans will tell you, they can teach their skills to an apprentice, but never to a machine or assembly line.

The result is that *Nettletons take four times longer to make than ordinary shoes.* But they also take their time wearing out. In spite of all the care that goes into making them, Nettletons cost surprisingly little more than mass-produced shoes. They are priced from $22.95 to $42.95. Men who wear them know: it's extravagant to pay less. Available at the stores listed below or write to the A. E. Nettleton Company, Syracuse 2, New York.

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FIFTH AVENUE
B. ALTMAN & CO.
NEW YORK

fashions in food and a new look in delicacies are the Altman specialty . . . here is rare taste, just arrived:

Sirop de Fraises des Bois (elixir of tiny French strawberries!), **1.25**

wild mountain blackberry and boysenberry jelly, Marshall strawberry, peach and wild blackberry preserves, five 8-oz. jars, **4.85**

S. S. Pierce fish basket, **7.95**

Strasbourg paté de foie gras with a touch of truffles, 6 oz., **6.50**

Verkade's "Frambesca" wafers from Holland, **1.45**

Perugina Gourmet Assortment, 2 lbs. of Italian chocolates, **6.25**

apothecary jar of sourballs, 9 oz., **2.25**

the cheese tray holds 7 imported and domestic varieties, **5.50**

Twin Trees herbs, apothecary set, **10.00**

Giardiniera, Italian mosaic-pack of pickled vegetables, 5 lbs. 5 oz., **12.50**

brandied glamour-fruit medley, 4¾ lbs., **6.95**

whole strawberries in light syrup, from Germany, 1 lb., **2.25**

our "glitter basket" of holiday cheer, **20.00**

come see, telephone MUrrayhill 9-7000, or write:

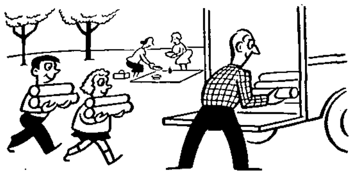
Altman delicacies, main floor . . . or East Orange, White Plains and Manhasset

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FAR be it from us to accuse the magazine *Life* of aiding and abetting crime, or even petit larceny, but one of its recent issues did carry a full-page ad of the McCulloch Motors Corporation, of Los Angeles, that gave us some mighty queer ideas. Headed "Want Some Free Wood?" and subtitled "It's easy to be your own woodsman with this low-priced McCulloch power saw," the ad shows a young man in a lumberman's checked shirt smiling conspiratorially as he power-saws his way through a tree trunk, from which he has already cut eight or nine juicy pieces. Two children—a boy of around ten, a girl of around eight—are gathering these and are about to take them to a station wagon twenty feet away. The back of the station wagon is open, and another young man, with another conspiratorial smile, is piling in still other pieces of new-cut wood. The scene of this suspicious activity is a clearing in a neck of the woods that looks as though it might be a public park or reservation. It looks like this to us because in addition to the station wagon there are two parked cars and because in the middle of the clearing two ladies are spreading a picnic out on a blanket.



The legend accompanying this odd scene reads as follows:

> You can actually pay for one of these speedy little McCulloch saws with just a few loads of wood, at today's prices. And then the wood's all for free and for profit.
>
> Do you own or visit a camp or resort? Or do you own trees? Or do you use fire wood? Or would you like to make some extra money? Then you should send for the free information on the new, low-priced McCulloch gasoline-powered chain saws.

Note the use of the word "speedy." These woodcutting and collecting Fagins and their corrupted kiddies, all mad for extra money, may be visiting a camp and not a public park, but we bet it isn't theirs, and we bet the owner doesn't know they're on the premises. We suspect that they've posted a lookout, whom somebody has excised from the ad, and that the station wagon is revved up and ready to go the minute a state trooper or private watchman comes into sight. The picnicking ladies are decoys. When the trooper or watchman shows up, they'll ply him with steak Tartare while their confederates make a clean getaway.

MEANWHILE, that Hathaway Shirt man with the eye patch has been branching out right in the advertising pages of this magazine, and we wonder whether he isn't beginning to tax credulity. We have before us a full page in color on which, surrounded by cases of butterflies, all of them foreign, he is holding a large brown butterfly that he has just removed from a setting board. But he is not really holding the butterfly itself; he is holding a pin stuck through its thorax. Apparently, he is planning to mount it in a case similar to the others in the picture. These are shallow cases, stuffed with cotton, that are known in lepidopterological circles as Riker mounts. You cannot put a pin-stuck butterfly, or moth, in such a case; the pin would protrude too far to let the glass cover go on. The Hathaway butterfly has been set—that is, its wings and body are rigid—and this means that unless the Hathaway man is one hell of a scientist he cannot remove the pin without demolishing the insect. What will he do next? He is up a creek. He is a misguided rhopalocerist if ever we saw one.

Furthermore, the butterfly he is holding is, like the others in his collection, an un-American butterfly. Un-North American, anyway. It is a South American *Caligo eurylochus*, popularly known as an owl butterfly, because it has spots on its lower wings that look like owl eyes. If you hold it upside-down (and backside-to), it looks something like an owl. Now, what is he doing with a South American butterfly? He may have ordered it from South America, or bought it from a dealer here, but in that case—if he's the amateur we think he is—it would have come already set. He has a jar of potassium cyanide in front of him, and this, plus the setting board, indicates that he has killed and set it himself, and, by extension, that he personally caught it. We want to be fair. He *could* have caught the butterfly in South America, brought it back here, limp, in an envelope, and then set it, but how explain the cyanide? You can't, unless he is planning to commit suicide.

We suggest that the Hathaway people switch their man to a Cecropia, a tiger swallowtail, or a monarch, any one of them eminently suitable for color ads. And more patriotic.

Miss Bankhead

WE reported at the Hotel Elysee at six the other afternoon for a prearranged chat with Tallulah Bankhead. She received us in brown gabardine slacks, a gold silk shirt, no jewelry, and no makeup other than lipstick, and introduced us to a tiny white fluffy dog, who was in excellent spirits. "Maltese," she said. "Named Doloras—'a-s,' not 'e-s.' I named her after the baby dragon in the Kukla, Fran, and Ollie television show. A zephyr once blew her into my swimming pool. She sleeps around my head at night." Miss Bankhead, who was sipping a champagne cocktail, gave us a drink and tried to introduce us to Dolly, her Siamese cat, but Dolly kept bounding from chair to chair and we never really got to meet her. "At my place in Pound Ridge," her owner said, "I have another Siamese, a myna bird named Cleo, a Hungarian sheepdog named Donald, after Donald Cook, and a French poodle called Daisy. Donald and Daisy crossed and have four children. I used to have a lion, two monkeys, and a parrot, but the parrot started biting my little three-and-a-half-year-old nephew. I almost got a baby seal once, but I was afraid it would grow up. I wish everything didn't grow up, including myself. Cleo is a magnificent talking bird. He can say 'Who are you?,' 'I want to go to New York,' 'Birds can't talk,' and 'Hello' in a dozen tones. I'm taking the five kids who play in 'Dear Charles' up to the country this week-end. Those kids are the sweetest, most normal kids you ever saw. I love them and they love me. They have such taste and instinctive knowledge. It's the hardest ticket in town, you know. I don't permit any benefits. I have fourteen riders in my contract, and one of them prohibits benefits. Charity audiences are no good. They don't really want to go. What makes a good audience is a cross-section of the population. You need a mixture. I wouldn't have benefits in 'Private Lives.' I wouldn't even have them in a serious play, where the laughs don't matter. I eat at odd hours, and haven't eaten a thing all day. I had a chicken sandwich half an hour ago. I've always had to fight weight—I weigh a hundred and ten at the moment, but I've been as much as a hundred and forty. I've lost as much as nine pounds overnight—just *thinking*. I have beautiful legs and feet and shoulders. I play tall parts, but I'm much shorter than people imagine. I'm five feet four. I've grown two inches since I had pneumonia twice and took sulfa drugs. The doctors don't understand it. They never knew anyone to do that before."

Miss Bankhead cavorted about the room and settled on a sofa. "I would never *move* if I didn't have to," she said. "I'm the epitome of a morbid fear of work of any kind. I would never lift a finger if I didn't like perfume. I haven't a penny. I have a few shares, a little annuity, and an Augustus John portrait of myself that Duveen offered me a hundred thousand dollars for. It's in my bedroom in the country. I never know what checks I'm signing, but don't tell the Guaranty Trust Company. My autobiography sold a hundred and seventy-five thousand copies in the regular edition and close to half a million in the reprint. I've stuffed and starved all my life. I hate the word 'stomach.' I don't give a damn what I eat as long as my meat is burned to a crisp. The Stork Club sends me a milk bottle full of vichyssoise for breakfast. I have to do so much exposition in the first act that I have to stop talking to light a cigarette. It's like a night-club act. I rattle it off like a Gatling gun. They've clocked the laughs in the show—seventeen minutes, without counting the applause."

The telephone rang, and Miss B. said that her car was waiting to take her to the theatre. We bade her and Doloras farewell.

•

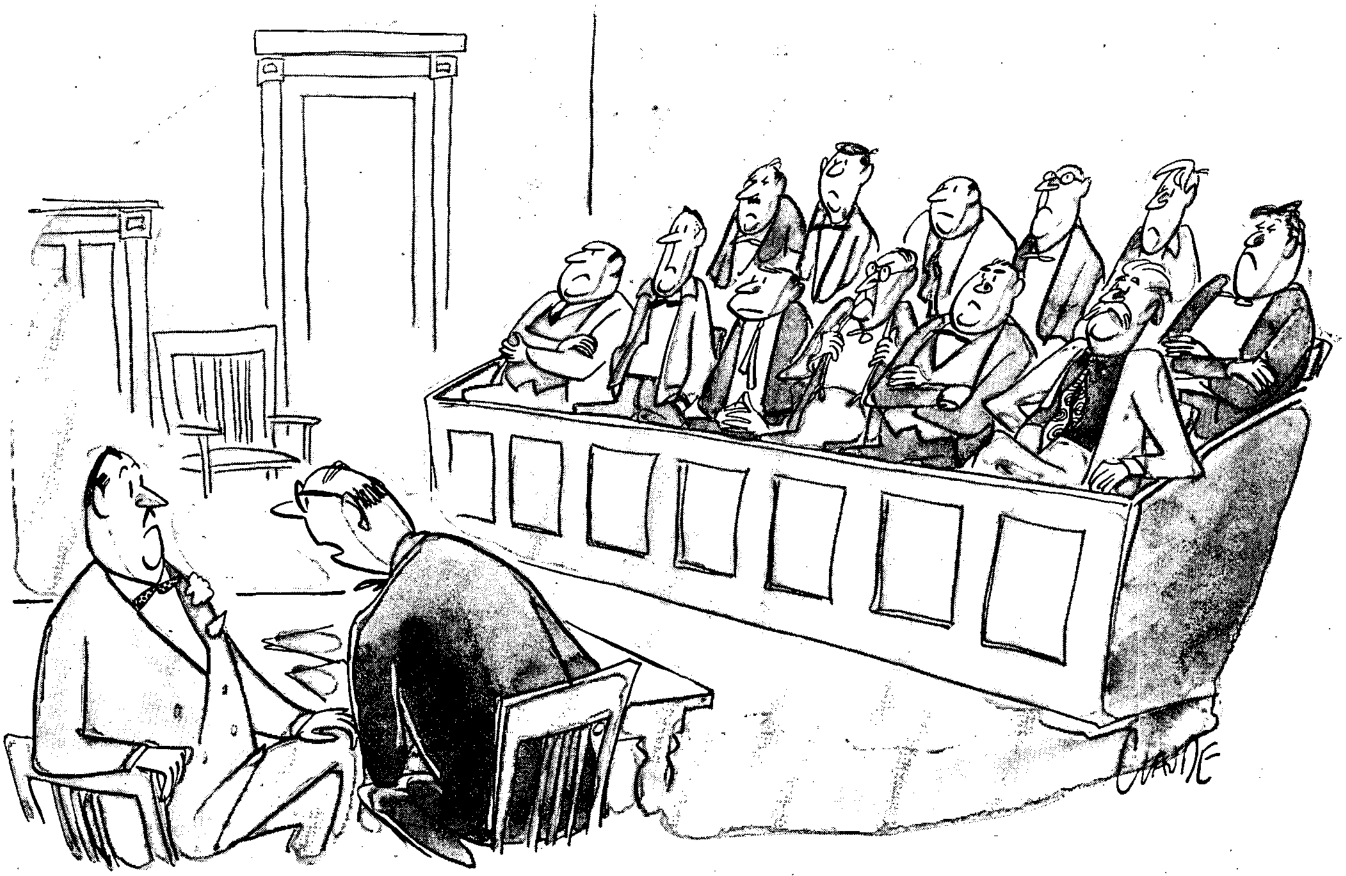
MIDWESTERN INTELLIGENCE: The menu of the coffee shop of the Hotel Hollenden, in Cleveland, offers Chicken à la Poulet.

Landmark

HAVING had so many occasions to mourn the loss of a precious local landmark, we take particular pleasure in writing about a landmark that was completed shortly after the turn of the nineteenth century and shows every sign of surviving the turn of the twentieth century. We refer to that noble, if bizarre-looking, old pile of steel and stone known as the Flatiron Building, which, filling every last inch of the triangle formed by Twenty-second Street, Fifth Avenue, and Broadway, still dominates the southern side of Madison Square (itself once described in guidebooks as "the central point of the life and splendor of upper New York"). From the day the building opened, in 1902, until just after the First World War, no self-respecting tourist failed to acquaint himself with it; indeed, a tourist could scarcely help himself, since most of the local sightseeing buses, horse-drawn or motored, set out from the Fifth Avenue side of the building. For years, the two most popular picture postcards sold here were views of the Flatiron Building and Brooklyn Bridge, and even as late as 1927 the reviewing stands for parades up Broadway were placed at the apex of the Flatiron.

The Flatiron was designed by the famous Chicago architectural firm of D. H. Burnham & Co., and was built and owned by the George A. Fuller Company. Its official name was the Fuller Building, but nobody ever called it that, and in 1925, when the owners sold it and put up a new Fuller Building, on the corner of Fifty-seventh Street and Madison Avenue, the nickname became official. What made the Flatiron famous was, of course, its shape, for though it was twenty-one stories high, and therefore an authentic skyscraper, there were buildings in New York that were still higher. (For example, the Park Row Building measured three hundred and nine feet to the Flatiron's two hundred and eighty.) The Broadway-Fifth Avenue corner was reputed to be the windiest in town, and the fame of the Flatiron Building grew when a rumor spread that it could be seen to sway in a high wind. It was constructed in the newfangled way, on a steel frame, with walls that were mere curtains, and consequently no thicker at the base of the building than at its top, and this fact, bewildering to the public, gave the rumor a certain plausibility. The Fuller people announced sternly that the building was the strongest ever erected, but idlers stood by the hour at its sharp prow, swearing they could see it bend. A newspaper laboriously calculated that if it should blow down in the direction of the Square, it would reach nearly to Madison Avenue. A Brooklyn alderman introduced a bill to forbid such tall buildings as a menace to life and property, and a prominent architect pointed out the folly of spending large sums of money on sanitariums when even larger sums were being spent on commercial buildings like the Flatiron, which, as everyone was surely aware, bred consumption. Other people came to the building's defense, however, one of them describing it as "a column of smoke by day and, by night, when the interior is lighted, a pillar of fire."

The looks of the pillar of fire have changed remarkably little in the past half-century. Indeed, there have been only a couple of noticeable alterations. The open iron cages of its six elevators were enclosed in the nineteen-thirties, and two years ago, in deference to the current mode, the vaulted ceiling of the lobby was "dropped" and the mahogany panels in which the revolving doors of its two entrances were set were replaced by a combination of glass and stainless steel. The building is now owned by a syndicate called the Flatiron Associates, which took it over in 1945, and is



"Better get rid of it. This doesn't look like a boutonniere-type jury."

• •

ninety-seven-per-cent rented. Once it boasted the most distinguished roster of tenants in the city; its present occupants are mainly what the elevator starter, who has been there seventeen years, calls "good, reliable tenants, but nobody famous—underwear manufacturers, and like that." The office at the sharp tip of the eighteenth floor, in which, from a high, triangular platform, Frank Munsey presided over *Munsey's Magazine*, is now occupied by the platformless president of the Pharma Chemical Company, while the Art Career School, on the top floor, functions in what was once a roof-garden café. The last of the original tenants moved out in the thirties, but Earl L. Gregg, the local representative of the Clark-Brewer Teachers Agency, has been a tenant for a full forty years, and just down the hall from him is the tenant of second-longest tenure—a lawyer named Max Ash, who has been tempting fate and high winds for the past thirty-three years in Room 1313.

Nasty Angle

A Larchmont man noticed that his neighbor, the owner of a small foreign sports car, was wearing his arm in a sling and asked him how come. "Fractured collarbone," said the neighbor, squirming uncomfortably. "Hit a pedestrian, and the lout fell on me."

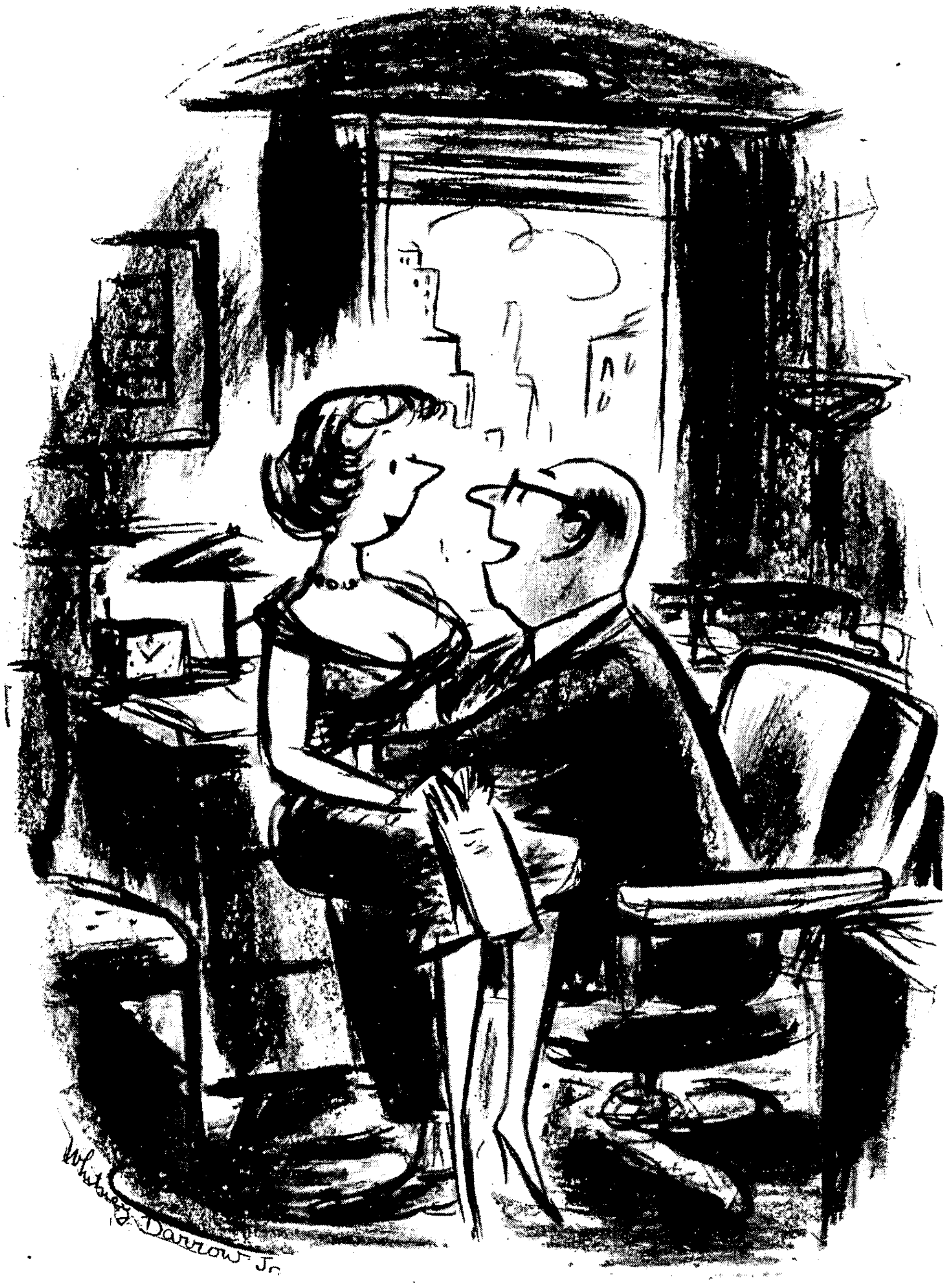
Latest Returns

We heard from our man Stanley the morning after the election, as follows:

"Not as young as I used to be. Still sleepy. Following current custom, had dinner and spent evening with friends, listening to returns. (Times Square a thing of the past.) Hosts very fine people. Wife Republican, husband Democrat. Went with completely nonpolitical young lady. Arrived shortly after polls closed, was handed drink. First of day. Ah! Host had television working. Saw films of Stevenson voting, Hoover voting. Wonder who *they* voted for. Ominous voice announced that forty-eight per cent of ballots had been cast in metropolitan area before noon, despite torrential rain. 'In Maine,' voice added, 'Muskie won the gubernatorial election back in September.' Hot dope. Host mixed himself another drink. 'If Ribicoff wins in Connecticut, watch for Democratic sweep,' he said. 'Nonsense,' said his wife. 'Make mine on the rocks.' Host switched to radio—WQXR. William Lawrence prognosticating. 'It's been a gloomy, rainy day in New York,' he said, 'but it will soon cheer up for either the Republicans or the Democrats.' Hot dope. At 7:45, voice said that Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., was topping his ticket. It added that in Harts Location, New Hampshire, with all returns in, the Democrats had 6, the Republicans 4. 'We're in,' said host. 'Time for dinner,' said hostess. Moved into dining room for splendid meal. Ample red wine. 'Ribicoff's the fellow to watch,' said host. 'Especially in New Haven.' 'Pass the bread,' said his wife. Back into living room for demitasse, lemon meringue. Host turned on radio again. 'Schnur is behind in the Twentieth,' said voice. 'Who?' said hostess. 'Schnur, Schnur,' said host. 'He's behind.' 'Where?' asked my young lady. Figured women should never have been given vote.

" 'Let's settle down for some serious returns,' said host. 'Scotch or rye?' Took Scotch. 'Voting on those machines is hard,' said my companion. 'I get all mixed up in the booth.' 'Nothing to it,' said hostess. 'I have my mind made up, and just pull the levers.' 'My mind's made up, too,' said young lady, 'but I can't find the right levers.' Just goes to show. 'Democrats need only three seats to gain control of Senate,' said radio voice. Hot dope. Host turned on television—C.B.S. Charles Collingwood seated before huge, blinking machine called Univac. 'This is the electronic brain,' said Collingwood tenderly. 'The brain has made a prediction We fed the brain two million pieces of information.' (Brain had been eating while we were eating.) Collingwood smiled at the brain. Brain blinked, chugged, heaved, seemed to be having heavy weather. 'This brain,' said Collingwood, 'can compute two thousand twelve-digit numbers in a second. This brain can compare the returns with the last six elections.' Collingwood was proud of his boy. Damn smart boy, I gathered. Collingwood said brain predicted 299 Democrats, 135 Republicans in House. In Senate, brain predicted 56 Democrats, 39 Republicans. Collingwood terribly pleased with brain. 'That's its best guess,' he said cheerily. 'Ask the brain about Ribicoff, if it's so smart,' said host. 'Schnur is behind in the Twentieth,' said a voice.

"Collingwood again. Univac was hedging, he said. It blinked and blinked. Collingwood said brain felt Republicans *could* hold Senate. 'I don't trust that machine,' said host. Walter Cronkite appeared, seated beside Lowell Thomas. Thomas told anecdote about old lady with cane, and said nobody was listening at this hour. Disappeared. Host switched to N.B.C. Dave Garroway smiling like a fiend. 'Sit back, relax, and enjoy the country,' he said. Garroway voting for Roto-Broil. Flash to John Cameron Swayze, on West Coast. Swayze had long stick and map. 'On the big board,' he said, 'we'll add the elected Republicans to the elected Democrats.' Hot dope. Back to New York. Harriman claimed victory. Ives conceded. 'We'll come back,' he said. Now past 10 P.M. Samuel Lubell turned up on television, said he had found unemployment in Evansville. Disappeared. Ed Murrow appeared. Extremely cosmic. Disappeared. Collingwood back. Slightly worried. Said Univac had been mulling things over, felt should revise House figures. Television 'sweep around country.' 'Eighty of one thousand six hundred and eighty-seven districts are reporting in Colorado,' said man. Hot dope. Plains States scattered. Central States scattered. Back to WQXR. Host flushed. My young lady asleep on couch. Hostess preoccupied. 'Ives vote has been underestimated,' said voice. 'In Maine, back in September, Muskie, the Democrat, was elected Governor.' Voice said Baltimore *Sun* was proud of McKeldin, considered him national figure. 'Who?' said hostess. 'Schnur,' said host. 'Ribicoff vote is seesawing in Connecticut,' said voice. 'That's the one to watch,' said host. Back to television. 'Coudert defeated,' man said. Univac blinking and twitching. Crazy, mixed-up machine. Said Democrats would take House 249 to 185, take Senate 55 to 40. Midnight. Ives creeping up, Roosevelt creeping down, Coudert creeping up, Burke ahead, Howell elected, Neuberger behind, Ribicoff steady, Muskie safe in Maine. Time to go home."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"I'm afraid this is goodbye, Miss Woodley. I've lost the battle for proxies."

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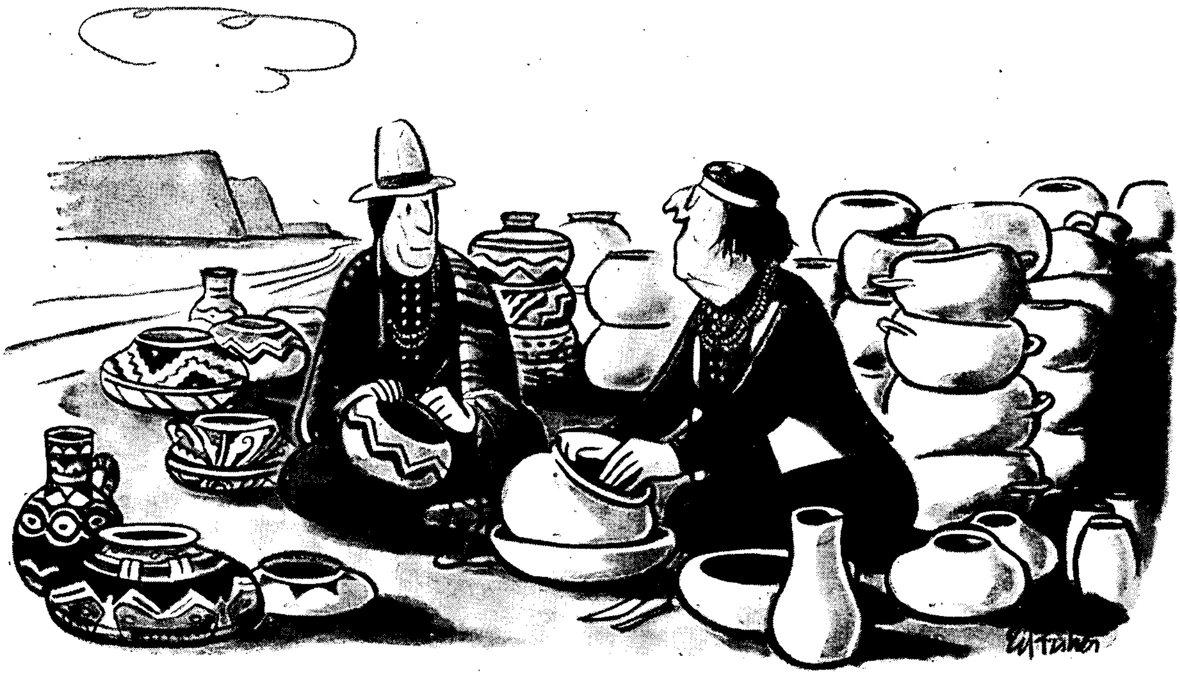
CONSIDERABLY confused by our man Stanley's report, by the hullabaloo about recanvassing the votes, by the post-midnight message from Governor Dewey ordering that all voting machines be impounded, and the rest of the aftermaths of the elections, we went down to the Police Academy Building, at Broome and Centre Streets, last Thursday morning and besought David B. Costuma, secretary of the City Board of Elections, to straighten us out. Mr. Costuma has held his present position, through politics thick and thin, since 1935, and, knowing this, we were prepared for a man of experience but hardly for one of such Olympian calm in the face of trying circumstances as we found Mr. Costuma to be. Wearing rimless glasses, a brown suit, and a cigar to match it, he greeted us in a large office,



"I can tell you one thing we've got that the Russians haven't got—Navajo pottery."

• •

the walls of which were adorned with pictures of voting machines and of men shaking hands. "A recanvass isn't something special," he told us in a soft voice. "There's one after every election, as provided by Section 274 of the Election Law. As a matter of fact, it isn't a recount but, rather, the only official count. The count you keep reading about in the papers is obtained from the district election inspectors and correlated by the police. Strictly unofficial, and usually wrong to some extent. What the Governor had in mind in his message was to make extra sure that the voting machines were guarded between the time the polls closed and the time the recanvass was completed. Here in the city, we customarily guard the machines only in districts where there are close local contests, so extra men had to be put on."

We asked Mr. Costuma whether the gubernatorial order had thrown his office into a tizzy, whereupon he took a long, leisurely draw on his cigar and replied that it certainly had not. "Every election is an automatic rhubarb in this office, more or less," he said. He went on to tell us that the Board of Elections office stayed open all night Tuesday, as it does each Election Night. Early Wednesday morning, also according to custom, moving vans that the Board had arranged for began drawing up at the various polling places, to pick up the voting machines and carry them to warehouses, where they could be more easily guarded pending the recanvass. A hitch developed, however, because Police Commissioner Adams interpreted the Governor's message to mean that the voting machines had to stay where they were, in the polling places. Mr. Costuma began getting telephone calls from his truckers, who complained that the police wouldn't let them load any voting machines. He called Mr. Adams' office and said he couldn't possibly conduct a recanvass at the polling places, so if the machines stayed there, neither Dewey nor anybody else would *ever* find out who the next governor was. Mr. Adams finally let the machines go, but said a policeman must sit in the cab of each van as it went to its warehouse. "There are over four thousand voting machines in the city, and it'll take three or four days to get them all boxed up, taken to the warehouses, and unboxed again," Mr. Costuma told us. "They're on their way now."

A moment later, Mr. Costuma said he guessed he'd better go to lunch, and we decided to go and watch some voting machines, gravid with the will of the electorate, arrive at a warehouse. Having learned that one group of warehouses used by the city is at 48 West Sixty-fifth Street, we went up to that address. There we found the situation reassuringly similar to what we had been led to expect. Three huge red vans of the Weissberger Moving & Storage Co. were lined up along one curb, and a fourth van was in the process of backing tortuously into the entrance of No. 48, the Liberty Moving and Storage Corporation's warehouses. Seated in the cab of each waiting van, beside the driver, was a policeman. Another policeman was standing beside the Liberty entrance, and still another was giving a green parking ticket to a nearby car with a stove-in side, while a small throng watched with interest. We asked the policeman in one of the cabs what was in the truck. "Voting machines," he replied, and looked hard at us. The truck at the entrance finally maneuvered itself inside, and the first of the row along the curb moved forward and began maneuvering in its turn. We hung around watching for five or ten minutes, and then the policeman at the entrance suggested that we might as well move along. This we did, feeling that our franchise was being well protected.

Across the Sea

MODERN communications, no question about it, bring the nations of the world closer and closer together. We've just been told of a schoolboy in Wimbledon who recently received, by air express, a make-it-yourself plane model from an American friend of his family's who had spent a couple of pleasant weekends at their place during a summer visit to England. The boy loved the plane model right off and started putting it together the very next day, when his parents happened to be out of the house. He soon hit a snag and proceeded to read the directions all over again, including one that directed him, in the event that he had any difficulty following these directions, to telephone the manufacturers in New York, and gave their number. Presuming that this was a wonderful adjunct to the present from the American friend, the boy put in the call and had a ten-minute conversation that put him on the right track. He finished building the model long before his father got the bill at the end of the month, amounting to fourteen pounds, or a plump forty dollars.

FRANCIS

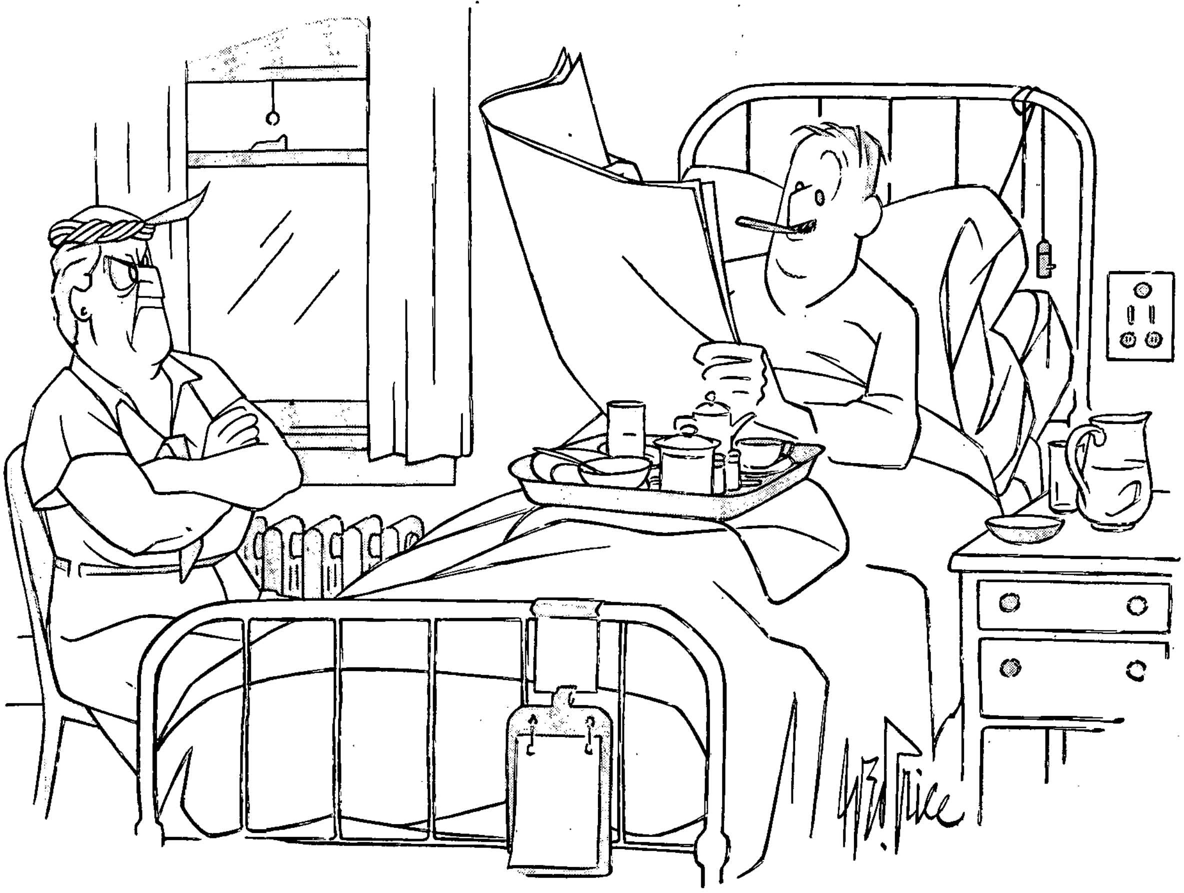
OUR school was in the heart of the country, miles from the nearest town. This gave the teachers an initial advantage, because before you even got to a railway station, you had the prefects on your track. Two fellows I knew once got as far as Mellin, a town ten miles off, intending to join the British Army, but, like fools, the first thing they did in Mellin was go to a hotel, so they were caught in bed in the middle of the night by prefects and got the father and mother of a beating. I think they must have been inspired by a legend of two fellows who did actually get on a boat for England and were never heard of again, but that was before my time, and in those days escapes were probably easier. By the time I got there, the prefects had a telescope mounted on the tower, and took turns at watching for fellows trying to get away.

You had to be pretty tough. There were hundreds of students, and most of them were the sons of small farmers. You wouldn't have much chance of keeping the lock on your locker from being broken unless you belonged to a gang yourself. I belonged to a very good gang, and we were fairly well able to look after ourselves. Of course, as Mother said, it wasn't a good school, but what else could she do on the small allowance she got from Father?

One day, a new boy came up to me. His name was Francis Cummins, and it seemed he came from Ballymore in Cork, like me. I'd never met him there, but it didn't make any difference. It's funny how you feel toward a fellow from your own place in a school like that. At home, he might be the last fellow you'd ever want to talk to. I don't think I'd have wanted to talk to Francis Cummins if I'd met him in Cork. He was a funny, solemn kid with a head that was too big for his body, and his people intended him for the priesthood. You could see he'd make a good priest, too. He never wanted to do anything wrong, like breaking out, or smoking, or playing cards, and he was a marvel at the music. You had only to whistle a tune to him and he'd play it on the piano for you afterward. He could write it down, too, notes and all.

Even the toughs in school let Francis alone. He was a fellow you couldn't get into a wax, no matter how hard you tried. He took it all with a smile, as if he couldn't believe you were serious, so there was no satisfaction in trying to make him mad. He was always hanging around me, and the fellows in my gang didn't like it. He criticized them for cursing and fighting, and, as they said, we might as well have had a prefect around. But he didn't seem to care what they thought, and I never had the heart to tell him clear off. After all, he was from my own place, and they didn't know the feeling that came over me at times when I thought of it, and of home and of Susie. Sometimes I'd dream of it, and wake up thinking of it, and then, all day, it would haunt me in snatches, till I felt like throwing myself on the bed and bawling.

Of course, there was another reason, though it wasn't the main one, I would like you to understand that. There wasn't a week of Cummins' life when he didn't get a parcel from home. And it was surprising the things his people sent him—tinned meat and tinned fruit, and sardines, and everything. The school grub was never much at the best of times, and even then it left me with a roaring appetite. When I wasn't thinking of home, I was thinking of food. Cummins always shared with me, though he wouldn't share so quick with the other fellows, because he knew they didn't like him. He liked sharing with me, and it was a sop to my conscience, when I got to feeling ashamed of the way I was always cadging from him, that he positively seemed to enjoy it. He used to lecture me like an old schoolmistress, and measured the stuff all out, down to the last candy in the box.



"I'll give you just one slice of cake now," he'd say.

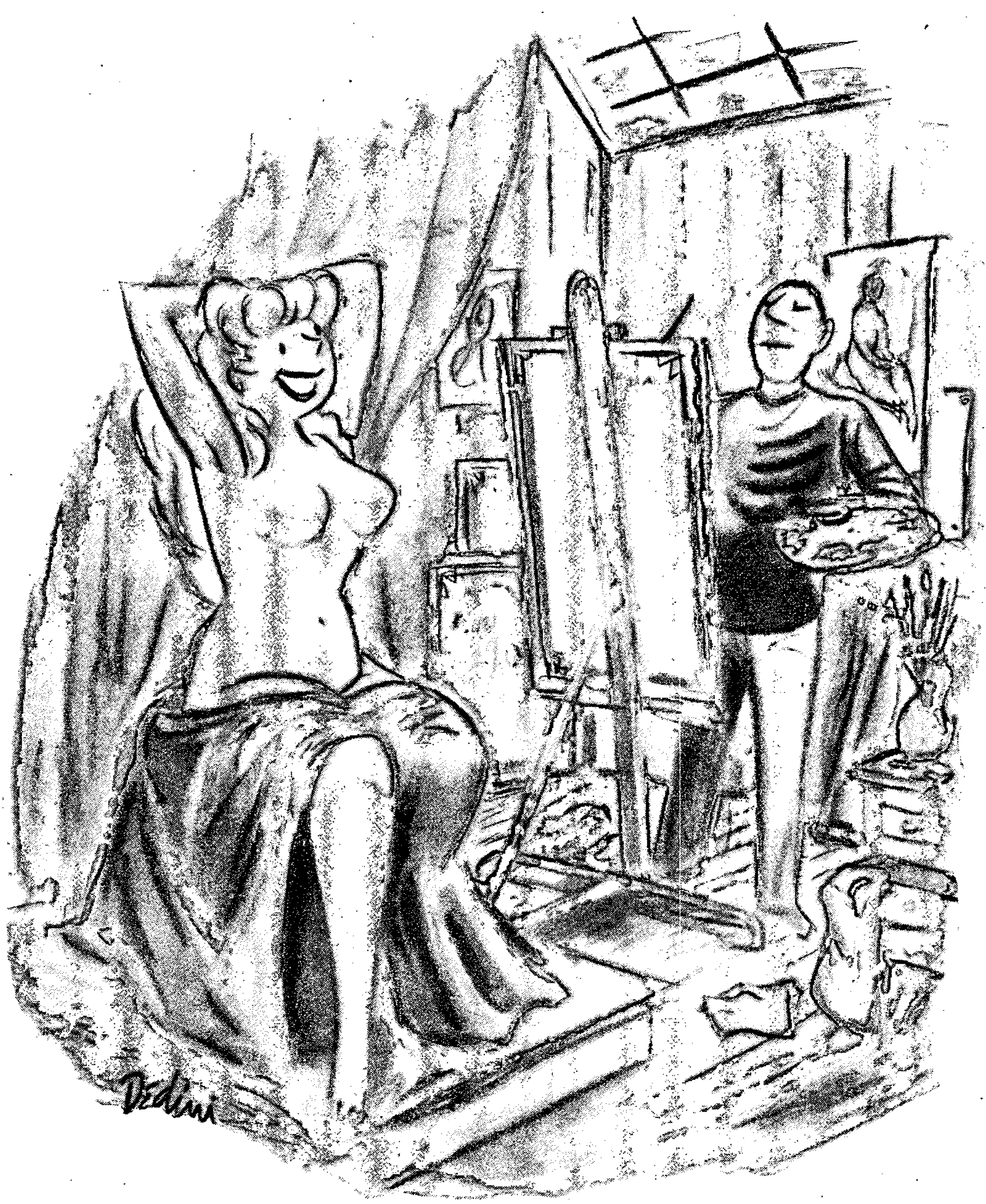
"Ah, come on!" I'd say. "You won't take it with you."

"But if I give it to you now, you'll eat it all. Look, if I give you one slice now, and another slice tomorrow, and another on Sunday, then you'll have cake three days instead of one."

"What's the good of that if I'm still hungry?" I'd say.

"But you'll only be hungrier tomorrow night," he'd say, wagging his head over me. "You're a queer fellow, Mick. If you had your own way, you'd never have anything at all. I'm only speaking for your good."

You could see from the way that fellow preached that he was



"*You know, I'll bet Rubens would have loved me.*"

bound to be a priest. He was always thinking of your good, and sometimes it made me so mad that I nearly hit him. Once, for instance, the two of us were in the grounds together, and I brought him around to the priests' garden. The priests had smashing apples of their own, and we never saw them, only what we could pinch.

"Keep nix, now," I said.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"I just want a few apples," I said, shinning up the wall.

"Mick!" he wailed. "Do you mean *steal* them?"

I didn't even bother to reply to that. I was now so obsessed with the idea of the apples that I didn't care what happened.

"But, Mick, what'll I say if I'm caught?" he cried.

"Ah, say what you like."

Then, as I was picking the apples hastily, I heard him call again, and saw him looking over the wall with a distracted look. There were real tears in that fellow's eyes. By this time, I had stuffed my pockets and was beginning to put others inside my pullover.

"Mick, Mick, aren't you finished yet?" he bawled.

"Shut up and don't get us all caught, you fool!" I whispered back at him.

"But, Mick, it's a sin."

"It's a what?"

"It's a sin. I know 'tis only venial, but you shouldn't do it."

I didn't bother to reply to him, but I was raging mad. I coolly finished packing apples wherever I had room for them, and then got back over the wall.

"Now, see here, Cummins," I said. "I don't want any more of your old talk. I'm going to do exactly what I like, and I'm not going to be stopped by suckers like you."

"But it's true, Mick," he said, wringing his hands. "It's a sin. You know it's a sin, and you'll have to tell it in confession."

"I will not tell it in confession," I said. "And if I find you did, I'll knock your blooming head off."

I was so upset that I could hardly enjoy the apples. It wasn't worth it to me, I declare to God!

BUT, all the same, we continued friends. Every week, Francis got a parcel, and every week, I got some of it. It was a puzzle to me how he got so much, for none of the fellows I knew got a parcel oftener than once a month, and I hardly got one a term. Of course, his parents kept a little shop in the Main Street, so they wouldn't mind so much making up a parcel, and anyway they could get things for cost price, but even allowing for that it was remarkable the way they never forgot him, and were always thinking up new things to send him. The previous Christmas, they had given him a piano accordion. It struck me as peculiar, because if they cared all that much for him, you'd think they would keep him at home, more particularly when he was an only child. It beat me to guess why they sent him away at all. A wild fellow like me, in a house with two other kids, you could see why Mummy wouldn't want me around the place; besides that it was better for me to be at school.

AT the end of the term, Cummins' parents came in the car for him and I went back with them. I was looking forward to it a lot, but it wasn't much fun. His father was a quiet little man with a gray mustache and tin spectacles, and his mother a fat, roundy woman with an awful lot of old talk.

Then, one day during the holidays, Susie and I went up to his place for tea. His father was behind the counter with his hat on his head. It was the first time I saw Cummins' toys, and they knocked me endwise. There was a wonderful

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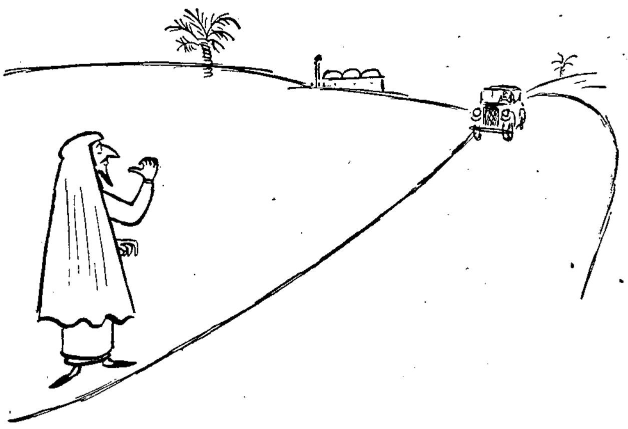

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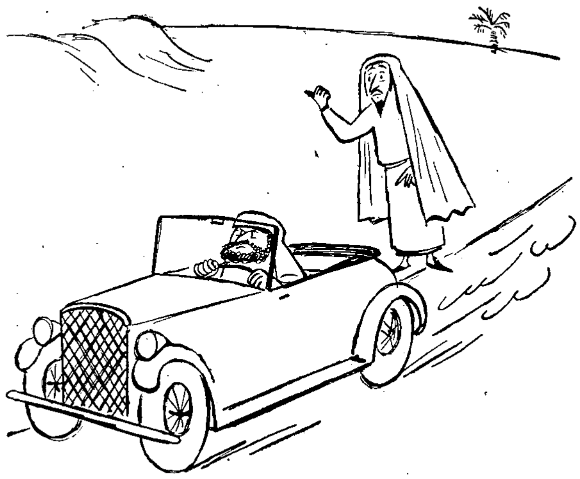

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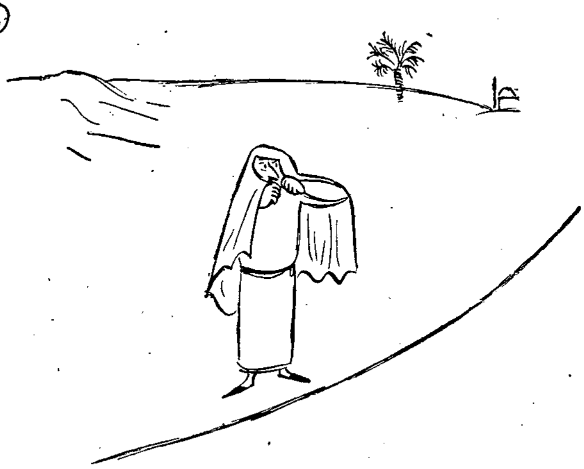

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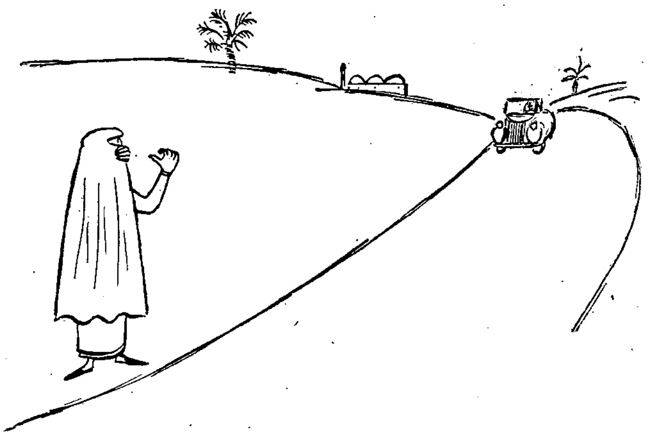


air pistol there that I knew cost pounds. We went out into the garden and started shooting with it. I wanted that pistol. I wanted it real bad, and I couldn't see why he wouldn't offer it to me straightaway.

"But I practice with it," he said.

"What do you want to practice for?" I asked. "When you're a priest, you won't be able to shoot."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"Because priests aren't left shoot anybody."

"Oh, all right," he said. "I'll lend it to you for the holidays." But he sounded very sad, as though he really liked that gun. I couldn't understand it. Besides, I knew he wasn't going to get it back.

We had tea in a front room over the shop. Mr. Cummins stayed downstairs, but his wife was there. When it was over, Francis and Susie played the piano, and his mother talked to me about school. I thought at first she was joking, and I laughed at the things she said, but then I began to realize that she was serious.

"Oh, isn't it a wonderful thing for you to be going to a beautiful school like that, Michael?" she said.

"Ah, I suppose it's not too bad."

"The grounds are so lovely, and the house is so lovely inside! And then you have the chapel beside you, to go there whenever you like."

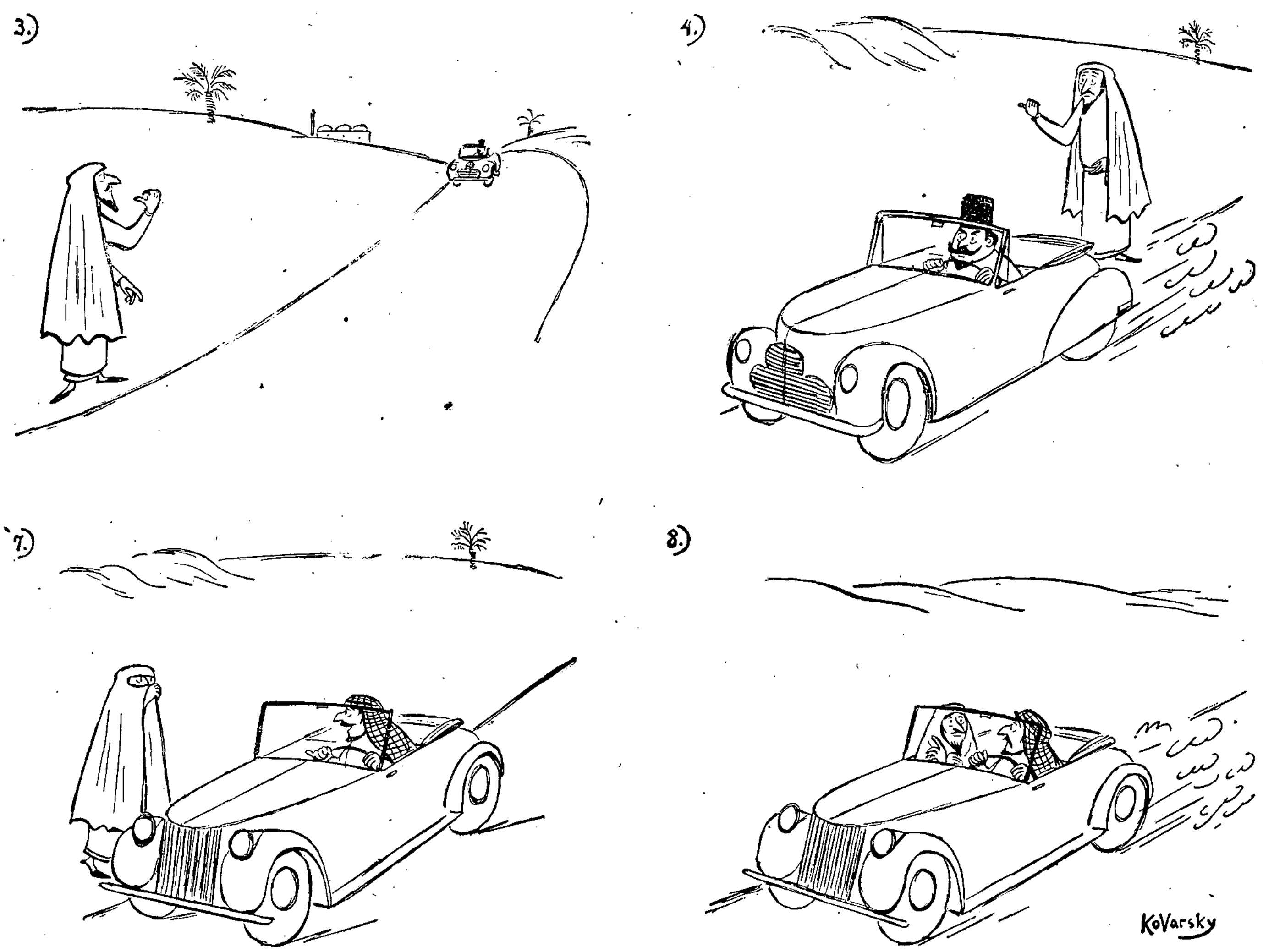
"Oh, yes," I said, though the chapel was the last place in the world where the fancy ever took me to go, unless I had to.

"And the priests are so lovely! Oh, I thought Father Murphy was a beautiful man."

"He's all right," I said, though I wondered whether she'd think Murphy was as beautiful as all that if she saw him with a cane in his hand, hissing and snarling as he chased one of us around the classroom, flogging him on the bare legs.

"And having such nice, gentlemanly friends, instead of the young savages there are around here."

I said nothing at all to that. There was nothing I could say to it. In all my days in Ballymore, I had never seen savages like the two Corbetts, from Londonderry, or Barrett, from Clare. But I could see she was in earnest. She didn't know any better. There they were, herself and her husband, small shopkeepers who had never known anything better than a small house on a terrace, and they nearly died with grandeur thinking of the grounds and the lake and the tennis courts, just like any gentleman's residence, and the orchestra and the private chapel, all laid on for a boy like Francis. Of course, they must have thought it was Heaven. And when I thought about it afterward, I saw that instead of trying to be rid of Francis, they were probably breaking their hearts at having to part with him at all, and doing it only because they thought they were giving him advantages that they didn't get themselves. It made me rather sorry for them, being taken in like that by appearances. Francis was the one I couldn't understand. I knew if I had a mother and father like that, you wouldn't catch me in that school for a week. I'd soon make them see the trouble they were putting me through. At first, I thought maybe Francis thought it was a fine place, too, but then I saw that couldn't be true. He was far too smart for that. No, Francis was probably putting up with it for the sake of his vocation, and when he was homesick, or fellows jeered at him, he probably went to the chapel and offered it up. It was all wonderful to me, because when I got homesick or mad, I just waited till lights were out and then



started to cry, but I knew Francis was a queer sort and different from me.

I mentioned it to Mummy and she was amused. I also told her all about the parcels and the accordion and the air pistol, with some sort of vague notion that if only she knew the way other parents behaved, she might change toward me. But she only said that Irish shopkeepers were rotten with money and didn't know how to spend it on themselves, and if only my father would give her the money, I could go to the best college in Ireland.

ALL the same, the first week after we got back, there was a parcel for me. I felt a bit ashamed, thinking that I'd been cadging, and that perhaps Mummy was telling the truth when she said that Daddy didn't give her enough money, but I didn't worry too much about that. It was a real relief to be able to show off a bit in front of the other fellows.

"Do you want anything?" Cummins asked that evening. "I have a parcel, if you do."

"I have a parcel of my own," I said. "Come on and grab."

"Don't be eating it all now," he said, almost in a wail. "You won't have any left."

"Ah, what's the difference?" I said, and, of course, by the following night I was scrounging from him again.

"Jay, Michael, you're an awful fellow!" he said. "I told you what was going to happen. How are you going to live when you grow up if you never keep anything?"

"Time enough to think of that when I am grown up," I said.

"That's where you're wrong, Michael," he said, shaking his head sadly. "Now is the time for you to get into good habits, instead of waiting till 'tis too late. And you won't learn anything. If you'd even learn the piano, I could teach you."

That fellow was a born preacher. But no amount of preaching could change me. That was the sort I was—come day, go day, God send Sunday—and it didn't really make much difference, because he always had enough for both of us.

THE parcels continued to arrive for me. Then, on the fourth week, Anthony Harty was standing there, gaping with the rest of the gang at the marvels that came out. Harty was a mean, miserable specimen that never got anything, and he was mad jealous of me.

"Jay, Dunphy, 'tis well to be you!" he said. "Last year, you never got anything, and now look at you!"

"That's only because my mother didn't know about the grub in this place," I said confidently.

"Are you sure 'tis she's sending them?" he asked.

"What do you mean, Harty?" I asked, getting real mad. "Just because you never get anything yourself!"

"'Tisn't that," he said. "But that's not the writing on your letters from home."

"Why would it be?" I shouted. "I suppose 'tis the shopkeeper's!"

"I think 'tis the same writing as on Cummins' parcels," he said.

"And what's wrong with it if it is?" I said. "I suppose she could order them there, couldn't she?"

"I never said she couldn't," he said sulkily. "I'm only telling you what I think."

I couldn't believe it, yet at the same time I could get no further pleasure from the parcel. I gave some of the fellows chocolate and put the rest in my locker. Then I went out and skulked away under the trees. It was a dull, misty day, and I was as gloomy as the day. I still could not bring myself to believe that there wasn't a simple explanation of it all, or that Mother hadn't come to some arrangement with the Cumminses about parcels, but I had had a letter from her and she had said nothing of any parcels. I couldn't talk to anybody about it, but that night after lights-out I twisted and turned madly in bed, and the more I turned, the clearer I saw that the parcels had been from Cummins' parents, and not from Mummy at all. They were so ignorant that they wouldn't even know there was anything wrong in sending them.

It's hard for me now to understand the state to which I was reduced, but I was more humiliated than I had ever been in my life before. Though I hadn't realized it, I had been buoyed up for weeks less by the grub than by the idea that Mummy cared as much for me as Cummins' parents cared for him; I had been filled with love for her, and now all the love was turning back on me, and I realized that I hated her. And not only her but the Cumminses. I saw that I had been pitying Francis Cummins because he was weak and priggish and because his parents were only poor, ignorant shopkeepers who didn't know a good school from a bad one, and all the time he and his parents had been pitying me because I had no one to care for me as his parents cared for him. I could imagine the three of them talking of Mummy and me the way we had talked of them. The only difference was that their view of it was right and mine was wrong. I was the one who deserved pity.

"What are you crying for, Dunphy?" the chap in the next bed asked me. The beds were ranked so close together you couldn't even cry in peace.

"I'm not crying," I said, between my teeth.

NEXT day, I bundled up what remained of the parcel and took it to Cummins' dormitory. I had intended to leave it and walk out, but he was there, sitting on his bed, and I had to say something.

"That's yours," I said. "And if you ever do a thing like that again, I'll kill you."

"What did I do, Michael?" he asked, getting pale.

"Your mother sent me that parcel."

"I didn't send it, though, did I?"

"No, but you told them to. Who asked you to interfere in my business, you dirty little spy?"

"I'm not a spy," he said, getting agitated.

"You *are* a spy. Pretending my mother isn't as good as yours—a dirty old shopkeeper!"

"I wasn't," he said hotly. "I never said a word against your mother."

"What did he do to you, Dunphy?" one of the fellows asked, doing the big shot and taking Cummins' part.

"He got his people to send me parcels, as if I couldn't get them myself if I wanted them!" I shouted, with tears in my eyes.

"Well, that's nothing to cry about."

"Who's crying?" I shouted. "I'm not crying! I'll fight him and you and the best man in the dormitory!"

I waited a moment, and then rushed out, because I knew that I was crying. I went to the john and had my cry out there, on the seat. I cried because I had thought that I was keeping my secret so well, and that no one but myself knew how little toughness and insubordination there was in me, and then Cummins had come along and pried it out.

After that, I could never be friendly with him again. It would have been like living naked.

—FRANK O'CONNOR

PIGEONS

On the crooked arm of Columbus, on his cloak,
they mimic his blind and statuary stare,
and the chipped profiles of his handmaidens
they adorn with droppings. Over the loud square,
from all the arms and ledges of their rest,
only a bread crust or a bell unshelves them.
Adding to Atlas' globe, they dispose themselves
with a portly propriety and pose as garlands
importantly about his burdened shoulders.
Occasionally a lift of wind uncarves them.

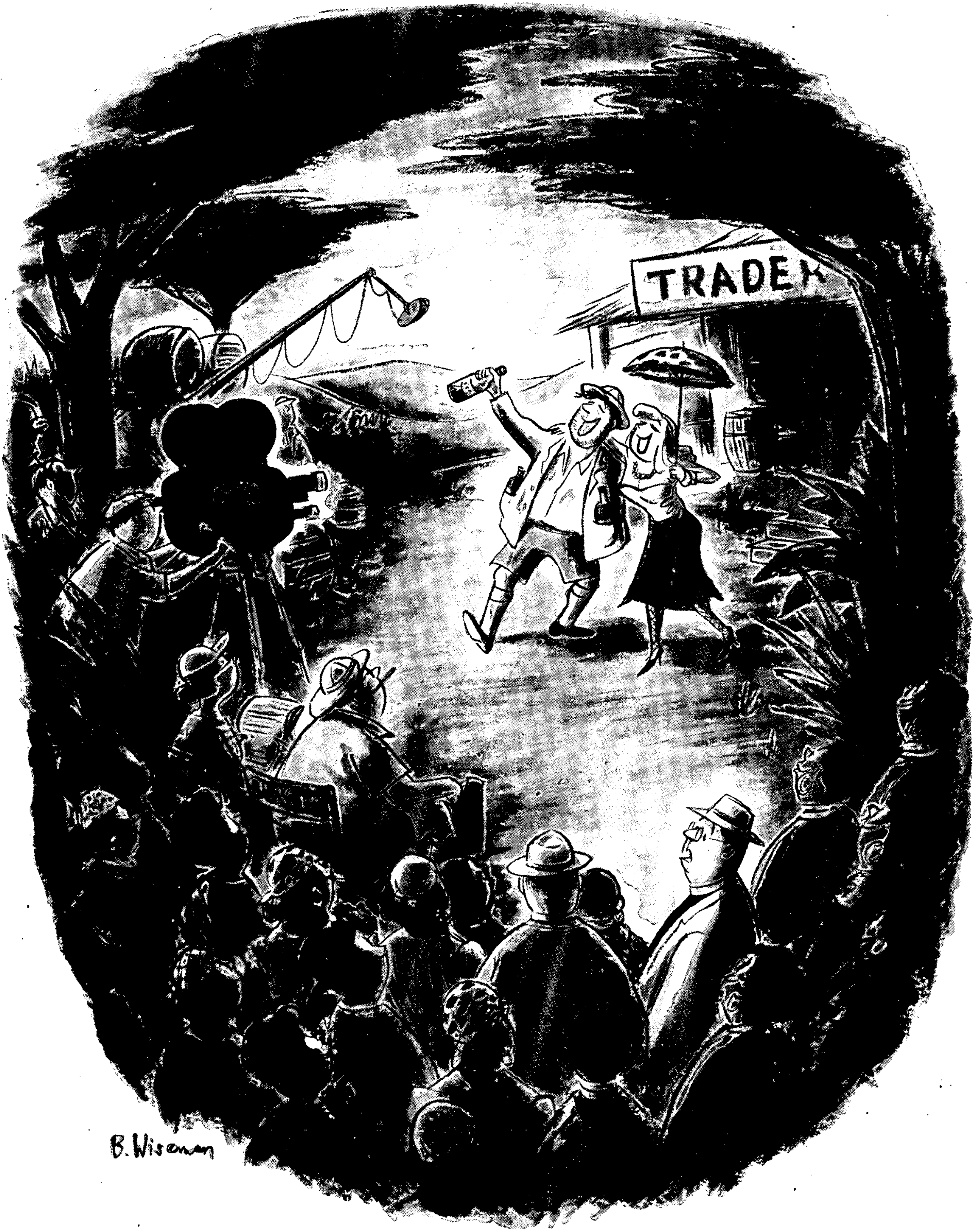
Stone becomes them; they, in their turn, become it.
Their opal eyes have a monumental cast,
and, in a maze of noise,
their quiet *croomb croomb* dignifies the spaces,
suggesting the sound of silence. On cobbled islands,
marooned in tantrums of traffic, they know their place—
the faithful anonymity of servants—
and never beg, but properly receive.

Arriving in rainbows of oil-and-water feathers,
they fountain down from buttresses and outcrops,
from Fontainebleau and London,
and, squat on the margin of roofs, with a gargoyle look,
they note from an edge of air, with hooded eyes,
the city slowly lessening the sky.

All praise to them who nightly in the parks
keep peace for us; who, cosmopolitan,
patrol and people all cathedraled places,
and easily, lazily haunt and inhabit
St. Paul's, St. Peter's, or the Madeleine,
the paved courts of the past, pompous as keepers—
a sober race of messengers and preservers,
neat in their international uniforms,
alighting with a word perhaps from Rome.
Permanence is their business, space and time
their special preservations, and wherever
the great stone men we save from death are stationed,
appropriately on the head of each is perched,
as though forever, his appointed pigeon.

—ALASTAIR REID

• •


TRADER
B. Wiseman

"This will set our work back fifty years."

THE COPLEY-PLAZA

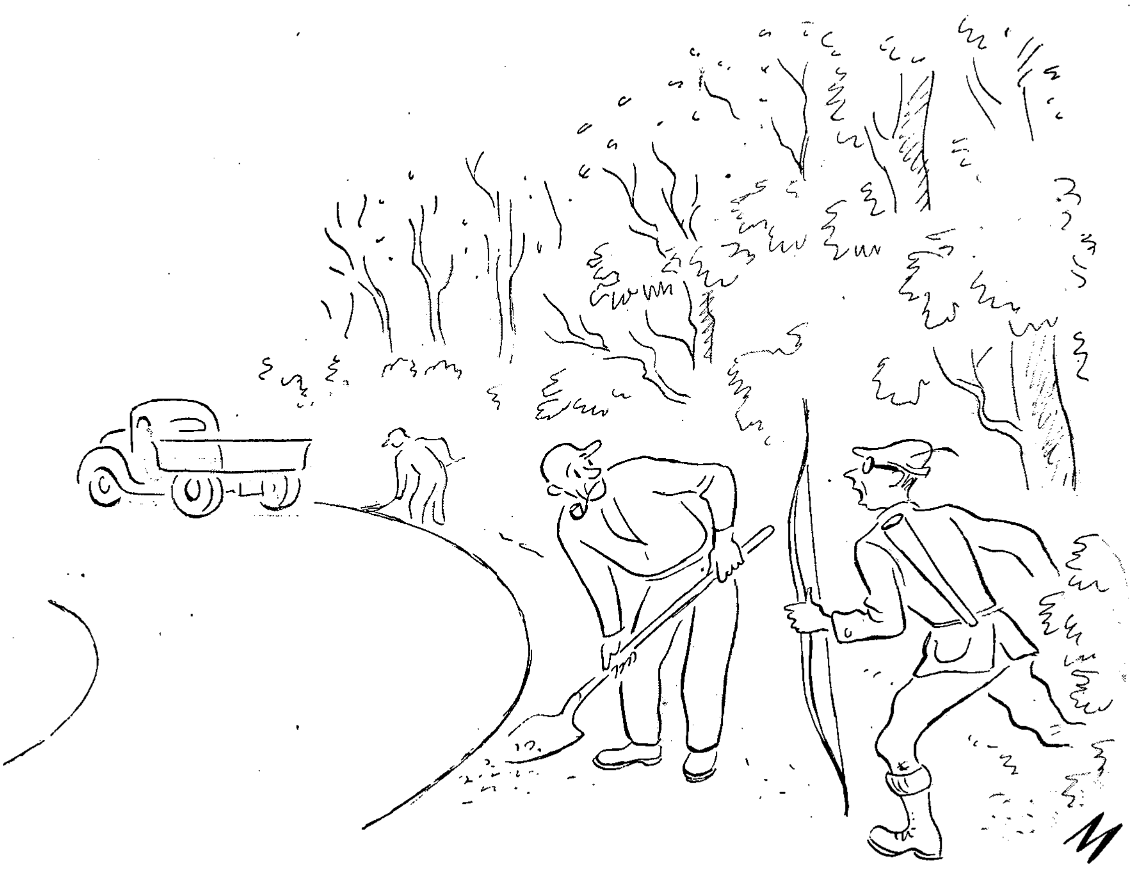
I SEE by an advertisement in a year-old magazine I came across cleaning out my Virginia cellar that a big hotel chain has bought the old Copley-Plaza in Boston and renamed it the Sheraton-Plaza. This seems to me absurd. It was called the Copley-Plaza because it is on Copley Square. My own early life was so bound up with the Copley-Plaza that I feel now very much as if someone insisted that I call my mother Mrs. Sheraton.

My earliest Copley-Plaza memory is, I think, of Miss Macomber's dancing class, to which I went when I was about twelve. No, from even before that there are echoes; whispers of the small stringed orchestra playing among the palms as I sit with my feet dangling above the marble floor and am treated to an ice—raspberry or orange—and something called *petits fours*. I have been taken to a matinée to see, from a box, John Craig and Mary Young do "Romeo and Juliet" at the Arlington Street Theatre. The orchestra is playing a waltz called "Les Patineurs," and the *petits fours* are beautiful—green, pink, and white; diamond-shaped and square—but why "fours"? Because there are four corners, or what? I sit comfortably munching, and looking with favor at the palmy scene before me: this, then, is the great world, and very nice.

But by the time I began to go to Miss Macomber's some faint glaze of social comparisons had obscured my consciousness, and I was aware that Miss Macomber's was not the last word in Boston dancing classes. The last word was Foster's classes, held at the Somerset, out on Commonwealth Avenue.

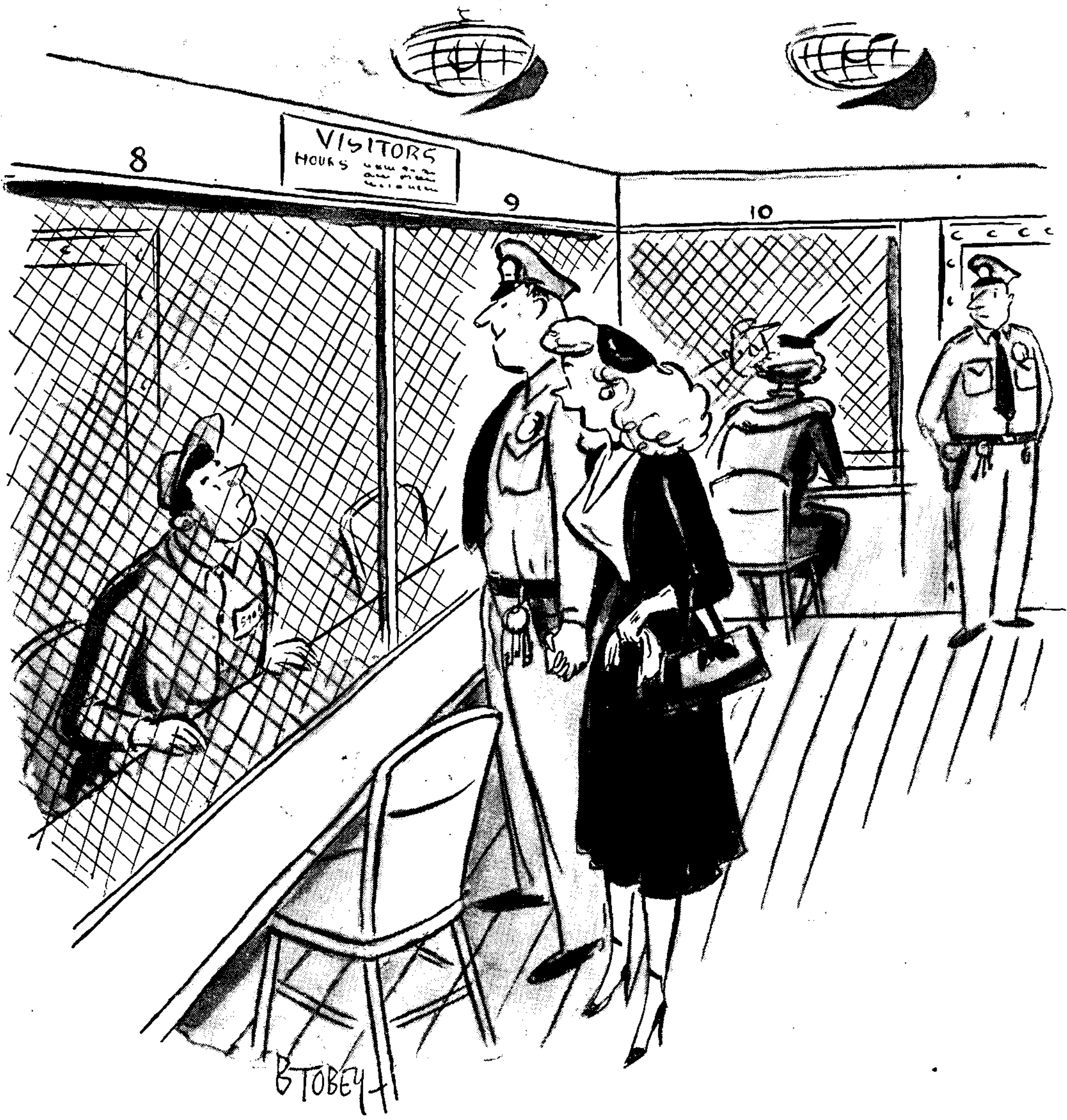
Was it this that lent such a poignant, somehow heartbreaking quality to those late afternoons? Outside, the street lights are being turned on in the early-falling dusk along Dartmouth Street, Huntington Avenue, St. James Avenue. Inside the vast, marble, worldly Copley-Plaza, the little girls are having their pink taffeta and blue satin sashes retied in the dressing room down the corridor from the ballroom. The moment comes, and we edge out into the corridor, where the boys wait in their blue serge suits. With somebody (who?) directing us, we form couples to march up the steps and into the smaller ballroom, where Miss Macomber stands awaiting us in a peacock-blue taffeta dress and bronze kid slippers. The lady at the piano is playing "Won't You Wait Till the Cows Come Home?" We mince or shamble across the shining parquet; the boys bow, the girls curtsy, and then we hurry, with relief, away to reassemble strictly according to sex on the gilt chairs along the wall, until Miss Macomber gives the order, "Boys, choose partners for the Slide Polka." At one end of the room, a few mothers sit—my mother among them—in their furs, their dark-blue suits neatly fitted over the bust, their plumed hats. Because of the tragic, romantic air of the whole thing, it is a relief to me when it is over and I am taken across Dartmouth Street, on our way home, to S. S. Pierce's, its lights blazing out in the Back Bay twilight, where I can walk round and round the circular display counter covered with party favors while my mother sits ordering California pea beans and a five-pound stone crock of strawberry jam at the grocery counter.

But the memories of that dancing class are not all tragic in atmosphere. There was the afternoon that I won the Elimination Prize with, as partner, a boy named Sidney Shurtleff (who is now a landscape architect and has changed *his* name to Shurcliff). The Elimination Contest was a part of the cotillion that marked the last dancing class of the season. Favors were given out, to be handed, grudgingly, to the girls by the boys; I think the last figure in the cotillion was the Elimination Contest. In principle, it was like musical chairs. Each couple was given a number, and we all danced—the fox trot, the one-step, the slide polka—and then abruptly the music would cease, and Miss Macomber would call out a few numbers drawn from a hat and the couples holding those numbers sat down. The last couple left dancing won. Sidney and I were the last couple left dancing, and side by side we marched the length of the small ballroom to receive our prizes. I do not remember what the prizes were. I remember the tune the lady at the piano was playing as we danced all alone the full circuit of the ballroom, as victors—a tune from the First



"Pardon me. Have you seen a deer go by with an arrow sticking in him?"

World War called "Babes in the Wood." That last clumsily danced circuit—for we had not won our prize because of any talent, any superiority whatsoever, only by chance—was the high point of my life up to then. I tasted triumph.



"Tony, there's something Mr. O'Malley and I want to tell you."

THE next set of memories I bear of the Copley-Plaza are very different from these in mood. I must have been fourteen. I had begun going to Miss Winsor's School, out in Longwood, and I found it hard to make friends; as far as I could figure at that age, my total inability to play basketball or field hockey was the cause of my unpopularity. Some sort of instinct, right or wrong, caused me to begin stopping in at the Copley-Plaza on my way home from school, in search of a kind of comfort, in search of a kind of distraction.

For here I would sit, in the main lobby, opposite to the huge marble desk, dressed in my thick, untidy school clothes, my galoshes, with my plaid schoolbag huddled into the thronelike chair with me, and watch what seemed to me the worldly and wealthy conducting their fascinating lives at the Copley-Plaza. In from the Dartmouth Street entrance would hurry a bellboy, or two bellboys, laden down with expensive luggage, followed by a blond woman in a fur coat, or a close-shaven man in a check waistcoat, or a dark, romantic-looking lady all in black and attended by what seemed to be a governess with two or three rich, well-dressed children—important children, children with lives.

Occasionally I would get up and go down the corridor to the ladies' room, not so much because I needed to as that there I found myself not two feet away from beautiful, expensively dressed women who talked to each other busily about their approaching engagements. I would wash my hands, taking a long time about it, and listen to some lovely girl saying, "We're going to Paris Friday, on the Ile. . . ." Then I would go back to my throne in the lobby to watch some more people make their entrances. All the time, the stringed orchestra would be playing waltzes, behind in the palm court—fast and sweet and queerly nostalgic. It was almost as if this were the only life I had.

THE final stage of my relationship with the Copley-Plaza takes up where "Babes in the Wood" left off—on a note of triumph. I am a Boston débutante—a *popular* Boston débutante—going to those larger balls which are held here, and which, compared with the dances at the Somerset, somehow never seem quite quite. The Somerset is definitely quite quite. But now I go to all those dances, too. My triumph is almost complete; I have not had to *do* anything to achieve it, it just came, as I grew older and had my hair shingled and began being told I danced well and that I looked like Greta Garbo. I feel a little superior toward balls at the Copley-Plaza.

Back in the old dressing room again. Now it is thronged with girls: girls in knee-length evening dresses, girls with rigid gold slave necklaces around their slender, immature throats, girls in silver kid slippers and ostrich *leis* and Chanel bracelets and pearls—pearls twisted once close around the neck and left swinging down almost to the waist. The most beautiful girl of our year is in black velvet, with a flesh chiffon bosom; she gazes as though sightlessly into the big mirror as she applies eyeshadow to those fabulous eyelids. Someone says, "I hear you made the Vincent. Congrats."

Mixed through the crowd, as though for their own protection, are the pills—the girls with glasses, the girls in pink taffeta dresses, the girls who played field hockey so terribly well at Miss Winsor's. Later in the evening they will retire here to the dressing room after a

THE TRUEST POETRY IS THE MOST FEIGNING

OR, ARS POETICA FOR HARD TIMES

By all means sing of love, but if you do,
Please make a rare old proper hullabaloo:
When ladies ask *How much do you love me?*
The Christian answer is *Così-così*,
But poets are not celibate divines;
Had Dante said so, who would read his lines?
Be subtle, various, ornamental, clever,
And do not listen to those critics ever
Whose crude provincial gullets crave in books
Plain cooking made still plainer by plain cooks,
As though the Muse preferred her half-wit sons;
Great poets have a weakness for bad puns.

Suppose your Beatrice be, as usual, late,
And you would tell us how it feels to wait,
You're free to think, what may be even true,
You're so in love that one hour seems like two,
But write—*As I sat listening for her call,*
Each second longer darker seemed than all
(Something like this, but more elaborate still)
Those raining centuries it took to fill
That quarry whence Endymion's love was torn:
From such ingenious fibs are poems born.
Then, should she leave you for some other guy,
Or ruin you with debts, or go and die,
No metaphor, remember, can express
A real historical unhappiness:
Your tears have value if they make us gay;
O happy grief! is all sad verse can say.

The living girl's your business (My! what sorts
Have been an inspiration to men's thoughts):
Yours may be old enough to be your mother,
Or have one leg that's shorter than the other,
Or play lacrosse, or do the Modern Dance—
To you that's destiny, to us it's chance;
We cannot love your love till she take on,
Through you, the wonders of a paragon.
Sing her triumphant passage to our land,
The sun her footstool, the moon in her right hand,
And seven planets blazing in her hair,
Queen of the Night and Empress of the Air;
Tell how her fleet by nine king swans is led,
Wild geese cut magic letters overhead,
And hippocampi follow in her wake
With Amphisbaena, gentle for her sake;
Sing her descent on the exultant shore
To bless the vines and put an end to war.

If, halfway through such praises of your dear,
Riot and shooting fill the streets with fear,
And overnight, as in some terror dream,
Poets are suspect with the new regime,
Stay at your desk and hold your panic in;
What you are writing can still save your skin.
Resex the pronouns, add a few details,
And, lo, a panegyric ode which hails
(How is the Censor, bless his heart, to know?)
The new potbellied Generalissimo.
Some epithets, of course, like *lily-breasted*—
That's easy—must be changed to *lion-chested*,
A title *Goddess of Wrynecks and Wrens*
To *Great Reticulator of the Fens*,
But in an hour your poem qualifies
For a state pension or his annual prize,
And you will die in bed (which he will not;
That silly sausage will be hanged or shot).
Though honest Iagos, true to form, will write
Shame! in the margin, *Toady! Hypocrite!*,
True hearts, clear heads will hear the note of glory
And put inverted commas round the story,
Thinking *Old slyboots! We shall never know*
Her name or nature. Well, it's better so.

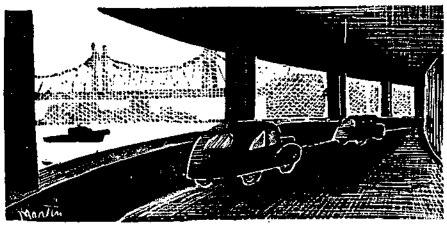
For, given man, by birth, by education,
Imago Dei who forgot his station,
The self-made maker who himself unmakes,
The only creature ever made who fakes,
With no more nature in his loving smile
Than in his theories of a natural style,
What but tall tales, the luck of verbal playing,
Can trick his lying nature into saying
That love, or truth in any serious sense,
Like orthodoxy, is a reticence.

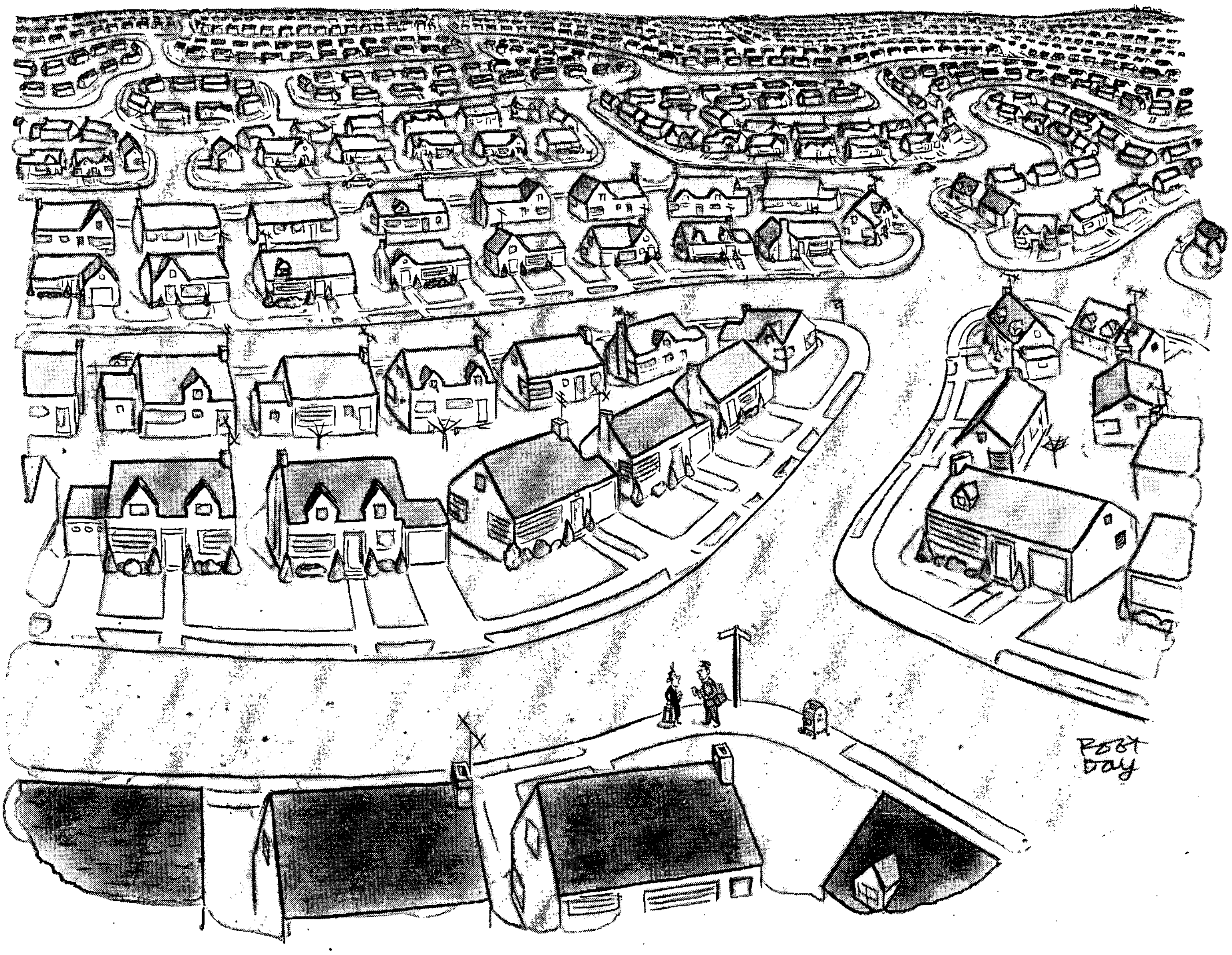
—W. H. AUDEN

• •

few too many circlings of the ballroom in the same man's arms, to wait alone until they summon courage to issue forth once more. And here, like birds of a feather, chattering together of Sherry's and the Meadowbrook, are the New York girls—a little taller than anyone else, more glamorous, more unattainable, because they come from New York. They all make the same joke—"The best thing about Beantown is the Merchants Limited going home." New York! It is the as yet unconquered, the next world.

We drift out, dégagé, a little blasé, to find the Harvard men with whom we came. Tails they wore in those days. The small ballroom and the big ballroom are thrown open together to me now, and Billy Lossez's orchestra is playing. He has a banjo man who is supposed to be hot stuff and who has written a song, called "Afraid of You," that is rumored to have been inspired by one of the débutantes. *Which?* But the great Lossez specialty is "Je Ne Sais Pas Quoi Faire," delicate, a little melancholy; you sing it, in your best low, hoarse voice, into your partner's ear in the moment before the next man cuts in. "Do you belong to the Spee or the A.D.?" "Isn't Hope divine?" "How about coming tea dancing with me here tomorrow?" Tea dancing at the Copley-Plaza—that was another facet of this coming-out diamond. But tonight is a ball, given by one of the hunting people out at Myopia for their lumpy daughter. The great thing is to be able to dance in a corner, with your own private stag line. The New York boys are the best dancers—they are snaky. But you are nice to everybody; it pays. One dismal, damp-palmed pipsqueak always says the same thing as he





"I'm Mrs. Edward M. Barnes. Where do I live?"

• •

cuts in—"Greetings!" My friends and I call him Greetings.

This is a really smooth dance, they are serving supper *throughout*, with champagne continuously. We débutantes are only allowed to drink champagne. But some of the boys carry hip flasks, and the girls who are wild accept a sip from the flask when they go to sit out. That is another category of girl—the girls who go the limit. There are only a few of them and they are mentioned with bated breath.

I have met a new man. He is tall and rather an awkward dancer, but I know all about him; he is a big man in the Porcellian. After cutting back several times, he asks me if I would like to sit out, and I am delighted to.

We go to one of the small writing rooms; the girls with their beaux wander in and out. "Hello, Sarah." "Uh, hello." "Hello, Lily, Joe."

The hour is timeless. Outside, the Back Bay is fast asleep. Down the street, Childs is drowsing, we will go there for pancakes later. Only here is life going on, to the tune of "Je Ne Sais Pas Quoi Faire." "Darling, are you coming to my dance the twelfth?" "I wouldn't miss it." There are three dances on the twelfth—at the Somerset, here, and at the Women's Republican Club.

My new beau says, "Have you ever seen a loof?"

I say, "Never actually, but I've always imagined what one must look like."

"There must be hundreds of them," he says. "So many people seem to be aloof."

At one of the writing desks, we take turns, there in the sitting-out room at half past two in the morning, at drawing a loof. It has three eyes, a pointed head; its tongue sticks out permanently.

"Aren't you ever going to come back on the floor?" some man passing asks me, but I say "I'm busy drawing a loof."

"A *what*?" We laugh, and here my memories fade away, and end.

IT is these memories that make the Copley-Plaza seem to me like a showy, faintly second-rate, meretricious mother that nonetheless did give me a kind of life. You can't make my mother into somebody different by suddenly beginning to call her Mrs. Sheraton.

But, if I know the Bostonians, they will keep right on calling the old hotel the Copley-Plaza anyway.

—NANCY HALE

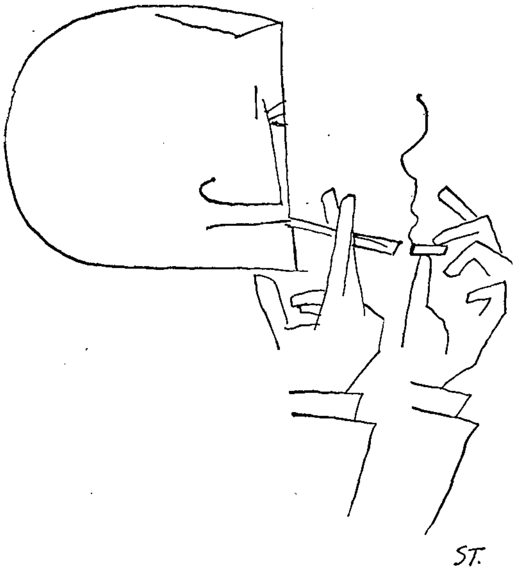
•

Eastern Siberia is not a place in which a lone United States correspondent is likely to feel very comfortable even under the best of circumstances. Surrounded by B.V.D. agents, day and night, one found it difficult to maintain a consistently objective and impassive viewpoint.—*Harrison E. Salisbury in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

What now, Salisbury? Are you a red-flannel man?

PROFILES

THE HUMAN CONDITION—II



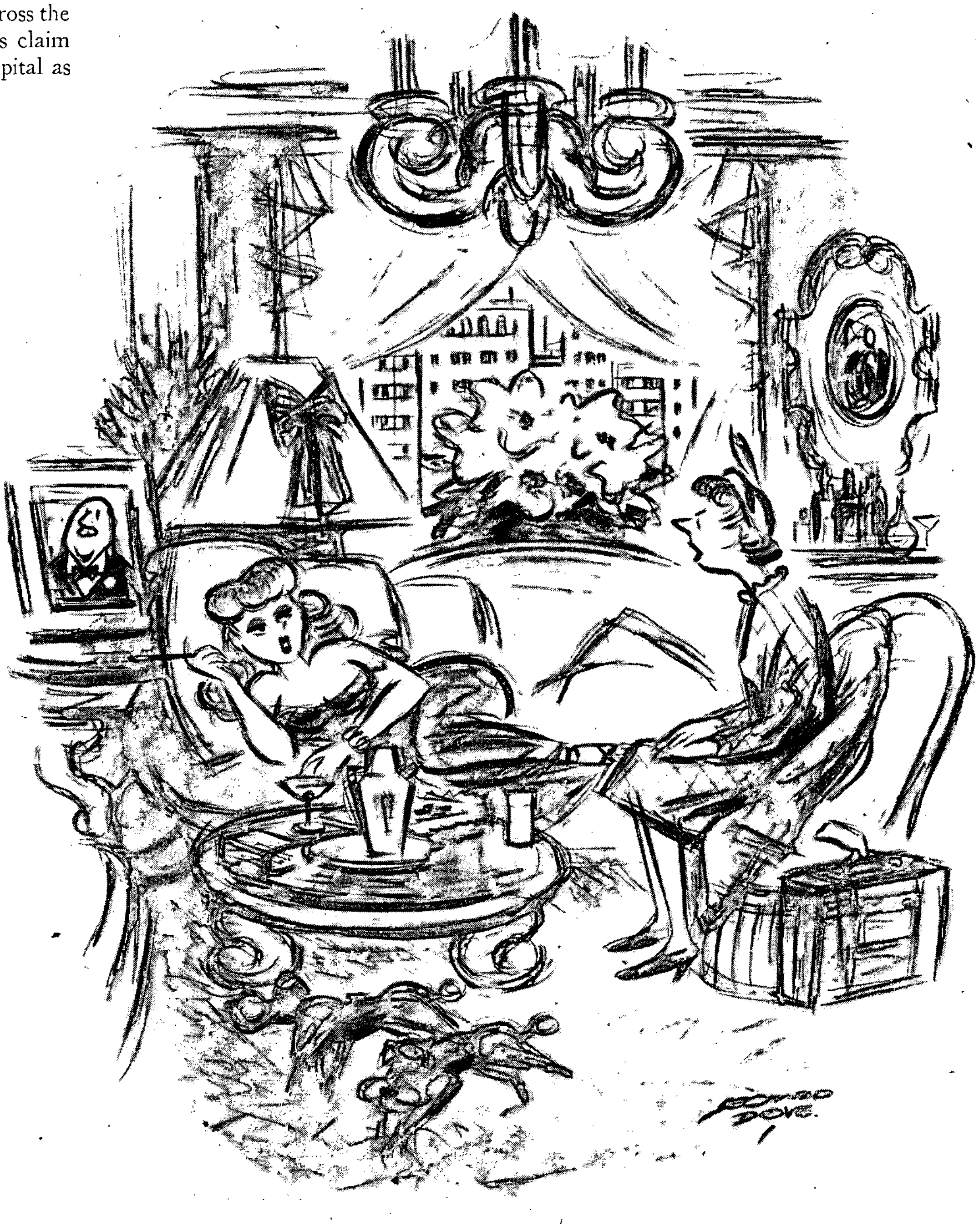
"THE life and works of André Malraux suggest a man restricted to the heights of experience," a French book critic wrote not long ago. "It is possible," said another literary appreciator, "that his life, and not his writings, is his chef-d'oeuvre." "He has so far had the most successful life of any intellectual of our epoch," still another writer has commented. The latest French book on Malraux opens with a thoughtful analysis: "Neither his work, if we measure it in terms of literature, nor his life, if we measure it in terms of action, alone suffices to explain him; Malraux owes the rather singular rank of his greatness to their conjunction and confusion. . . . He writes with his life. . . . It is his actions that have paid for his books." The French feel that Malraux is, among other things, *un haut aventurier*, which means that he sees life from a special point of view—literally a specific kind of *optique*, appropriate to seeing only acts that courage has heroically magnified beyond ordinary, or even rational, proportions. It was this visionary power, this artistic creation of a life that resembled a novel and indeed turned into several novels, and his bold instinct for an intimacy with man's problems and a liaison with contemporary history, using his talents as writer and adventurer (even running meaningless, useless risks, which became only footnotes), that early made him unique among French literary figures. The legend that began enveloping him when he was a young man of action, his prophetic sense of impending political events, and his scroll-like reportorial accounts of revolutionary struggles in exotic Eastern settings—all these seemed to French critics to have been brought into full focus in his third novel, "La Condition Humaine," which dealt with an uprising in Shanghai, and was given the Goncourt Prize in December of 1933. Recognized also was the change it indicated in the French literary times, for Malraux had felt impelled to leave home and seek insurrection, gunfire, and carnage in the political upheaval of China in order to find themes that would feed his talent, whereas Marcel Proust, the last internationally notable Goncourt winner, back in 1918, had found his genius only by staying quietly at home and remembering in a cork-lined room.

It was characteristic of Malraux that he should have decided to use his five-thousand-franc prize, and some of his royalties, on one more adventure, which, as he originally planned it, was to be a brief and simple, but risky, archeological exploration beyond the Yemen desert. It seems that some years earlier, when returning from China to France by a zigzag route that led through Afghanistan, Persia, Arabia, and French Somaliland, he had met a stranger in a Djibouti hotel who told him, "The Arabs say that somewhere beyond the Yemen desert, half hidden by sand, the real capital of the Queen of Sheba still stands"—in other words, the capital city of the Sabaean civilization, popularly cloaked under the legendary queen's name. From that moment on, Malraux apparently had a rendezvous with the secret city. In 1934, his idea was to make his search of Arabia Felix alone, passing himself off as a Persian. He confided his plan to an adventurous friend who was a famous record-breaking airplane pilot, Reserve Captain Edouard Corniglion-Molinier (now a general, he was recently a Gaullist Minister of State in the Laniel government), and the Captain pointed out that the Bedouins were as hostile to Persians as to any other outsiders, and said he would surely be massacred if he travelled on the ground; therefore, he suggested using a plane. There was some talk of Malraux's being flown in by another pilot-adventurer friend, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, but he had just been married and his wife would not let him go. Then a rich French aviation enthusiast lent Corniglion-Molinier a small single-engine plane for the expedition. Malraux figured on a ten-hour, non-stop flight of two thousand kilometres over Bedouin territory. The plane was fitted with extra gas tanks and a good deal of other special equipment, and, though Malraux himself was to pay for the gasoline and for the salary of a mechanic, who was the third in the party, the expedition's considerable expenses were also partly paid by the afternoon Paris newspaper *L'Intransigeant*, whose editor signed up both Malraux and the Captain to write articles about Sheba's city if they got back alive. On February 22, 1934, after Malraux had given the surprised editor an extract of what Gustave Flaubert had written on the Queen of Sheba in "La Tentation de Saint Antoine," the two adventurers and the like-minded mechanic took off from Le Bourget.

On March 10th, *L'Intransigeant* published on its front page a telegram from Djibouti announcing, "HAVE DISCOVERED LEGENDARY CITY OF QUEEN OF SHEBA; TWENTY TOWERS OR TEMPLES STILL STANDING. IS IN NORTH OF RUB‘ AL KHALI. HAVE TAKEN PHOTOGRAPHS FOR INTRANSIGEANT. GREETINGS. CORNIGLION-MALRAUX." Paris, London, and New York newspapers featured the Malraux news, plus a spate of opinions by archeologists, who proved themselves to be experts by their disagreement over what the French fliers had discovered or failed to discover. The New York *Herald Tribune* quoted the French Orientalist Jules Barthoux, then in town, as saying that Malraux had consulted with him about Sheba's city in 1930 but that what he had just flown over was unfortunately only a ruin called Wabar, the Arabic name for some large rodents that lived in its rocks. The University of Pennsylvania's professor of Assyriology said, also in the *Herald Tribune*, that Malraux had undoubtedly found somebody's ruined city, but not Sheba's, which was authoritatively believed to be in the south of Arabia Felix, at Marib—a well-known theory, which, for some reason, Malraux refused to subscribe to; though in his flight, he passed over Marib to take a peek at it, out of curiosity, and later reported that he thought it small. In addition, the *Herald Tribune* printed the Biblical story, from the First Book of Kings, of the Queen of Sheba's visit to King Solomon, and illustrated it with paintings depicting the royal meeting amid nude slaves, peacock fans, and tame lions. The New York *Times* cited a Columbia University professor of Semitic languages as saying, "A nice story about Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. But as far as we know there never was such a queen," and hence no city to hunt for. In the Paris papers the Musée du Louvre's curator of Oriental antiquities stated flatly that Sheba's capital had long since been discovered at Marib, but added that what Malraux had discovered might prove archeologically more interesting. In London, Bertram Thomas, who was famous as the first Western Orientalist to cross the Rub' al Khali, hailed Malraux's claim to have finally found Sheba's capital as consistent with scientific theory and "more of a thrill than a surprise."

Because of bad weather on the return trip, the Malraux party did not reach Le Bourget until late in March. Malraux and Corniglion-Molinier then wrote a series of ten articles—seven by Malraux, three by Corniglion—which did not begin to appear in *L'Intransigeant* until May, and, after all the professorial hullabaloo over what the two men had or had not found, they seemed a belated narrative of what they had merely seen. They had flown so low over the mysterious city, one Malraux article declared, that Bedouins had fired muskets at the plane; and the city was "like an enormous monument, like the towers of Notre Dame . . . blind towers . . . trapezoid towers . . . vast terraces . . . propylaea . . . walls forty metres high . . . broken statues . . ." Malraux's photographs, blurred by desert dust, indistinctly showed a pillared metropolitan ruin. The Corniglion-Molinier articles related that in their excitement on the great day they had imprudently flown eleven hours on their estimated ten-hour gasoline supply, that a lucky wind had helped take them back to Djibouti, and that they had been given a palace reception at Addis Ababa by the Emperor of Ethiopia, Haile Selassie, "because the city we discovered was that of his ancestress, his dynasty traditionally claiming its origin in Sheba's son by Solomon." Shortly after the last article appeared, a French government official reprimanded the Captain for having flown across Yemen without Yemenite authority, because it might have provoked an international incident. That was the last that was heard of Malraux's flight over a majestic archeological ruin in Arabia Felix that was, after all, apparently not Sheba's city. In Paris, Malraux was much criticized for having made this flight. Some people felt that it was useless and dangerous, as well as spectacular to the point of exhibitionism. But, as a more recent Paris critic has remarked, it seems logical that Malraux's life as an adventurer should have contained "*plus de tentatives que d'accomplissements.*" Sheba's capital was one of his *tentatives*.

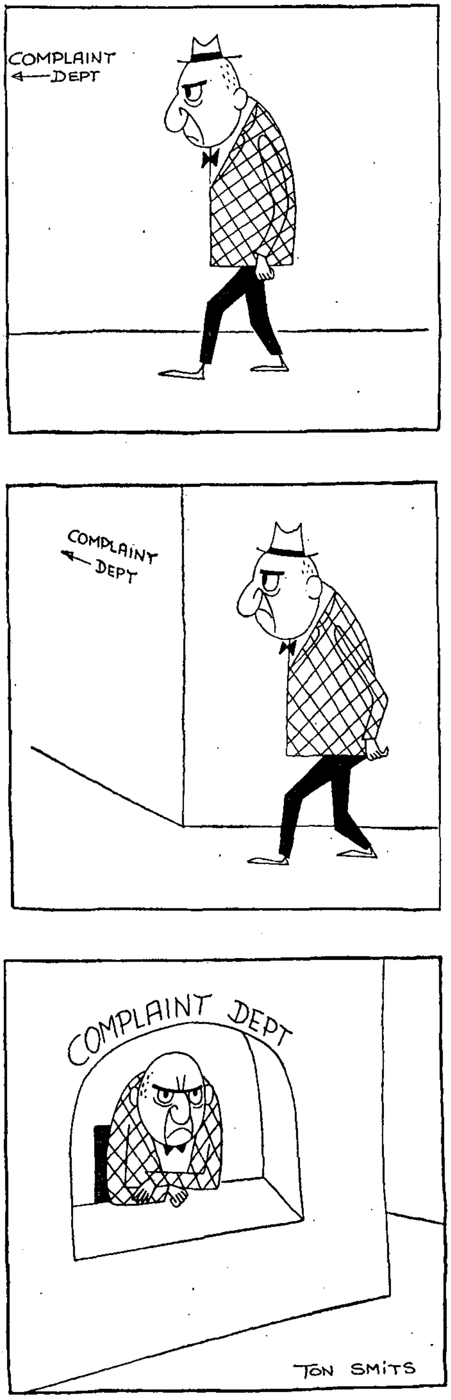
IN 1933, the events of history shifted Malraux into the European period of his writings and political experiences. Hitler's ascent to power that year roused many French intellectuals, if not the French government, to the dangers of German Fascism. As the French intelligentsia had generally done over a



"Really, Ethel Driggs! Doesn't the Girl Scout oath we took back in Elkhart mean anything to you any more?"

hundred and fifty years whenever liberty seemed threatened, they swung, in the main, to the left. No novice as an *homme engagé* on that side, Malraux entered the growing conflict between twentieth-century political faiths in Europe with a medieval crusader's zeal for participation and his own feverish physical need for the tonic of danger. In the next dozen years, while the preliminaries to the Second World War were turning into the war itself and while it was being fought and militarily concluded, Malraux was to be, successively, a Communist-backed spokesman for the Left; a civilian aviator on the Loyalist side in the Spanish civil war; an enlisted private in the French Army; a prisoner of war and *rescapé;* a colonel fighting under a *nom de guerre* in the French Maquis and badly wounded, captured by the Germans, freed, and awarded the highest medals and citations for bravery; a brigade commander in General Leclerc's Army of Liberation in Alsace; a fighter with the French First Army in Germany and a recipient of the Croix de la Libération, the Croix de Guerre with four citations; and, in a surprising postwar sequence, a Cabinet Minister in General Charles de Gaulle's provisional government of France. One of Malraux's most startling gifts had always been his Cassandralike sense of how and where history was getting ready to be made. What he wrote was, to an unhappily large extent, what history turned out to be. Indo-China and China were his earliest fields, where today's history was then only breaking ground and sprouting. The French now credit him with having been the first man to recognize that the nineteen-twenties were not Europe's postwar but its prewar period. When he was barely out of his teens, he had written that European republicanism, the nineteenth century's great social experiment, was sliding downhill in a crisis of Western civilization, and by his subsequent actions he showed that he believed it was not possible to weigh the twentieth century without willy-nilly weighing Marxism as the next great social experiment. Several years ago, in his Gaullist period, before the Cold War was generally regarded as serious, Malraux, delivering a lecture entitled "An Appeal to Intellectuals," was one of the first Frenchmen to call attention to the menacing problem of world Communism to the West.

Because his two novels on the Chinese revolution of the nineteen-twenties (before "La Condition Humaine" there had been "Les Conquérants") had read like the autobiography of a Communist sympathizer, in the 1933 Paris Leftward swing he was automatically regarded as the most authentic pro-Communist literary French voice by nearly everybody but the French Communist Party. For one thing, according to him and to a statement by the Party chief, Jacques Duclos, front-paged years later in the Communist paper *L'Humanité*, Malraux never belonged to it. For another, while he had presented the Shanghai uprising as a tragic epic of Communists dying for the sake of a better life for other men, his characters (who, whether Chinese or German or Russian or French, were usually begotten in his own image and frequently talked like him) had also aphorized in dialectical heresies that described their author's cold, impartial lucidity. Although his novels showed his humane enthusiasm for the idea of the fraternal man, and his impatient sympathy with the Communists' stated plan to rid the world of the injustice and indignity of poverty, in the eyes of trained French Communists his novels also showed that he was as agnostic about Marxism as he was about Christianity, that he thought Communist doctrine *fatras* (or balderdash) and that although he was an exasperated *révolté* against the cultured bourgeois class that he sprang from, he only proved his unfortunate origin by not becoming an avowed champion of the proletariat. Furthermore, being an indigenous French skeptic, he preserved his deep individual pessimism as a novelist and artist instead of taking on the bright collective optimism of the Sovietized Comrade. According to one candid Communist interpreter, Malraux lacked "the *joie de vivre* of the true revolutionary" and remained politically deformed by "the sombre dilettantism" of the literary artist, who, as if with double lenses, saw in the Marxists' planned utopia the familiar revolutionary mirage of men's bright earthly hopes but also the classic tragedy of their lost liberties.



In 1933, when the French Communists and the French intellectuals were coming to feel a common fear and hatred of German Fascism, not only the Paris Communist Party but Moscow as well began an intensive open-house period of hospitality for the intelligentsia. Apparently, Malraux's basic position by this time was what Party men today disdainfully call that of a negativist—one who is for something, within limits, because he is totally against something else. Malraux, being a violent anti-Fascist, entered into a mutually pragmatic relationship with the French Party, and was built up as a star literary orator for the Left, despite his bad nerves and dialectic unreliability. Undisciplined and freethinking, and thus useless as Party material, he was nevertheless invaluable as a passionately anti-Fascist ornament at Paris Communist rallies, and his name was printed in big type on the posters, like Picasso's in more recent years. At that time, serious French thinkers travelled east in considerable numbers to see Red Square, and Malraux went to Moscow several times. He was officially invited to attend the All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers, held there in August, there is only one you…

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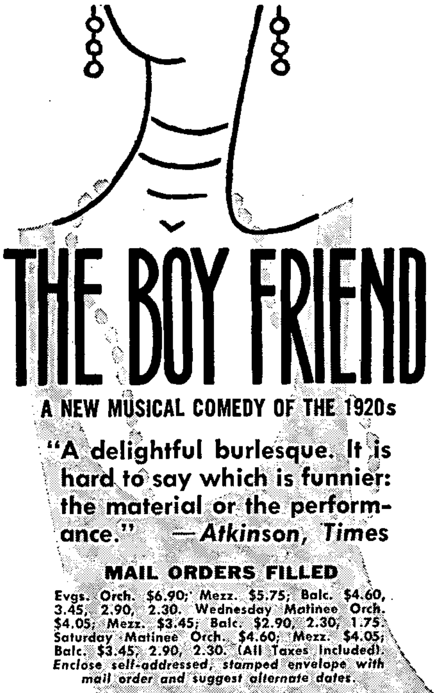

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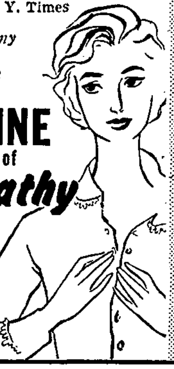

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1934, at a former nobles' gambling club; ambiguously listed in the program as a humanist Marxist, he caused a dust-up among the Comrades with a speech in which he told them that they seemed to have a lack of confidence in their writers—"based on your misunderstanding of culture, it seems to me"—and that Tolstoy's characters were psychologically richer than those of Soviet authors. If Malraux accomplished nothing more at the meeting, he made a friend of old Maxim Gorki. That same year, Malraux and André Gide, who was then going through his brief Muscovite period, were sent by the French Communists to Berlin to present to Hitler, who refused to receive them, a petition for the liberation of the Bulgarian Communist Georgi Dimitrov, accused of firing the Reichstag. Malraux was one of the founders of the World League Against Anti-Semitism and one of the members of the Comité International d'Aide aux Victimes du Fascisme Hitlérien. The Left Wing became an accepted, respectable political habitat in France, even before the establishment of the Front Populaire government, which united the Communists, the Socialists, and the anti-clerical Radical Socialists. Indeed, in certain aristocratic intellectual Paris circles, Communism became fashionable, rather like a new form of caviar. Jean Cocteau said of one viscountess that she had ordered her hammer-and-sickle emblem in diamonds and rubies from Cartier's. In the summer of 1935, the International Congress of Writers in Defense of Culture held a meeting in Paris, in the Palais de la Mutualité, that even the Rightist Paris press regarded as the international intelligentsia event of the year, and both Gide and Malraux, who were leaders of the organization, were on the speakers' list, along with Heinrich Mann, Aldous Huxley, E. M. Forster, and John Strachey. Again, Malraux's speech was anti-dialectic. He talked about the artist's need to learn to create as an individual before he could record any "world version," or any international propaganda. Like Malraux's formidably cogent and brilliant conversations, for which he was famous in Paris literary circles, his speeches at Party rallies—at the old Bal Bullier, the outdoor Stade Buffalo, and the Magic City dance hall—consisted of floods of ideas that were personal, not general, and thus they had the strange impact of private communications on the thousands of proletarian listeners crowding the tribunes. Unlike any other

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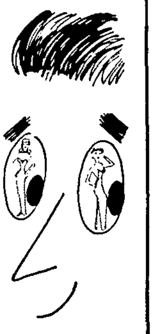

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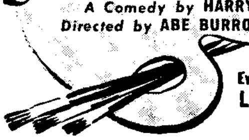

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Live to be 100

We've been getting so much mail about an article we ran four months ago that we've just gone back and re-read it. It's called, "How to Stay in Business 100 Years" which, now that we think about it, is a good thing to do, and a fine thing for a magazine such as Nation's Business to further.

We were intrigued by two of the illustrations, two different poses of a nice looking man rolling a keg. The caption of the first read: "Once a month, Ralph Taylor, partner in Caswell-Massey drug firm, rolls keg the length of the store. Why?" And the second: "For 150 years no one has known why. But 200 year old formula says to do it." So they do it.

But the author is far from mysterious about the five major rules for business longevity. Here they are: (1) Quick adaptability to new methods. (2) Constant research toward better and even dissimilar products. (3) Adherence to the theory of mass production, low profits, wide distribution. (4) Liberal labor policies based on the recognition of labor as a partner in an enterprise. (5) A sense of civic responsibility.

This article must have been right on the nose. How do we know? Because one of the many letters we received about it said, "We, read the article with great interest — since our firm has been in business 100 years." We figure that's like being the ball player's ball player. Nation's Business, (43 years old next April), *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

Left speaker, he also invariably drew some of the *gratin*, or upper crust, who came to hear his mind work.

Dipping his pen into current events again after his trip to Germany with Gide, Malraux wrote "Le Temps du Mépris" ("Days of Wrath"), which was published in 1935. This was less a novel than a de Maupassant *idée-surprise* short story, set, oddly, in a Nazi prison camp. Its plot, up to the point where it dissolves into dream and claustrophobia sequences, is technically perfect. It tells how an important Communist agent named Kassner is arrested somewhere in Germany and denies his identity to the S.A. prison officers. If they could be sure who he was, they would torture him to obtain information, and then, if he was still alive, they surely would shoot him. However, they release him after nine days, because some heroic lesser agent has falsely given his name as Kassner and, presumably, has taken over his fate. Kassner has no idea who the substitute-Kassner is. At the end, Kassner goes home to bid farewell to his wife and son, knowing that the next time he is caught no one can save him. "Le Temps du Mépris" was the first noteworthy French report on the Nazi peacetime concentration camps, with their beatings, tortures, and other physical inhumanities, which few Europeans could then believe in or had even heard of. (In the middle nineteen-thirties, the wartime crematories still lay beyond the reach of even the German imagination.) The book was dedicated to the anti-Nazi Comrades who had given Malraux accounts of what they had suffered. It is his only straight propaganda novel, and the only one to tell a story he had not lived or at least seen first-hand.

ON July 18, 1936, the Spanish civil war broke out. Two days later, Malraux was in Spain. This move began the most highly organized of his European political adventures and led to two of his finest creative works—his epic novel "L'Espoir" and the film he made of it. He started out by founding an international air squadron called the Escadre España (later, it was renamed by its men the Escadre Malraux, after he was injured in a crash), which was stationed on its own airfield outside Madrid and, of course, fought on the Loyalist side. Like all Malraux's exploits, this one was soon surrounded by a vast muddle of hearsay. One story had it that the Front Populaire's Socialist Premier, Léon Blum, with tears of

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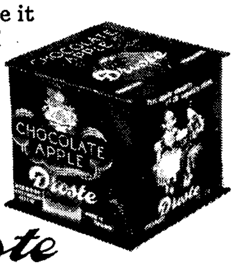

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The man who buried Caesar

When the late Salvatore Cortesi was appointed Associated Press correspondent in Rome, before the turn of the century, he was required to post two character references. He did. One was from the Pope. The other was from the King.

His son, Arnaldo, faced no such requirement when he was named The New York Times correspondent in Rome in 1921. The Cortesi name and reputation were sufficient. Arnaldo's mother was the first Times correspondent in Rome. When she died, in 1916, his sister succeeded her.

Arnaldo's father did not want him to become a newspaper man. Instead, after education in England, he became an electrical engineer. But the pull of the family tradition was too strong.

For 17 years, until 1938, Cortesi reported, with penetrating analysis and keen political intuition, the rise of Mussolini and the growth of Fascism. When Mussolini joined Hitler, Cortesi exposed the true import of his plans. It proved embarrassing for the 20th Century Caesar. Cortesi was forced to leave Italy.

He served briefly in Geneva, for two years in Mexico City. In 1941 he was assigned to Buenos Aires. His intimate knowledge of the ways of dictatorship made him an especially astute reporter of the Peron regime. It did not make him especially popular with Peron.

In 1945, using "channels other than the normal ones" to get his story out of the country, Cortesi told how Peron was depriving the people of their freedom, turning Argentina into a dictatorship. The story won the Pulitzer Prize.

But it also won arrest for Cortesi, and expulsion from Argentina. Back in Rome since 1946, he has reported the mopping up after Mussolini, the fall of the Savoy dynasty, the beginnings and growings of the Italian republic.

Arnaldo Cortesi is one of many men and women on The Times staff who are experts in getting the news and getting behind the news. They join their knowledge and their talents each day to produce a newspaper that is vital and alive, informative and interesting, different from any other. They put more into The Times. You get more out of The Times. Read it every day.

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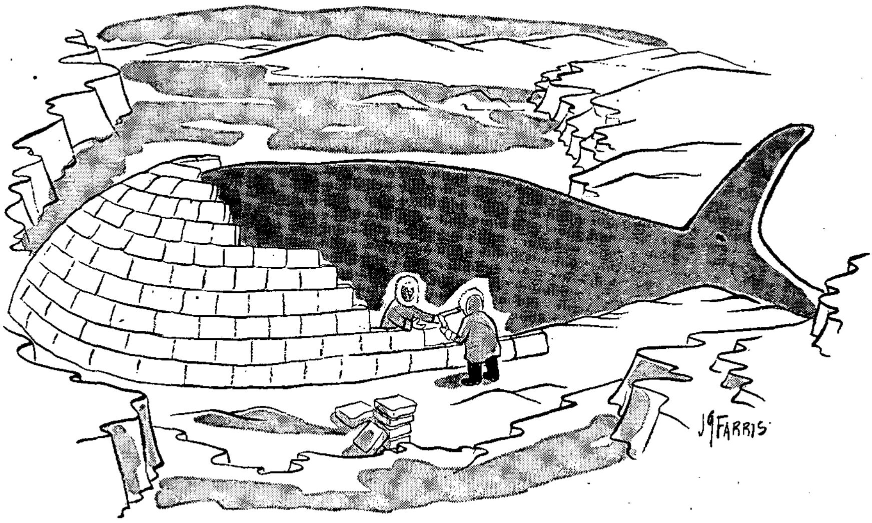

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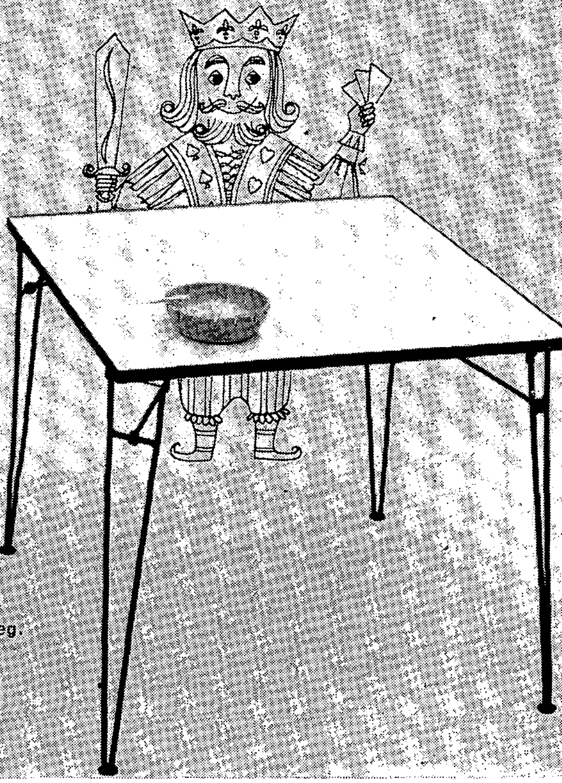

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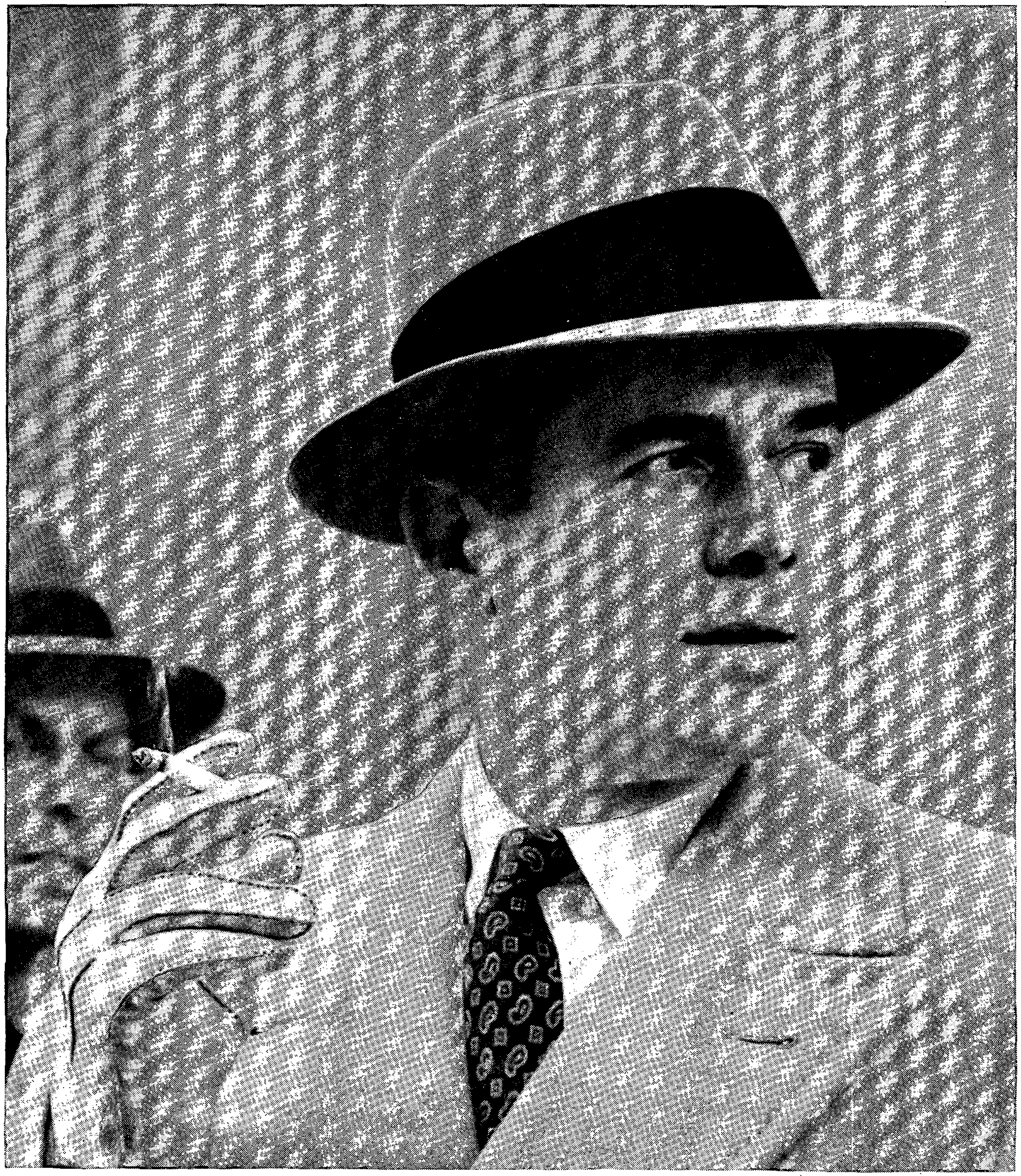
regret in his eyes, refused to give Malraux's unit any French planes, because France had already determined upon a policy of non-intervention. Another story had it that Blum slipped the Squadron a dozen second-hand French Army planes, and a third that the Spanish Republic paid for the planes, through its Paris ambassador, after Malraux and his friends had bought them "practically on the flea market." One thing seems sure; according to eyewitnesses in Spain, they were mostly "slow old crocks—pursuit planes left over from the First World War." One reporter said that the only way the men could drop their homemade bombs from some of them was to toss them overboard, like boys throwing rocks. Malraux was the titular chief of the Squadron; the technical chiefs were two pilots who were reserve officers in the French Air Force. Malraux flew on sixty-five missions and, though he had no pilot's license, occasionally piloted anyhow, while everybody held his breath. He crashed only twice. Half the members of the Squadron were French; the others were mostly Americans, English, and German and Italian anti-Fascists, and there were even some White Russians, plus some reckless pilot mercenaries, who were paid sixty thousand pesetas a month for risking their necks—a fortune if they lived to spend it. The first important engagement for Malraux and the Squadron was an August attack on Franco's forces at Medellín, when they flew low enough to use their pistols. They also fought at Toledo, Madrid, and Guadalajara, among other places. By November, the Escadre was on its last wings, after a gallant private battle with Nazi Heinkels near Teruel, where there was a new hidden airfield. By the first week in November, when Franco attacked Madrid, even the Republican Army air force was so far gone that its chief was forced to give the famous order "Bring out the pursuit plane," there being only one left.

In March, 1937, Malraux crossed the Atlantic to crusade for the Loyalists and raise money for medical supplies in the United States and Canada. He raised his first big sum in New York, speaking a few words of English that rapidly turned to French, at a luncheon at the Hotel Biltmore, which was backed by rich committee ladies. After giving talks in some other Eastern cities, he flew to Hollywood, where he stepped from the plane carrying a copy of Dashiell Hammett's "The Maltese Falcon," with which he had been try-



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by Helen Porter

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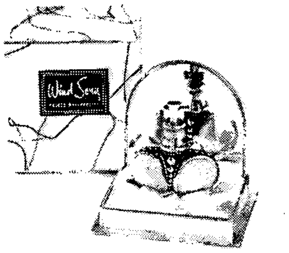

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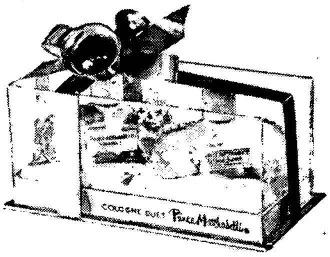

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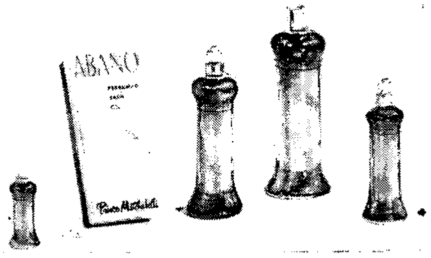

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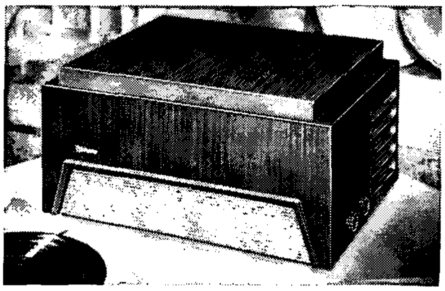
Prince Matchabelli

ing to brush up on his English en route. (A few years before, as a young editor for the Parisian publishing house of Gallimard, which was interested in American novels, Malraux had written the preface to its edition of "Sanctuary," the first of William Faulkner's novels to be translated into French, and in it he had mentioned the literary influence of our detective stories on our modern fiction.) Malraux had arranged to have an American friend of his—Haakon Chevalier, who was an instructor in the French Department of the University of California at Berkeley, and who had translated "La Condition Humaine" and "Le Temps du Mépris" into English—make a translation of his speeches and parlor conversations. The system worked out in some confusion but with excellent financial results, such as the raising of twenty thousand dollars at one mass meeting at the Shrine Civic Auditorium. At several of the elegant Hollywood parties that were given in Malraux's honor, where stars donated ambulances to the cause and in return asked his opinion of their pictures, people were taken aback by his voluble, encyclopedic familiarity with American movies. He was asked at one party why in the world he, one of France's famous novelists, had risked his life in Spain, and answered, in English, "Because I do not like myself"—a truly revolutionary idea in Hollywood circles. At a Sunday breakfast at the University of California Faculty Club, where Malraux talked on art, he laid the groundwork for one of his typical mnemonic feats. Notes were taken on what he said, and pages of them turned out to be germinal ideas on art that appeared verbatim and entire ten years later, in his three-volume "La Psychologie de l'Art."

"L'Espoir" ("Man's Hope"), Malraux's reportorial novel about the Loyalist side of the Spanish Civil War, was published by Gallimard in 1937. It made an immediate and powerful impression in France. Of all his current-history novels, this, naturally, was the one that ordinary French readers were most intimately interested in (and last Christmas it was still, sixteen years later, a holiday best-seller among students in the Sorbonne neighborhood), for what he told about was next door and was still happening at the time the book came out. It was the first notable novel about the first modern, mechanized civil war—the first revolution in which the working class used airplanes in its fight. Malraux, a participating flier with a lyrical gift for conveying the carnal *élan* of men fighting, was the first writer



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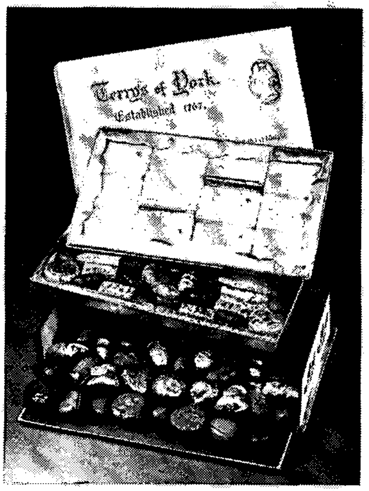

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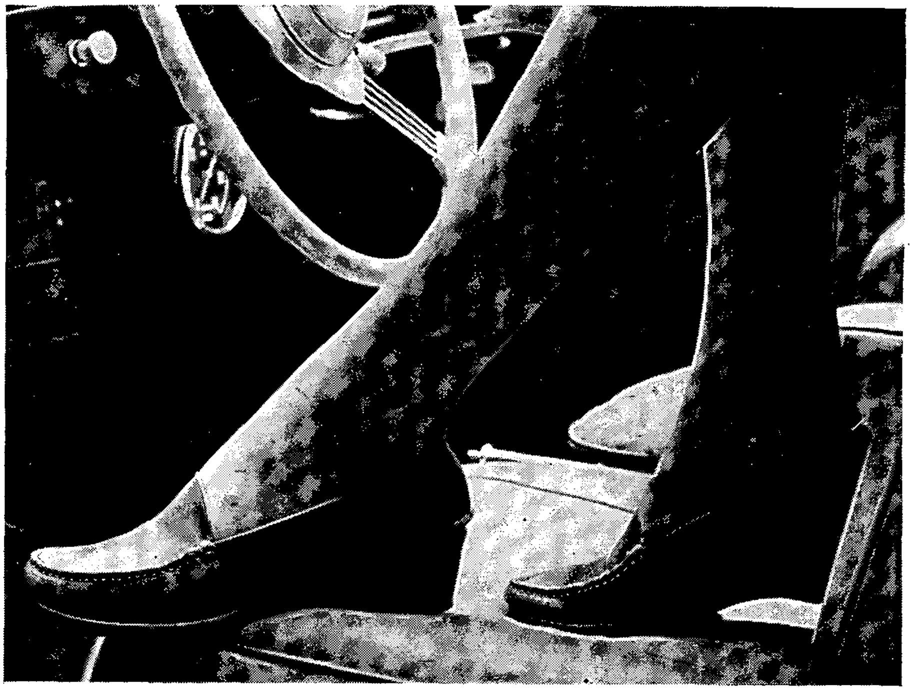
ever to treat air combat in epic style, describing enemy planes "turning like planets" to bomb cities below—still a novelty then. Written in the typical Malrauvian martial-and-cerebral style, the book reads basically like a combat diary of the war, complete with national and international combatants, from its opening in Madrid through the fall of Toledo and the Battle of Teruel early in 1937, the last engagement of the Escadre Malraux and of Malraux himself. Among its leading characters are a middle-class Spaniard who had worked as a sound expert for a film company, an American newspaperman from Iowa City, Malraux's inevitable art experts (one of them worried about saving some El Grecos from incendiary bombs), a mature French airline administrator turned squadron chief, who, though obviously Malraux, is, for once, little like him, and a dozen other men without women. (It has often been remarked of Malraux's soldiers in any land that they are a special *chevaleresque* crew, who never complain about the absence of females and never wonder when they are going to eat next; they are like men who are fed by and embrace *only* courage.) "L'Espoir," which is Malraux's last novel written from the Left side, also contains a new, disillusioned subsidiary theme: the struggle between haphazard heroism and disciplinarianism, between desiring victory and organizing it, between the Western world's final flareup of romantic, rebellious Leftist individualism—it was this individualism of which Malraux was an apostle—and a newly visible totalitarian power policy, the Communist "organization of the Apocalypse." "I grant you economic servitude's a dreary state of affairs," the father of one Loyalist Spanish fighter, in "L'Espoir," says bitterly, looking into the future, "but if, to do away with it, they're obliged to enforce a political, military, or religious servitude, why should I take sides?" "The age of [political] parties has begun," warns another Leftist character. However, in this novel the most famous of the philosophical and psychological maxims that Malraux's characters always express for him is not concerned with politics; it is

STOP PAY TOLL
Naumoff



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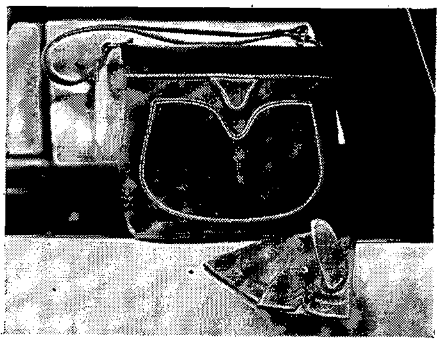

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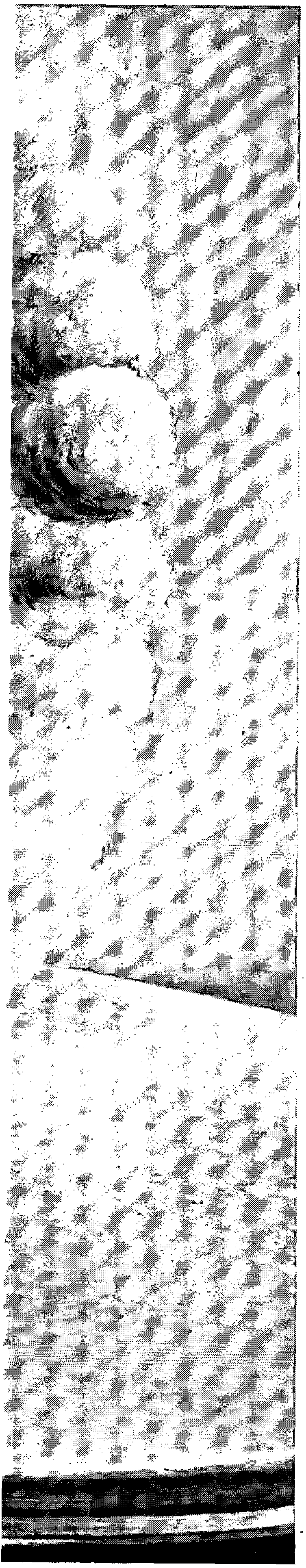

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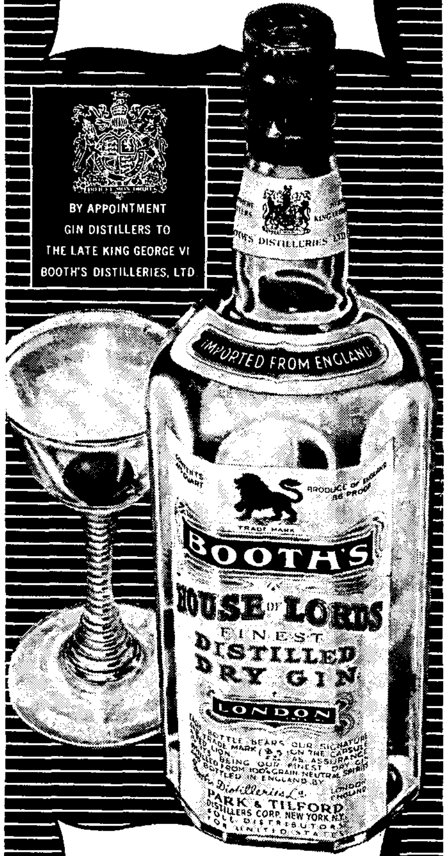

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"What can man best do in his life? Translate into consciousness the largest possible experience, *mon bon ami.*" The title of the book was taken from an aphorism voiced by another of its characters: "There is within man a terrible and profound hope." The noted French novelist Henry de Montherlant said that "of all books in the last twenty years it is the one to wish most that one had lived and written."

In 1938, with the help of his friend Corniglion-Molinier, who had also been in Spain during the early part of the civil war, and then had returned to Paris to his work as a film producer, Malraux made a motion picture of the last part of "L'Espoir" in Spain, while the fighting was still going on, mostly using Spanish peasants and Loyalist soldiers as actors. The difficulties were constant. Film had to be flown down from France, flown back to be developed, and flown down again so that Malraux and his colleagues could see the rushes. In Barcelona, streets and houses used in yesterday's unfinished scene would be changed by bombing overnight or would disappear entirely. Two dramatic, photogenic incidents near the end of the novel were the main reason for making the film and gave it its extraordinary quality. The first was an incident involving an old peasant who has come to warn the Squadron of the existence near his village of a new, hidden airfield for Heinkels. The old man agrees to guide them to it in a plane, but, unable to read a map, and never having flown before, he is, at first, ironically unable to recognize from the air the roads and landscape he has trudged over since infancy. This air search, as photographed from a little plane, when translated onto film became a hair-raising, cinematographic chef-d'oeuvre—a twitching kaleidoscope of views as the plane tilted like a kite a few feet above mountain peaks or skimmed over trees to give the disorientated old man a closer, more dangerous view. The second incident was the aftermath of the Squadron's bold attack on the discovered enemy field and the crash of one of its planes—the descent from the mountainside, "in austere triumph," of the Squadron's international dead and wounded, carried on litters made of branches, and with a coffin lurching on a donkey's back, the whole procession moving between a black hedge of respectfully mourning Spanish villagers, to whom the foreigners had been, and remained, unknown, except during that brief passage of fraternity. The film ends with a view

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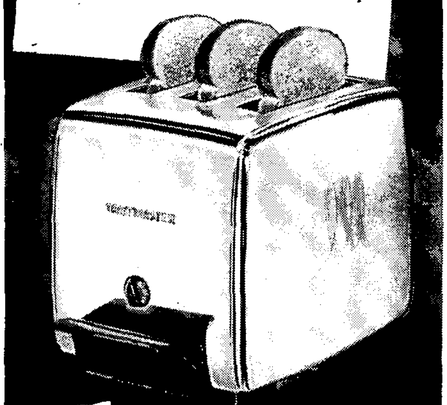

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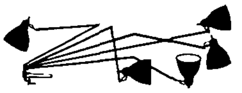

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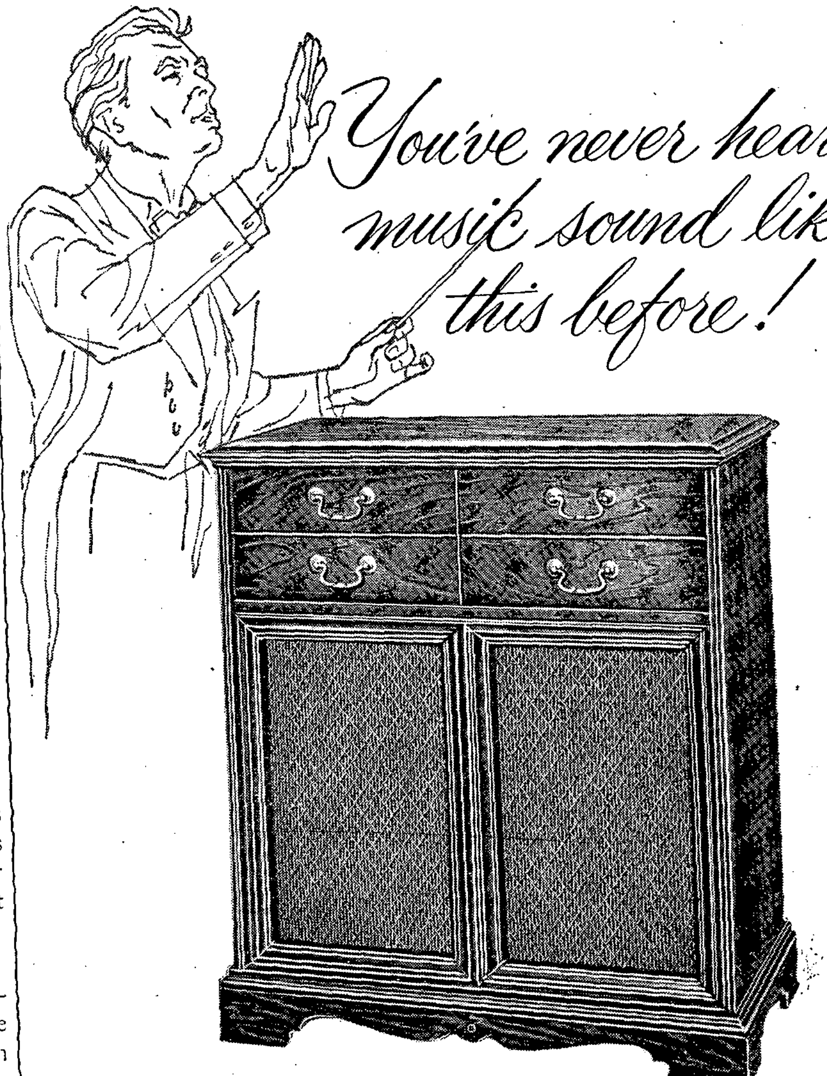
from the valley below of the victims and villagers tracing a descending, dark processional pattern, like a line of tragic poetry, on the bleak landscape. It was principally these scenes of rare beauty and emotion that eventually won the film the Louis Delluc Prize, which is the French film critics' award. But in 1939, when the film, with background music by Darius Milhaud, was ready for showing, the Spanish war was just over and political feeling was running high; the French government forbade its public première in Paris, and it had to be shown privately. By the summer of 1940, the next war had already begun and the Germans were swarming into Paris. Just before they overran the movie studios centered at Joinville, near Paris, someone, in the confusion, mistakenly switched the one existing print of "L'Espoir" to a box marked with the name of another Corniglion-Molinier film, "Drôle de Drame," well-titled for the circumstance; the Germans seized and destroyed what they thought was "L'Espoir" but was really a print of "Drôle de Drame," and thus the film was accidentally saved. It was not shown publicly in Paris until after the Liberation, and it was then that it won its prize.

THE Moscow trials and the Stalin-Hitler pact gave Malraux, like many other members of the French Left, the final justification for breaking with the Communists, and upon the outbreak of the war with the Nazis, he joined the French tank corps as a volunteer, with the rank of private. Thus, at the age of thirty-eight, Malraux, a Frenchman obsessed with the cult of action, was fighting for the first time for his own country, in its struggle against its old enemy. Since he was not yet born in 1870, he had missed the first part of the struggle, and he had missed the second part by being too young in 1914. At the fall of France, in June, 1940, he was captured in the Yonne, and sent to a prisoner-of-war camp in the cathedral town of Sens; in November, he escaped, in civilian clothes, including shoes a size too small for him, in which he had to make a long cross-country trek. Wearing a carpenter's work suit, and carrying planks on his shoulders, he crossed into France's Free Zone. There was some lampblack, for staining wood, in the pocket of the jacket he had been lent, and this somehow got onto his hands and from there onto his face. When he was safe across the line, he hurried into a café to change his clothes and saw a semi-minstrel face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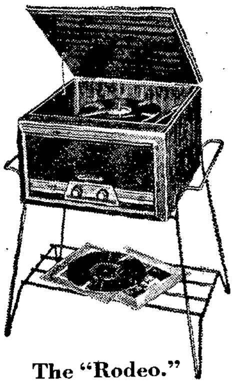

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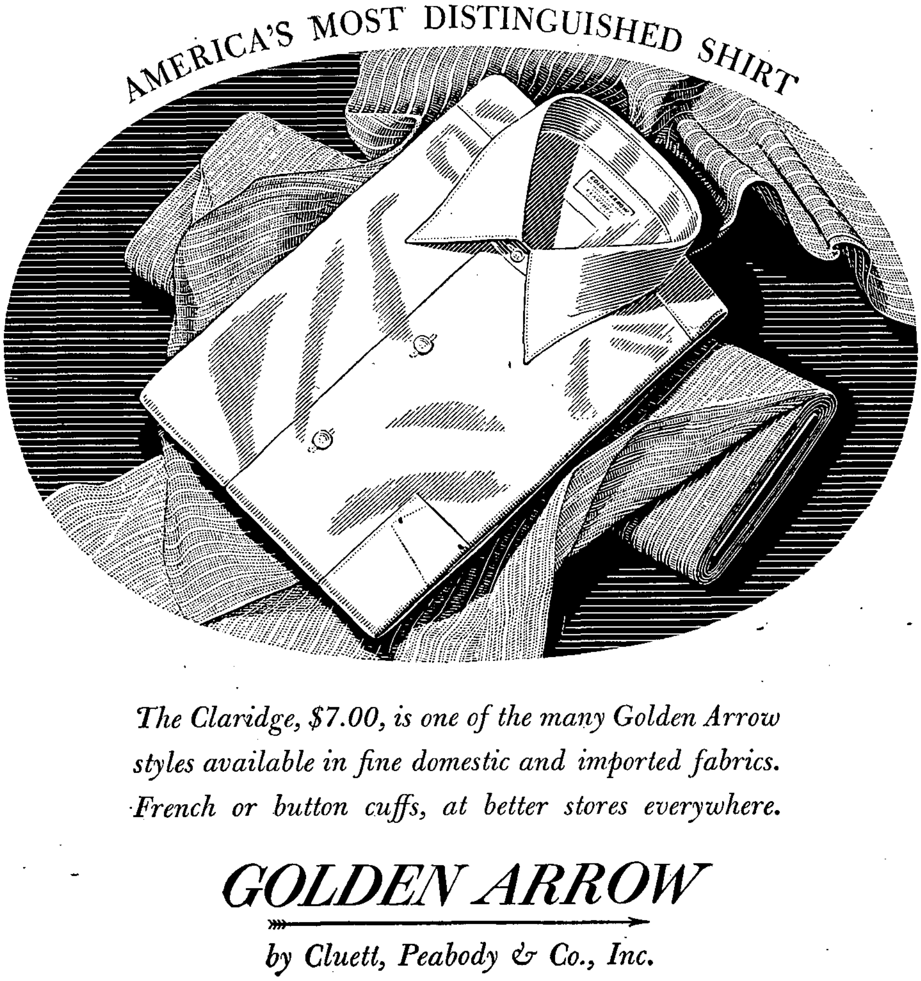

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in a mirror; for an instant, he did not recognize himself. In December, he made his first contact with the Resistance, which was then loosely organized. Parts of the next two years he spent in Switzerland, in the French Corrèze and the Dordogne, and in the Midi, where he read and wrote in the house of a friend of André Gide's. The man had left his butler as caretaker, and although the butler and Malraux had nothing to eat but boiled rutabaga, the butler served Malraux his meals in style. In 1942, Malraux became connected with the Gaullist Resistance apparatus, and the next year he began carrying out Allied Etat-Major operations in the Free Zone, including liaison work with British parachutists who were bringing arms to the Resistance. By the spring of 1944, Malraux, under the *nom de guerre* of Colonel Berger, had been made *chef du Maquis*, and commander of fifteen hundred men, for three *départements*—the Lot, the Dordogne, and the Corrèze. There were a good many outstanding French writers in the Resistance, but of them all Malraux was the most influential, partly because he had had experience with organized revolt in China and Spain and in China had seen torture made a political practice—something that most other Maquis commanders and their men had to learn about from the Nazis and Pétainists.

Malraux's Maquis campaign was characteristically fantastic and fortunate. It began in December, 1940, when he took part in the dynamiting of some locomotives near Toulouse; thereafter, the Maquis action was intermittent, until 1943, when the Resistance was sufficiently organized to carry out a continuous program. By May, 1944, his group's main task for the Supreme Allied Command was to harry the S. S. Division, Das Reich, which was the Free Zone's special scourge (its most horrifying exploit was to herd the villagers of Oradour into their church and burn them alive), and impede it in its push north to meet the coming Allied invasion of Normandy. In June, though, a detail from the Reich Division had captured Malraux. While he was a prisoner in the Lot, his men, in their turn, captured a unit of Wehrmacht soldiers in the Corrèze—this was the first surrender of Nazi men and arms made to a Resistance group in the Free Zone, and it turned his theretofore ill-equipped Maquis group into one of the best-heeled in the territory, with excellent German arms to use against the Germans. As absentee commander of the

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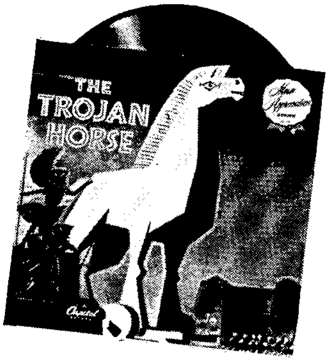

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group that made the haul, Malraux was later awarded one of the four hundred Croix de la Libération given out in all of France. His capture had been what he calls *farfelu* (or bizarre); a unit of the Reich Division for which he had laid a road trap near the town of Gramat trapped him instead, while he was riding in a car with some English parachutists. Malraux ran across a field to draw fire from the Britons and let them escape, which they did. He was shot in the thigh, but he ran on, until further shots brought him down, badly injured. For this, he was awarded the British Distinguished Service Order by King George, presented to Malraux in Paris at the British Embassy by Ambassador Alfred Duff Cooper.

Malraux's experiences as a prisoner of the Reich Division were equally dramatic and, again, lucky. Since his Colonel Berger identity papers were patently false, he gave the German interrogation officers, established in one of the Gramat hotels, his real name, to save time. Lying bleeding on the floor of the hotel office, he still had the strength to get into an intellectual argument about Saint Augustine, on whom he is an authority, with an S.S. officer who had offered him spiritual comfort, claiming to be a priest—falsely, Malraux decided, since he turned out to have so little knowledge of the Saint. A few days after, he was taken out for what proved to be a mock execution—"the same trick that was played on Dostoevski," he has since remarked, with literary satisfaction. They had him stand facing a wall, with his arms raised, but he quickly wheeled about to see what was going on—if it was truly death—and they did not fire. Later, he was taken to a French villa elegant enough to contain a bathtub used for torture, but he was not tortured. One afternoon, he was driven to a superb château, where cars flying the flags of German generals were assembled in the garden. Knowing that, as a colonel, he could be court-martialled only by a group of officers that included generals—Malraux at any time is competent on such military niceties—he thought that the presence of so many generals, and himself, indicated a *conseil de guerre* to be held over him, after which, this time, he would surely be shot. After a half hour of unexplained waiting, he was taken back to the Gramat jail, where the Nazis by then had put him. Next day, his French jailer told him that the Reich Division band had given a Wagner concert at the château, and that the general who had ordered him to be

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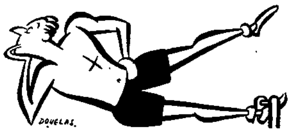

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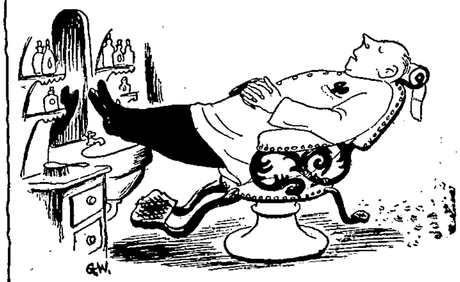
brought there for interrogation had decided that the music was too fine to miss. Shortly after, Malraux was handed over to the Gestapo and transferred to St. Michel Prison, in Toulouse. Paris was liberated on August 25th, and a fortnight later the Paris Resistance newspaper *Combat* published an official denial that Malraux had been killed. What had happened was that as the Nazis began fleeing east before the invading Allied troops, Malraux was left forgotten in prison, was liberated, like everybody, by prisoners' wives, and began fighting again, around Limoges.

The Dordogne, where Malraux was soon once again in command, had been a refugee center since 1940, when a large population of Alsatians and Lorrainers had been evacuated so that they could not be impressed into fighting with the German Army when it poured into France, and now the evacuees' Maquis chiefs chose Malraux to command their volunteer Brigade Alsace-Lorraine, eventually attached to General Philippe Leclerc's Second Armored Division, which was engaged in liberating their home region. Guerrillas without uniforms, but rugged fighters, the Brigade was called on to help out the regulars in some difficult spots—notably in the Haut-Rhin and the Vosges. When Malraux, who with his men had been lending a hand to the Premier Corps d'Armée, and had then gone on his way, heard that a certain colonel was planning to liberate Dannemarie, he went back and asked if they could help again. Yes, the colonel said, especially if before the attack they could give him some young fellow who would blow up the locomotive of a Nazi armored train in the region which had been giving them special trouble. "I'll do it, if you want," said Malraux. ("*Un guerrier magnifique*," the colonel, now a general, recently declared.) In combat, Malraux, though still suffering from severe leg wounds, persisted in thinking that he was invulnerable. (It is his conviction that "meditation upon death has no connection with the fear of being killed.") He was reportedly aloof in his dealings with his men, most of whom



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had no idea who he was but recognized in their Colonel Berger an instinctive leader. According to his outfit's padre, Abbé Pierre Böckel, he was a "luminous realist." During the liberation of Strasbourg, on November 24, 1944, Colonel Berger, suddenly operating as Malraux the art lover, was the first liberator to enter the nave of the city's eleventh-to-fifteenth-century Romanesque-and-Gothic cathedral, closed because of bomb damage. (For some reason, his being the first Frenchman-at-arms to penetrate the cathedral was considered so important that news of it was sent to Washington in code.) After the Germans were driven out of France, he pushed on into Germany with the French First Army, which took part in the capture of Stuttgart in April, 1945. Its commander-in-chief was General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, a fine talker whom Malraux impressed by easily outtalking him at the officers' mess. In Stuttgart, the General called a *prise d'armes* in a rubble-strewn city *Platz*, where Malraux received the fourth citation to his Croix de Guerre, for his part in the Strasbourg liberation, the first having been given for his being captured by the Reich Division, the second for his pre-invasion action against that division, and the third for his part in the battle at Dannemarie.

After the war ended, Malraux was still bothered by his leg wounds. (Even now they make it difficult for him to sit quiet very long, but that is something he has never liked to do anyhow.) He was also badly in need of money. The Gestapo had destroyed some, but not all, of his private papers, which he had stowed in various places around France, and to raise cash he vainly tried to sell the holograph manuscript of "L'Espoir," written in his small, angular, legible script, which looks oddly like hieroglyphic incisions in stone. He had married for a second time early in the war. His second wife, Josette Clotis, a young writer, was killed in a railway accident during the Liberation. Malraux was given the belated news of her death when he was fighting in the Vosges. One reason he needed money in 1945 was that they had had two sons—Pierre-Gauthier, by then four years old, and Vincent, an infant.

ACCORDING to the Malraux legend, his relationship with General de Gaulle, which was to reorientate his life for the next eight years, began at their meeting during the war in Alsace, with the General declaring, "*Enfin, j'ai vu un homme.*" Malraux himself

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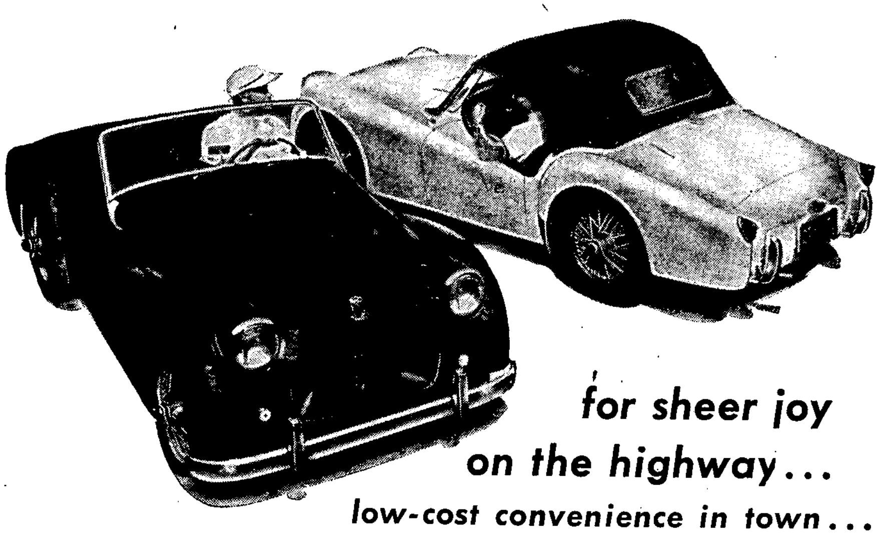
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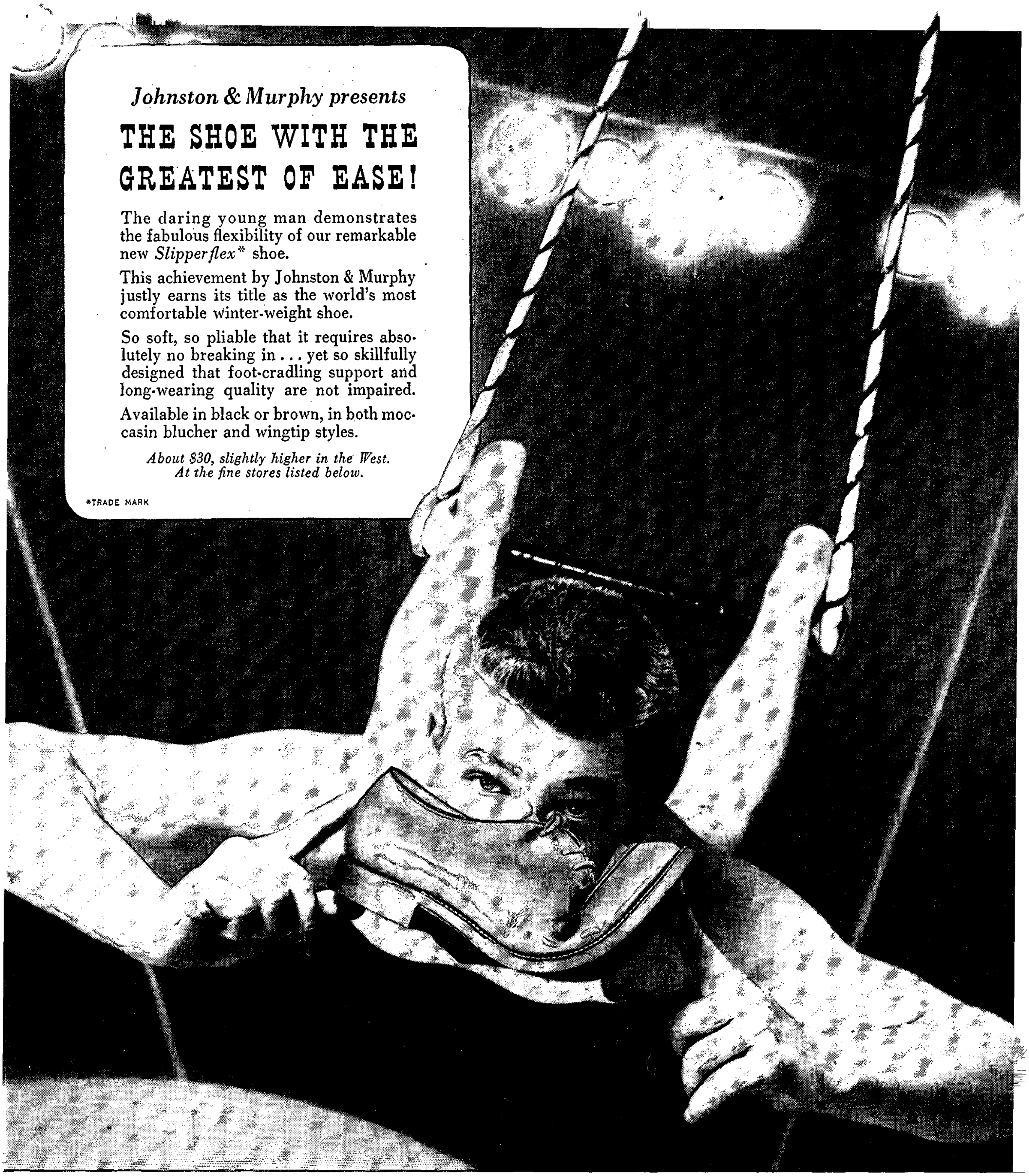

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says he was first presented to the General at the Ministry of War, in Paris, after the war's end, in 1945, as were many writers who had fought in the Resistance. According to French opinion today—at the time, Paris intellectual and political circles found it nearly incomprehensible when Leftist Malraux, animated by French patriotism, joined the General, even if he did not yet represent the Right he later came to symbolize—the attraction between the two men at that point in French history must have been irresistible, and not even one of opposites, despite their diametrically different pasts. Both loved action and were contemptuous of politics; both were interested in the phenomenon of power; both were exalted, impractical, and highly educated; both were convinced that France had a new European destiny; and—like millions of other Frenchmen, after all—both believed that de Gaulle had started saving France during the war and that its salvation could not be continued unless the General carried on the glorious burden. Malraux says he became Minister of Information in de Gaulle's provisional government—he was the second man to hold the post, and was in office briefly, from November 21, 1945, to January 20, 1946—only after warning the General that he would work "not as a politician but as a technician," as he had done in 1927, when he was in charge of propaganda and information in Canton for the Communist wing of the Chinese revolution. At de Gaulle's investiture as President, in November, 1945, Parliament had unanimously acclaimed the General, and France was at his feet. Within a fortnight, it had come to seem to the press that de Gaulle was an extraordinarily remote chief of state, and in like manner Malraux became a somewhat distant Minister of Information. He devoted himself principally to one special preoccupation—his program for Maisons de la Culture. This was a farsighted educational-propaganda project for France, which was to start with the full-scale reproduction, by an excellent technical process, of some of the most famous paintings by Manet, Watteau, Poussin, and other French artists. These were to be placed in French schools, for the children to learn to appreciate, and in provincial museums, partly to help revive national pride after the humiliation of the Occupation. They were also to be offered for sale to museum print rooms, colleges, and schools in other countries—some American and English institutions subscribed very prompt-

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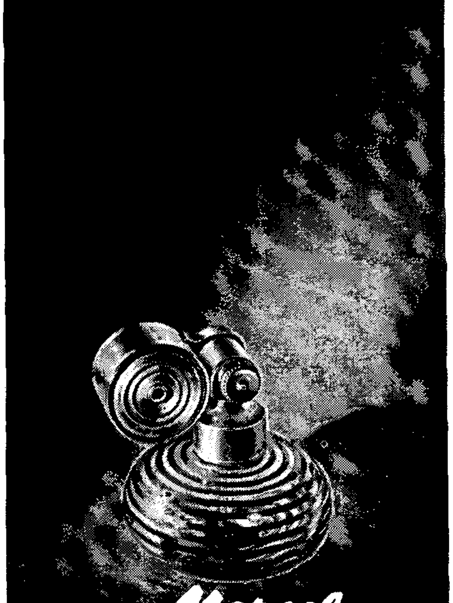

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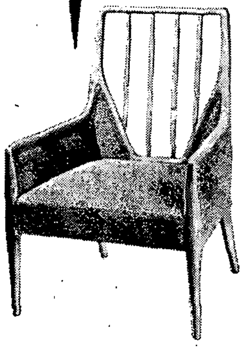

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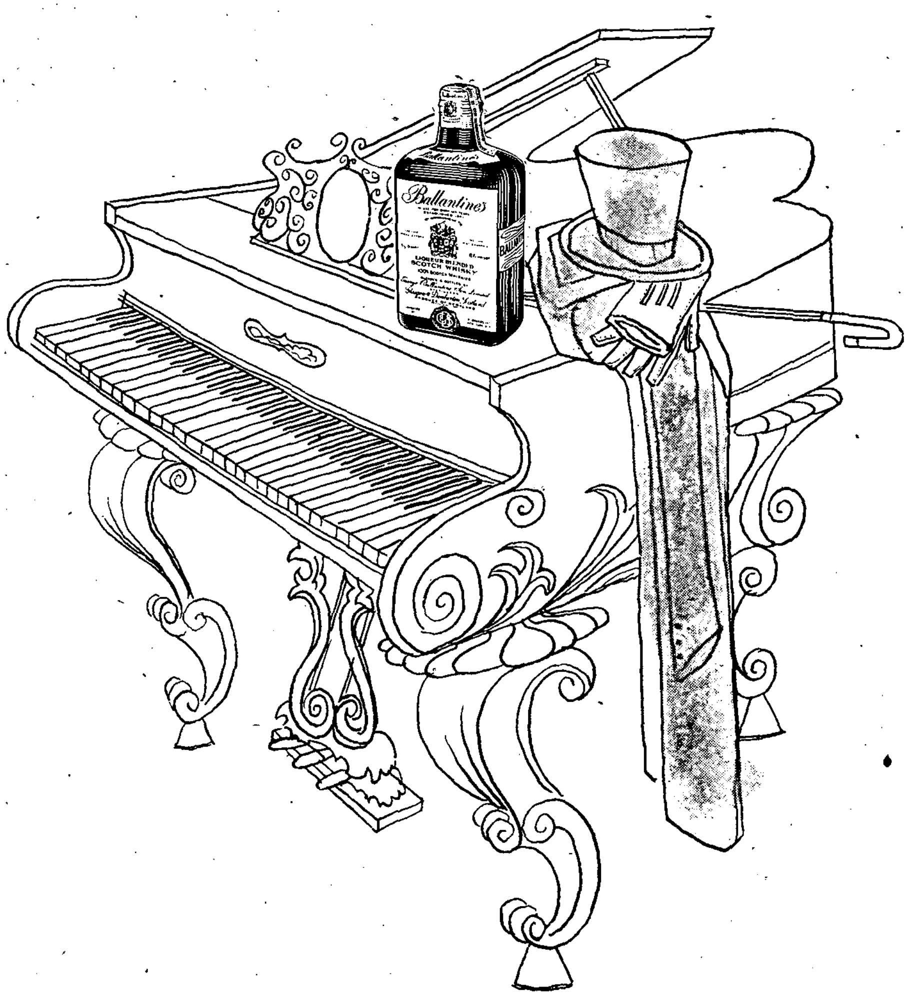
ly. (Malraux's real educational *dada* was to have French school children taught by means of movies, used as basic pedagogy, but he never got around to that.)

One of the American deputy directors of the United States Information Service in Paris recalled recently that when he went to see Malraux that winter, in his unheated office near the Etoile, the Paris newspapers were being printed on single sheets, editors were moaning about the scant paper supply, and the Franco-American information exchanges were still at sixes and sevens. All this was what he had come to talk about, but what Malraux talked about, with burning excitement, was his art project. "The strength of his feelings was nearly unbearable," this man said. "You thought he'd explode. His eyes were bleak, sad, and intense, and he didn't look at you much when he talked. It was as if he were mostly talking to himself, though he'd flash glances at you occasionally, in detached observation. He was really hypnotic when he talked. You'd come about a piece of business that never got finished, or really even started, and you felt richly rewarded by his telling you about something else that got you absolutely nowhere." January 20, 1946, the day de Gaulle gave up his effort to form a "national union" government, allowing his existing government to fall, and his Ministers with it, was also the day that the first—and last—of Malraux's several Maisons de la Culture art reproductions came off the press. One copy—it is Renoir's "Moulin de la Galette," with its waltzing couples—hangs, as a souvenir, on the wall of Malraux's study, in his home outside Paris.

In April, 1947, when the noble notions left over from the Liberation had bogged down in the old swamp of French Parliamentary politics, admirers of General de Gaulle founded the Rassemblement du Peuple Français, or R.P.F., making him the gift of a political party so that he could be its leader. Their eventual object was to elect him back to the salvational office he had resigned from fifteen months before. Malraux was one of the five charter signers of the R.P.F., and, by presenting its ideas to the nation, he became its dominant catalyst and the main focusser of the Gothic personality of de Gaulle, as well as his most intimate cerebral adviser and, once again, his propaganda technician. Malraux's official title was the R.P.F. Director of National Propaganda. At the party's



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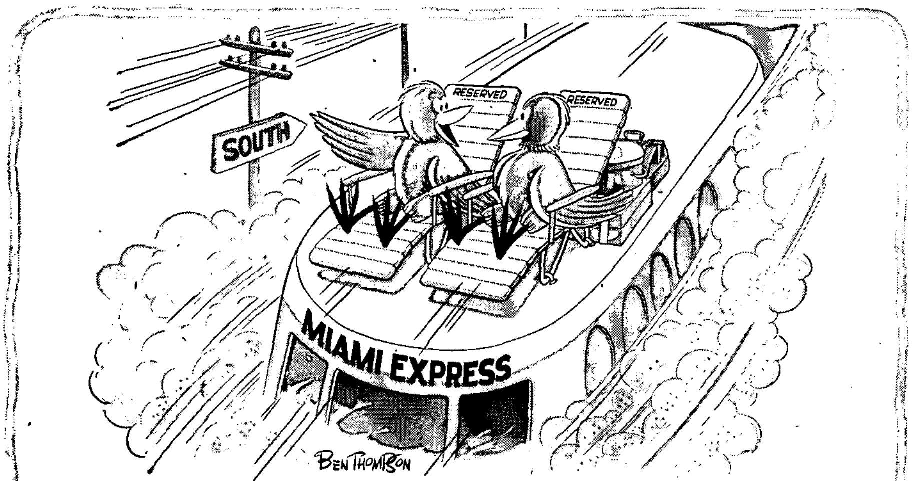
inception, Malraux said, prophetically, "The Rassemblement is either a revolution or it is nothing." One explanation of Malraux is that when young he was a *révolutionnaire mystique* not because he was pro-Moscow but because he could not abide the way the world was going; backing the R.P.F., he was still a mystical revolutionary but one who could not abide the way France was going and also could not abide Communism, which he now saw as an organized threat to Western Europe. De Gaulle called the Communists *les séparatistes*, since their intention was to separate France from Europe and give it to Moscow. According to Gaullist leaders, Malraux's influence on the General was stronger than any other man's, because he represented what the General regarded as a pinnacle: a highly intellectualized, fiercely impassioned Frenchman who believed in France's "vocation for greatness" and who had already been a volunteer warrior in various causes—the perfect combination of arms and the man. Many French felt only misgivings about the relationship. "What Malraux admires in the General is his silence; what the General admires in Malraux is his words" was one comment. Unfortunately, along with the millions of Gaullist patriots who wanted the Fourth Republic re-formed, thousands of anti-republican ex-Vichyites rushed to the General's banner merely to use it as an umbrella against Communism. France's democratic core hardened against the R.P.F., especially after the municipal elections of October, 1947, when, at its opening peak, it won forty per cent of the vote throughout the country.

This time, Malraux was dynamic as a propaganda director. He put his interest in art into R.P.F. posters. All along the Paris boulevards, walls came alive with his enormous, magnificent reproductions of the aroused Republic as sculptured by Rodin, with the Gaullist Cross of Lorraine added for identification, and of a superb, little-known sketch (it was in the Musée de Dijon) by the sculptor François Rude of "La Marseillaise," with head aloft and draperies flying, which as a statue is now the most famous of any adorning the Arc de Triomphe. The Malraux Christmastime poster showed a Gaullist Lorraine Cross woven of concentration-camp barbed wire, which, recalling Jesus's crown of thorns, became in Parisian eyes an emotional symbol of France crucified. "We have to set a high tone," Malraux said of his aesthetic publicity. "We cannot use the style of



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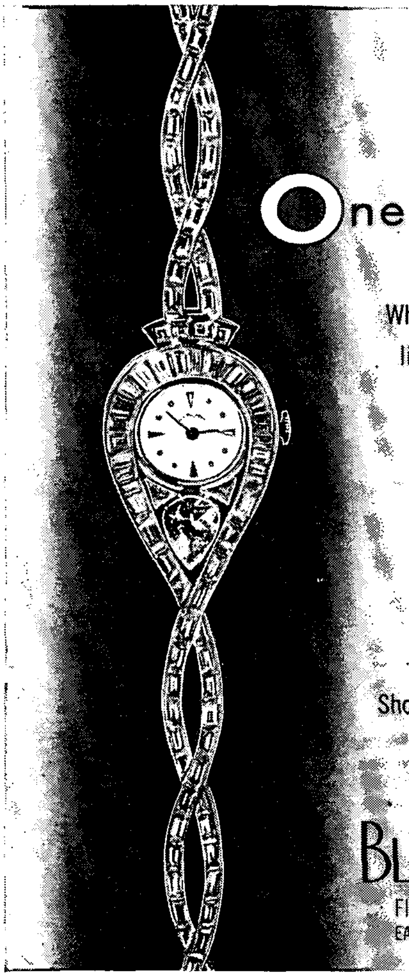

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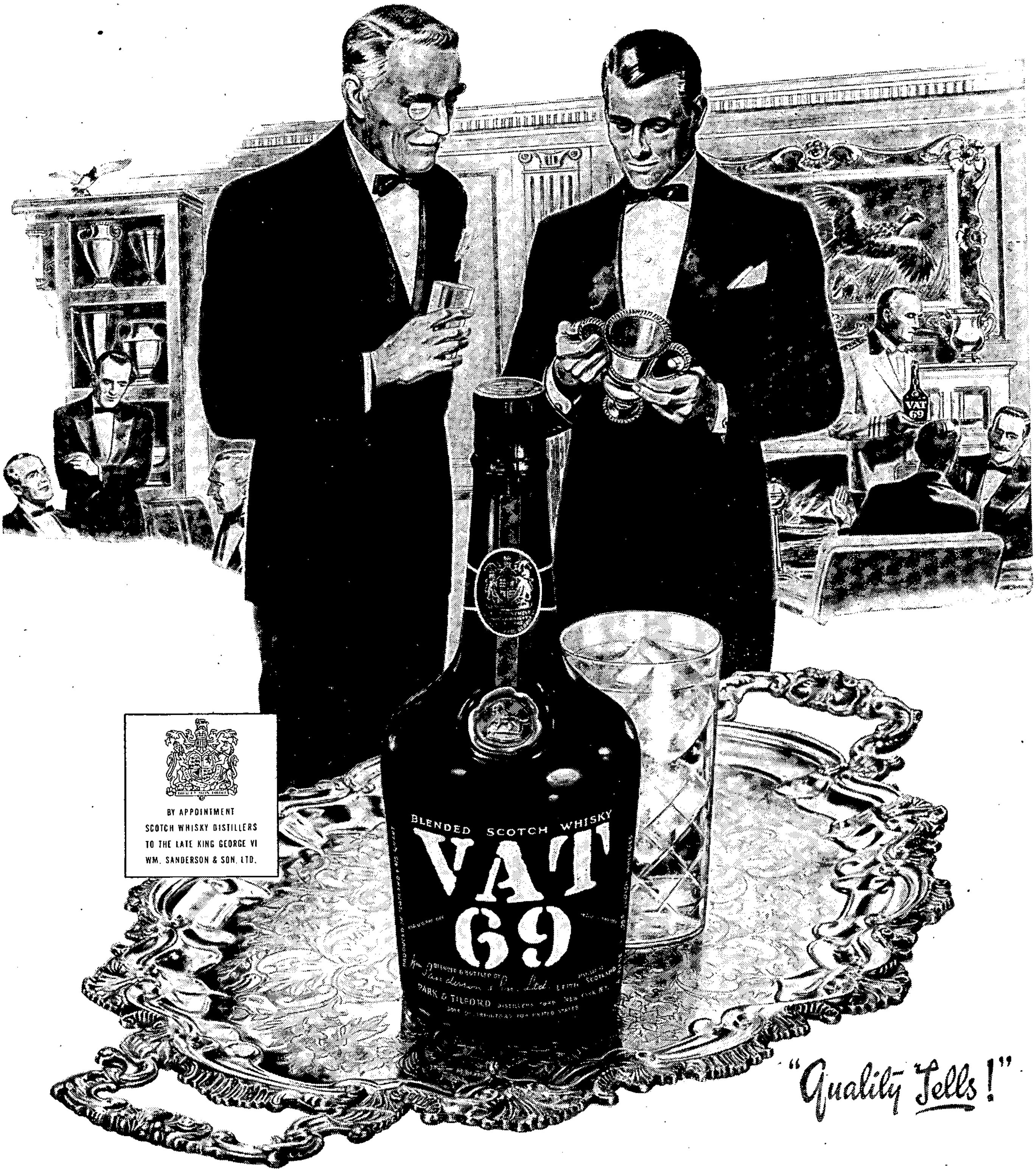
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As a speaker at R.P.F. mass meetings, Malraux was second in attraction only to the General, and the effect of his speeches on his hearers was as remarkable as it had been in the days of his anti-Fascist speeches at Communist mass meetings. "He had the rare gift of being able to make his hearers comprehend what he wanted them to believe," an R.P.F. leader said recently. A colleague of his at Gallimard, where, between adventures, he has worked since 1928 as art-book editor and, more recently, as literary editor, has remarked, "He dominated crowds in the mysterious manner sometimes given to concentrated, solitary personalities, intimate with nobody." After hearing him cheered by thousands at the Vélodrome d'Hiver, a British Embassy observer of French affairs sent back word to London that as a speaker Malraux was terrific, "talking with the fervor of the Jacobins and the rhetoric of Bossuet." In April, 1948, Malraux and the General spoke at the R.P.F.'s First National Congress—held outdoors at Marseille, where the Party wished to test its new strength against the Communists, who are traditionally strong in that city. "We fight with bare hands," Malraux shouted, raising both his hands in the air. This became the popular R.P.F. slogan, for, though it was a Rightist party, it certainly lacked moneybag backing—perhaps because Malraux himself was advertised as representing "the revolutionary virtues of the Rassemblement," or perhaps because of his stand in favor of better conditions for the French working class. (The General's associa-

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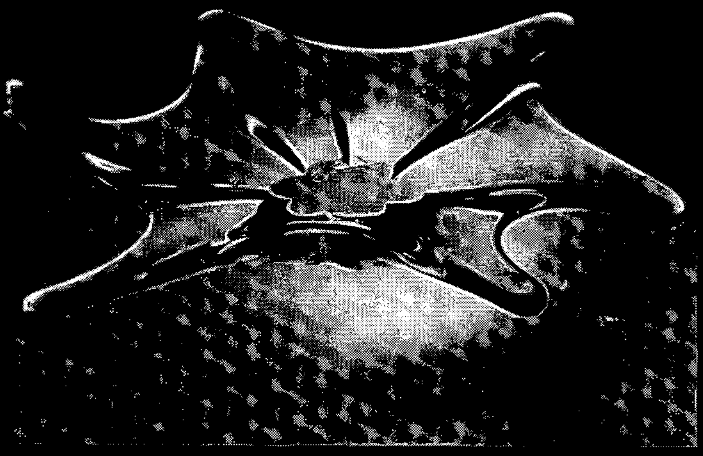

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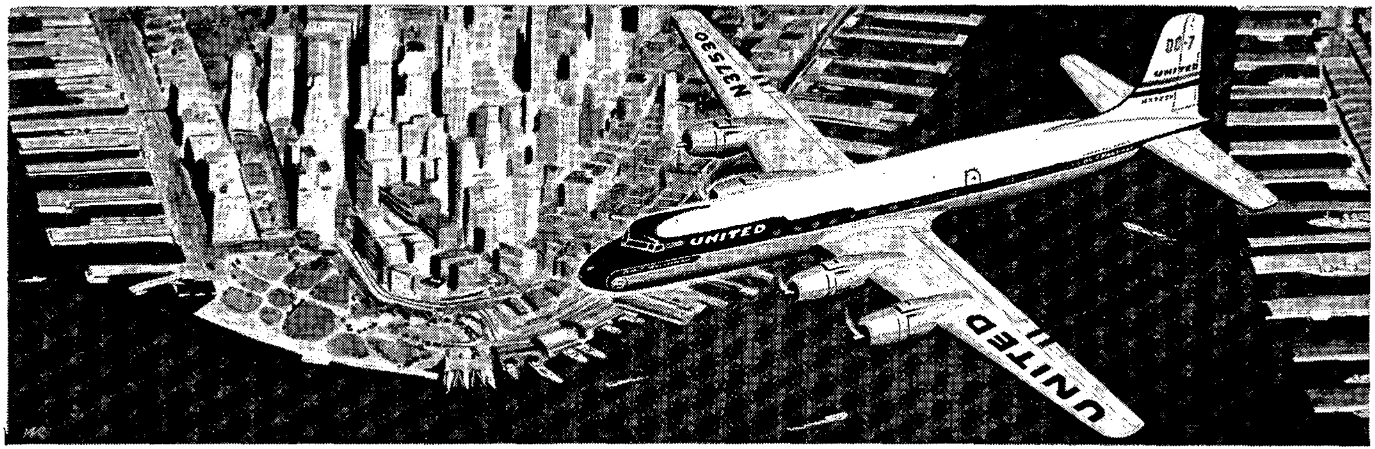
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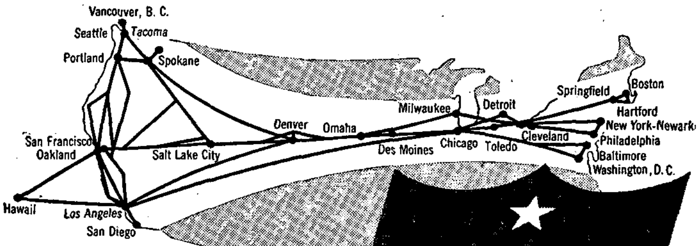
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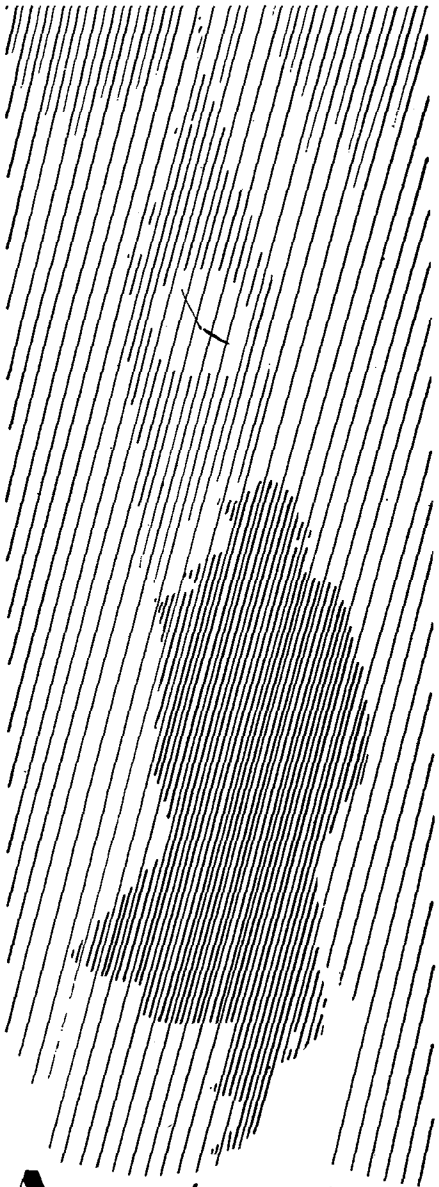

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tion-of-capital-and-labor idea, aimed at a so-called reform of collective bargaining, was so obscure that nobody was ever quite sure where he stood—"except the hard-shell capitalists," Malraux not long ago said, pungently. "They were dead against it. So they understood it.") At lunch with some American journalists in the spring of 1948, Malraux said, "If six months after we come to power we have not given the workers so much better a life that even the Communists cannot deny it, then the General and I will probably be shot—and deserve to be," he added with grim satisfaction. After the crucial 1951 national elections, in which the R.P.F. won more seats in the Assembly than any other party but fewer votes than the Communists, the General possibly could have seized power had he been the man on a white horse his enemies still hoped he was. A Paris quip current then was "Without de Gaulle, Gaullism might have succeeded." The General's retirement from his party, its split, and its decline are matters of strangely minor subsequent history, considering its incandescent beginnings, when Malraux's fiery appeals and the hopes that haloed the General kindled close to half of France. Gaullism is the first, and so far the last, adventure on a potentially grand scale that has turned up in postwar France. As some Parisians said of Malraux's part in it, an *haut aventurier* unfortunately has no place to go except into another adventure.

IN June, 1950, the international press reported that Malraux had a grave illness, which doctors were unable to diagnose. He had by then married for the third time, and his wife was suffering from the same condition. The doctors finally determined that the disease was Queensland fever, which is rare in Europe. Malraux's third wife, whom he had married in March, 1948, is Mme. Marie-Madeleine Malraux, the widow of his half-brother Roland. According to the legend, Roland Malraux, who was captured by the Gestapo just before the Liberation, left André his wife and small son, Alain, as a desperate fraternal legacy, in case he never came back from wherever the Gestapo was taking him. Actually, while he was temporarily imprisoned in Toulouse, he just sensibly sent word, via the underground, to his wife, who was then expecting their child, that she should find André, who would somehow take care of her and the baby. After France fell, Roland Malraux, who was a movie director in

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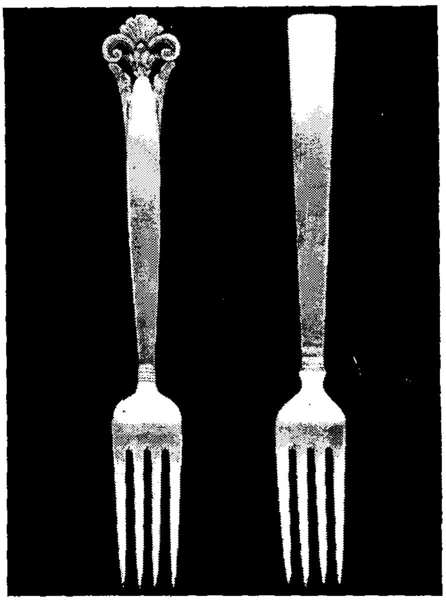

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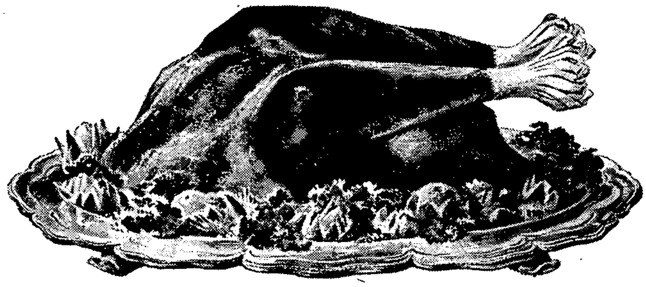

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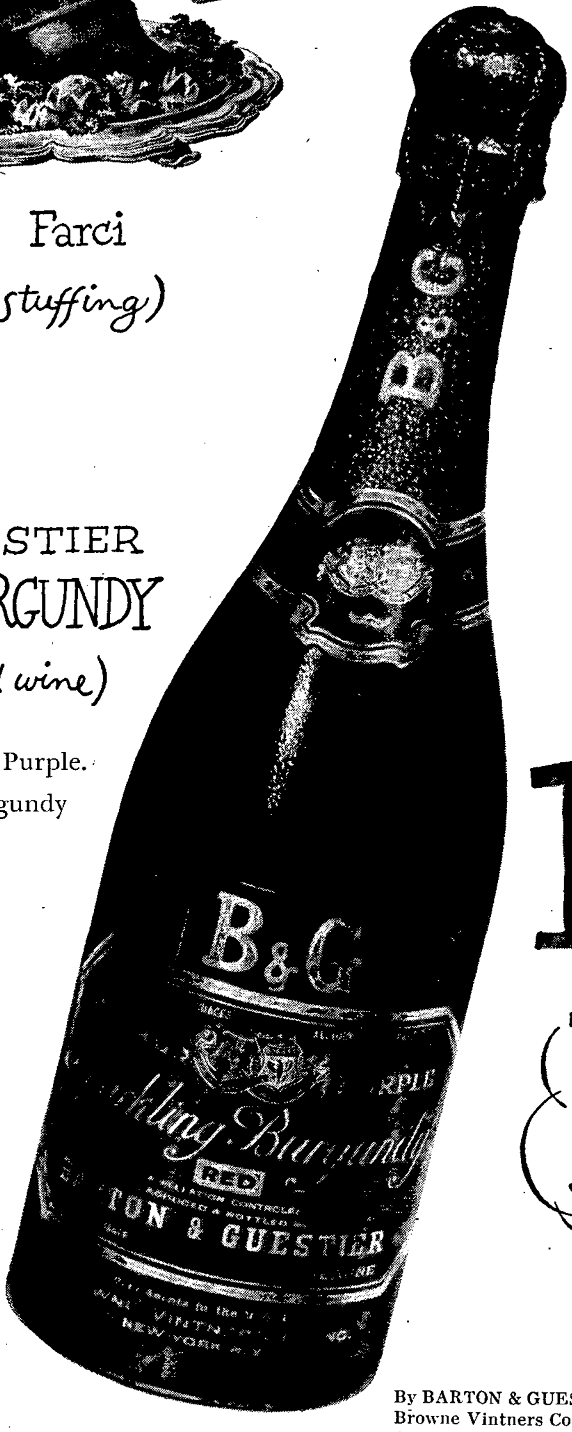
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peacetime Paris, had been offered refuge, with his wife, by their friend Mme. Colette de Jouvenel, daughter of the celebrated Colette, in her small château in the Corrèze, one of the three departments that eventually came under André Malraux's Maquis command. Roland joined him in the Resistance. Soon after Roland was taken prisoner, he was sent to a concentration camp (reportedly on the North Sea, although the family never was sure), where he perished. André's other half-brother, Claude Malraux, was killed in the Resistance, which left André the only survivor of the three fighters. André Malraux's third, and last, marriage was celebrated at the town hall of Riquewihr, one of the picturesque wine villages in Alsace, and former members of the Alsace-Lorraine Brigade made up the wedding party.

The Malraux live in a duplex apartment in a big house among the elegant mansions, gardens, and démodé forest trees of Boulogne-sur-Seine, a Paris suburb. Theirs is a curiously overlapping dynasty, since the boys—Pierre-Gauthier is now thirteen, Vincent eleven, and Roland Malraux's Alain ten—are at once, in due proportion, their parents' sons, nephews, and stepsons. Malraux is a prodigal, inventive, and stimulating father, lavish with gifts and with private jokes that suit all their age levels, and his own as well. "I suppose I am really a sad type," he recently wrote to an acquaintance about a gloomy photograph of him that neither liked, "yet I recognize myself only in pictures where I look gay"—his rarest expression. In casual conversation, his humor consists of raillery, paradox, astringent French wit, and occasional extravagances, created all of a piece and like exaggerated baroque. He has always drawn amusing, skillful little animal grotesques—like one recently published in "Malraux par Lui-Même," which resembles a cross-eyed donkey and is captioned "Le Dyable de la Critique d'Art"—and quantities of spare, high-tailed cats (cats are his favorite creatures, though he says they will not often have anything to do with him), and he invariably draws something of the sort in books he gives to children, and sometimes in those volumes of his own works he presents to adults—for he is a steady book giver. His daughter Florence, for one reason and another, never knew her father in childhood, but a few years ago they came together again. Attractive and extremely intelligent, she is now, at twenty-one, his confidante in his literary projects, and has started working in

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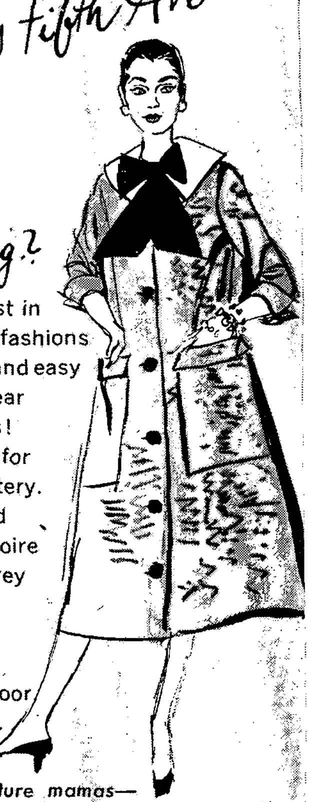

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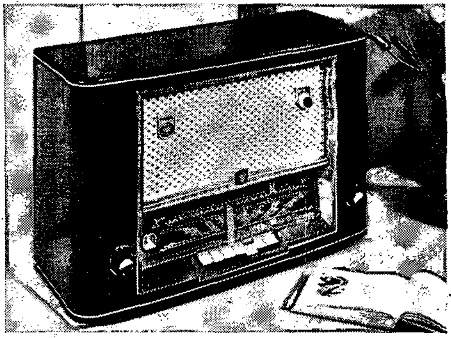

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the art department at Gallimard. Malraux plays the piano—not well, he insists, but well enough to play two-part pieces on a grand piano with two keyboards, specially made by Pleyel, with Mme. Malraux, who is expert, having formerly been a concert pianist.

The family's studio-salon, built from Malraux's own design, is two stories high, large, white, handsome, chic, and modern. It contains few, but choice, furnishings and ornaments, such as a Khmer sculptured head wedged in among his books, a New Hebrides helmet, a lamp base (on Malraux's desk) made from a Sassanid jar, a mantel composed partly of chased-wood columns from an old British man-of-war, a Dubuffet painting, also a painting by Jean Fautrier, and a small collection, unusual in Europe, of American Hopi Indian katchina dolls, which are ranged like Picassoesque statuettes against one wall. Working at his desk or pacing the floor as he talks, Malraux is a constant cigarette smoker. While he was sitting at his desk, which puts his back to the window, one day during his Gaullist period, someone shot at him from the avenue below, hitting the shutter, and the bullet hole is still visible.

Two years ago, his various wounds and fevers having left his health shattered, Malraux gave up the habit he had had since youth of writing only at night, and carefully reorganized his life for overworking by day. He is hepatic, as his temperament would indicate, and also asthmatic. His nervous tics, which at moments afflict his composure like cracks in a refined mask, are now less manifest than they used to be. He has luxurious tastes, and enjoys good French food and wines when he can keep his mind on them, but at table he is usually preoccupied with thinking or talking, and anyhow he eats little and rapidly. He has no mechanical sense or facility. When he is alone, he reads, thinks, and speculates as his normal employment of time. There is a story that years ago, during vacations on the Mediterranean, he used to set the sail on his skiff when far from shore and plunge overboard, the game being to catch up with the boat by fast swimming before it was everlastingly too late. He seems to have no pastimes now. His relaxation takes the form of talking with individuals who are interested in the same problems he is. When he is with such a person, their exchange of speculations presumably makes up one half of a dialogue with his own thoughts. "You have the feeling that personally you are not present," one of his European friends said re-

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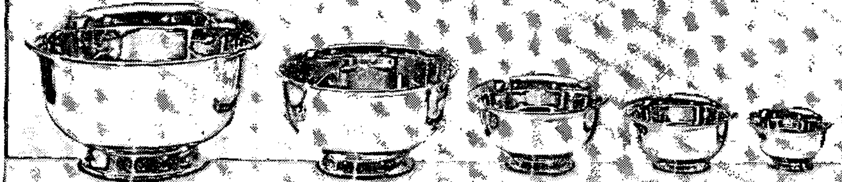

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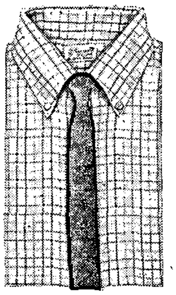

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cently. "You are sitting in the chair as a brain, a mind. André is not interested in a man; he is interested in Man."

In France, Malraux is regarded, along with Lord Byron, D'Annunzio, and Lawrence of Arabia, as one of the flashing company of great modern literary adventurers who made tours of personal destiny, were deliberate participants in nations' crises, and wrote parts of their own legends. Of this aspect of his life, Malraux says mordantly, "There are no heroes without auditors. Adventurers are assumed to be impostors. Most of the letters I receive from strangers are slightly inquisitorial in tone." Those who are acquainted with him even a little think that he knows himself by heart. In leading his life, he is both actor and spectator. His relations with Eastern philosophies, religions, and art have given him the base for his metaphysical positions. As a twentieth-century thinker, he has illuminated his way through his investigations with his own intense, blazing light; his aim from youth has been to apply a half-dozen key ideas he selected at the start to the decoding of civilization and what he calls its great myths, meaning all its dominant invisibles, such as religions, systems of ethics, and political faiths, and to make his report on man—on his singularity, his scope, the condition and the meaning of his life, and his tragedy (happiness has not been one of his studies)—using himself as creator, artist, fighter, witness, critic, and microcosm. For the French, his genius lies in his rare intelligence, in his quintessentially French gift for complex ideas, in his capacity for formulation, for creative, unconventional deduction, and in the subtle perceptiveness of his thinking, often more lucid than logical. They feel that, unlike those of most creative thinkers, his intelligence and his emotions are equal—and both present in almost superfluous quantities. He has arrived at his eclectic erudition by a private way, choosing and studying, as he has proceeded through life, only what has fascinated him. His mind, now richly overloaded, seems to be divided into compartments, in each of which he functions separately. His novels are built on a world scale, achieved in part by the omission of women, since his male characters, depicted in fatal international, martial, or political crises, are elevated above the domestic, the daily, and the ordinary, and thus above the interferences of love.

Malraux is a recluse. Most of the people he sees are writers. Among the large figures now gone, Gide was a constant

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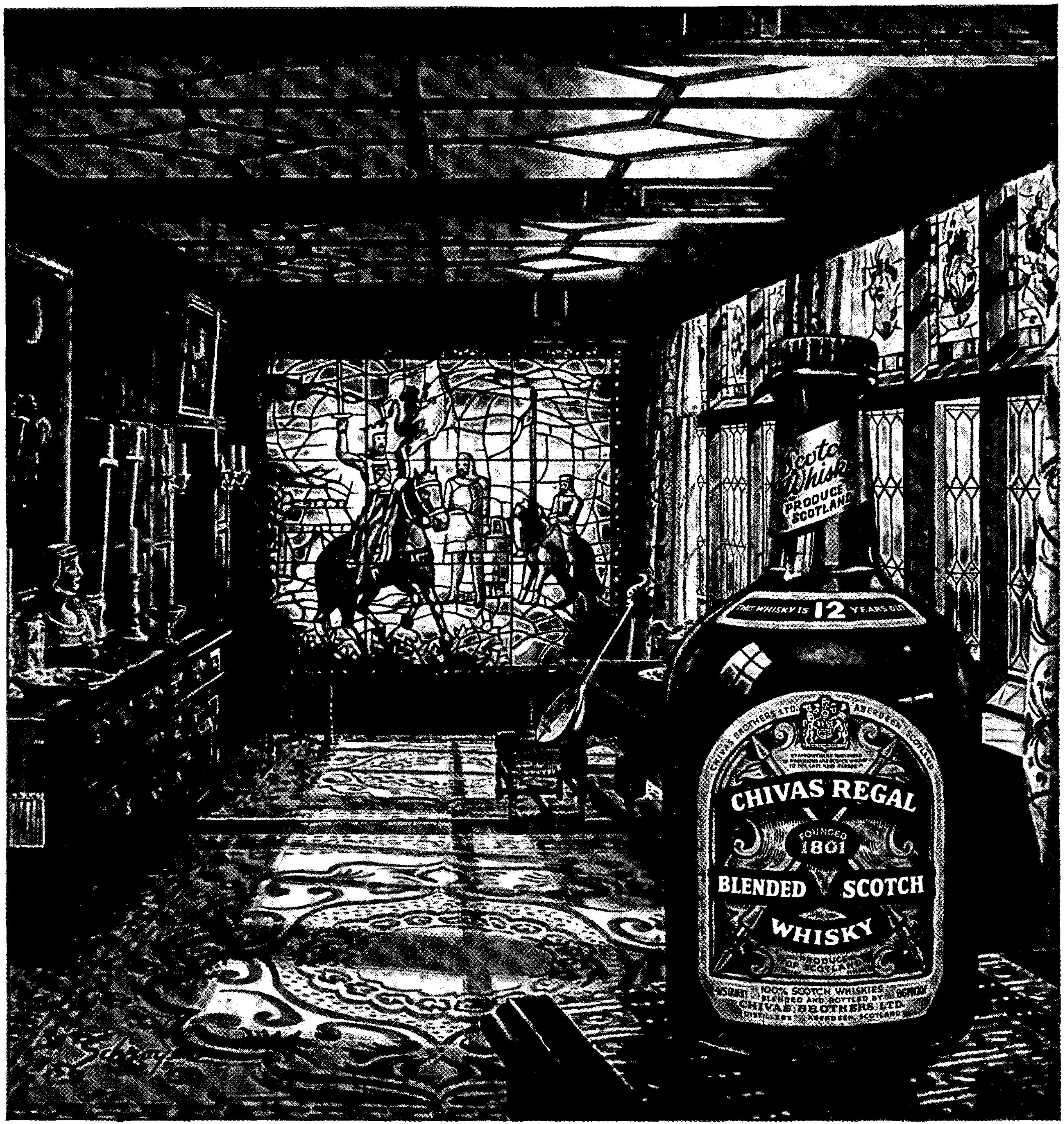

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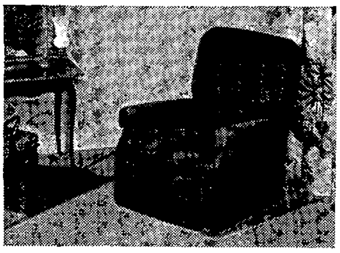
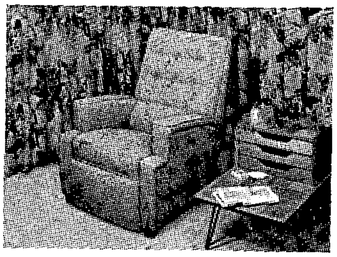
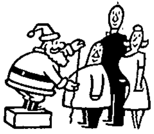
friend, though he complained that Malraux was "too intelligent for me." Saint-Exupéry, who was Malraux's only adventurer-writer friend, composed an affectionate essay on him in which he said, "Malraux offers and devotes himself without bargaining." He goes beyond what are regarded as the usual limits of loyalty to friends, they say, moving heaven and earth to get a job or fix things for someone in trouble, with a gust of personal concern that always surprises and impresses them. All his friends have always said he has few friends.

Since Gide's death, Malraux has been increasingly accepted as the most important literary personality of France. There is, however, no Malrauvian school of writing or thinking; he has admirers, even aficionados, but no literary imitators. Though his major novels appeared between the wars, and their author made his first sensational impact on the literary scene twenty-five years ago, it is only since the Second World War that the mass of French critical articles on him have been published, in what seems to be a delayed, cumulative reaction. According to the files of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, articles about him have appeared in religious magazines, dealing with his non-Christianism; in a philosophical collection that treated him as a world figure, along with Keyserling, Spengler, and Thomas Mann; and in a philosophical volume that compared his philosophy with those of Nietzsche (Malraux is always being cited as a Nietzsche-made Frenchman) and Kierkegaard, relating him to them through Anarchism and Existentialism, respectively. The Russian writer Ilya Ehrenburg includes him in a series of disparaging portraits of Frenchmen, together with Duhamel, Gide, Romains, and the churchly Mauriac. In some Polish essays, he is discussed in connection with Stendhal, Conrad, and Surrealism. He has been written about extensively in the British and American intelligentsia magazines, from *Horizon* to *Partisan Review*. In Parisian articles on Western writing, he and Ernest Hemingway have been looked upon as the epoch's only heroic writers, the major distinction between them being, the French feel, that "Hemingway makes his heroes live, but Malraux makes his live and meditate." In Pierre-Henri Simon's important volume of essays entitled "L'Homme en Procès," which deals with the cultural process that has created the new, postwar Frenchman, Malraux is discussed, along with his junior, Albert Camus, as a member and







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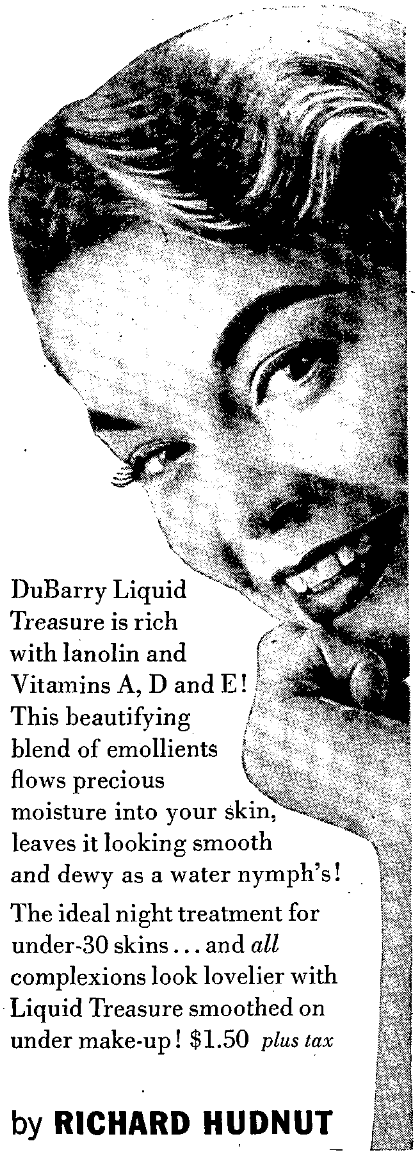

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by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

leader of the younger generation. Malraux's algophilia, or love of pain, is mentioned in this book, and also his heroes' morbid fascination with death, oddly courted, since they do not believe in immortality and therefore regard death almost angrily, as if it were the final personal injustice, which human intelligence cannot alter by rebellion. The book of essays "Portrait de l'Aventurier," by Roger Stéphane, which, like many other works that concern themselves with Malraux, contains lengthy remarks on Lawrence of Arabia as Malraux's British counterpart, has a notable, severe preface by Jean-Paul Sartre, who says, "Heroism has to have a pretext; otherwise it would be only suicide," and calls the Lawrence brand of adventurer-writer and the Malraux hero, risking his skin in foreign combat, "heroic parasites." In "Malraux, ou le Mal du Héros," Claude Mauriac, son of the Catholic leader François Mauriac, treats Malraux psychoanalytically under two headings so similar (at least in young Mauriac's mind) as to be separated by only one letter—"*héros*" and "*éros*." Claude Mauriac analyzes Malraux's masculine despair (repeated, like all his ideas, in all his novels and invariably mentioned by French writers dealing with him) at the realization that love informs the necessarily curious lover only of what he, not what she, feels, whereas mere passion, or eroticism, conveniently leaves him egotistically free of that unsatisfiable curiosity. More than half the October, 1948, number of the Paris intelligentsia magazine *Esprit* was given over to him, in a symposium entitled "Interrogation à Malraux." It is now the rarest of any Malraux collector's item. In it, various first-rate writers authoritatively discuss what is called "*le cas Malraux*," meaning his transfer from an early peripheral position in Chinese and French Communist circles to a place by de Gaulle's side in the R.P.F. For three years, this had been the most baffling postwar political evolutionary puzzle to French intellectuals, provoking a storm of consternation, insult, and confusion, which *Esprit's* analysis, much of it very critical of Malraux, brought to an end.

The French consider Malraux the most difficult of all their modern writers to write about. Since he has, with passionate determination, used his unique, complex personal experiences as tests for his inquiries, hypotheses, and conclusions about life, the novels resulting from these experiences are an anthology of his answers, or maxims, which critics are constantly forced to quote in their

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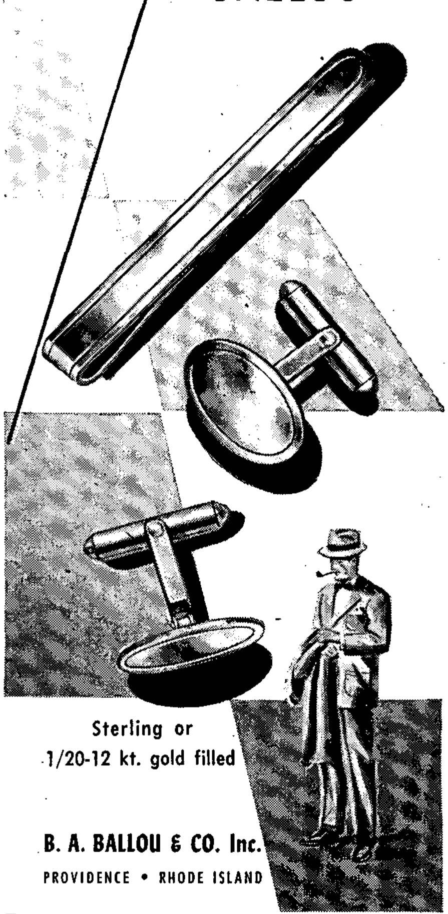

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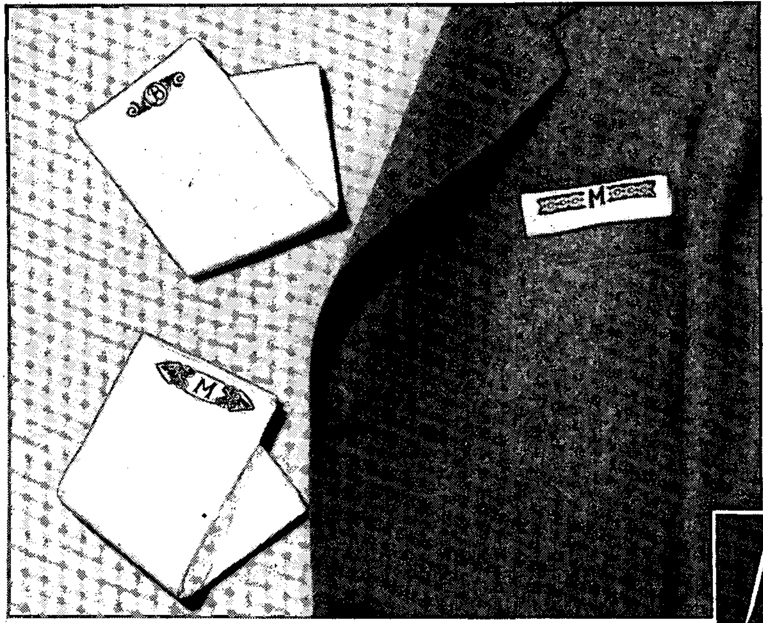

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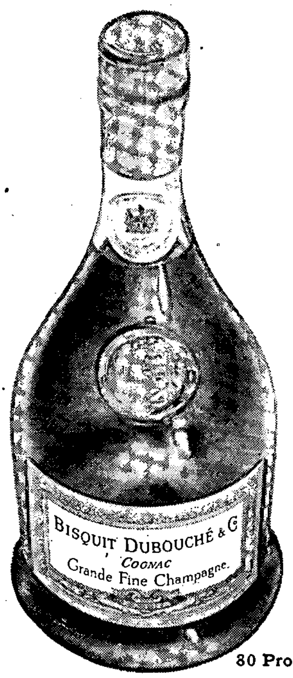

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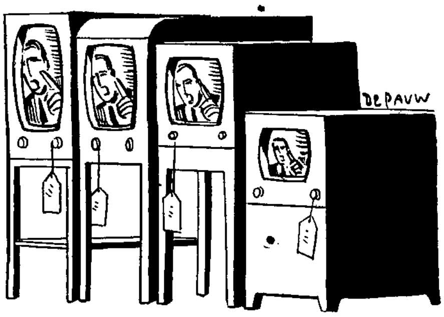
attempts to elucidate him, and in the end Malraux seems the only proper authority on himself. Two critics have made a special study of him. One is Pierre de Boisdeffre, whose book "Métamorphose de la Littérature: de Barrès à Malraux" won the 1950 Grand Prix de la Critique. He begins another book, called "André Malraux," by saying that "his works and personality are too complex and too moving not to discourage any résumé, even the most honest, or any analysis, even the most minute," and forthwith achieves an honest analysis. The other Malraux scholar, the experienced Gaëtan Picon, has produced the most recent work on the subject—"Malraux par Lui-Même," published last year. It is his second lengthy analysis of Malraux. In an illuminating summing-up, he states that "Malraux's life has been a methodical organization of courage," and he continues, "The language he lends to his personages is his own, that of his conversations, filtered, magnified. . . . One finds in the dialogues of his characters a rhythm which is that of his words and his thoughts: the same rapidity, the same brusquerie of attack—a trembling rush by leaps and bounds—the same syncopated pathos, the same alliance of lyric eloquence and sober ellipses. There are the same aphorisms that cannot be gainsaid, the same impassioned formulations, the same fulguration of a flamboyant phrase . . . extinguishing its own light in the fire of a contrary formula. . . . For him, writing is a form of solitude."

As art-book director and literary editor at Gallimard, Malraux still has great influence, even though nowadays he usually functions at long range, by letter. It is considered an event when he appears at the establishment in the Rue Sébastien-Bottin, and the place becomes aflutter. It was not for nothing that one essay on him was called "Malraux le Fascinateur;" he is a magnet for curiosity. Gallimard gives him an open purse to draw from, as the firm's star writer. His ideas for new books and his discoveries of



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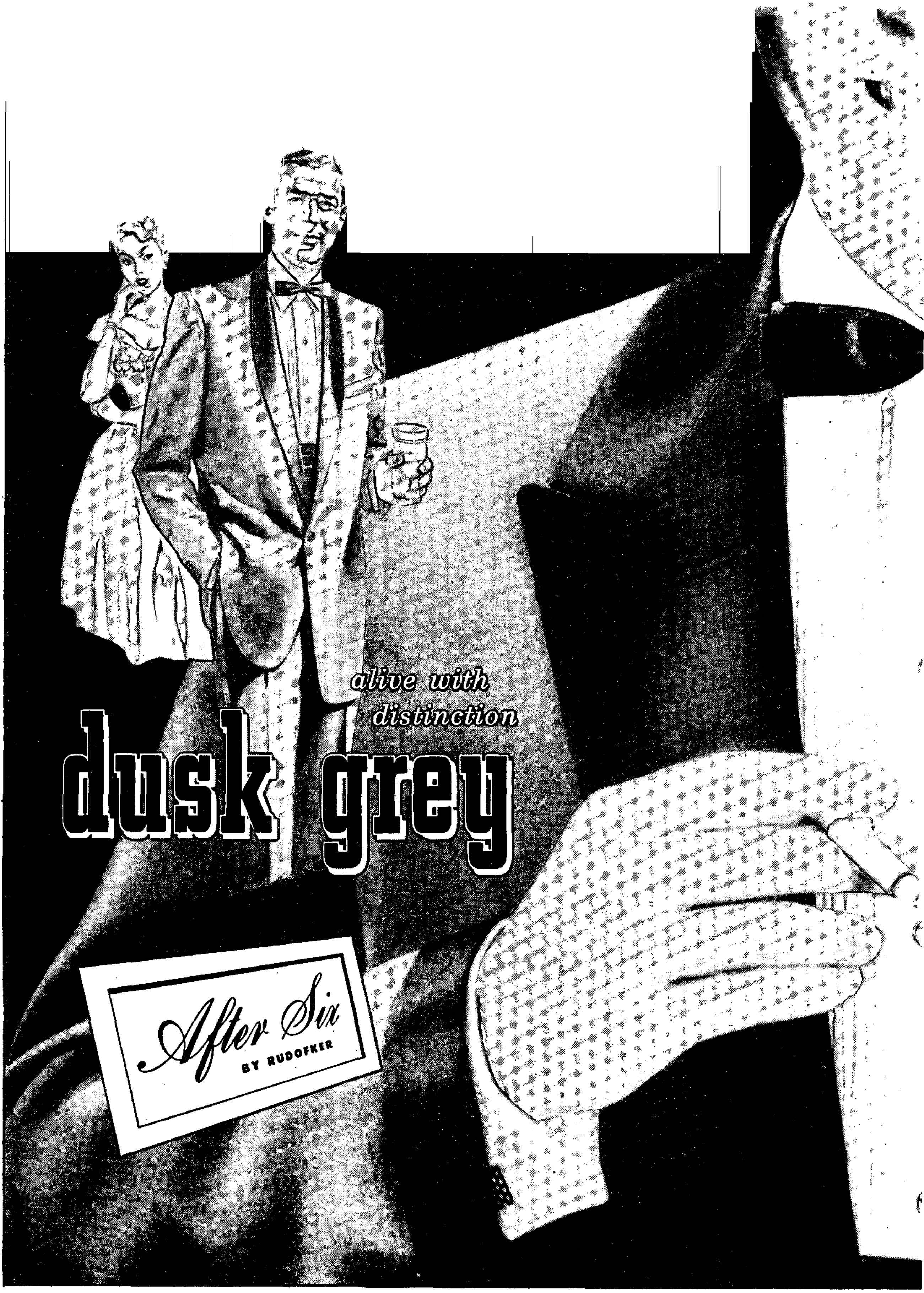

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new talent are automatically accepted; among the latter was his discovery, in prison camp during the war, of the extraordinary social reformer and former priest, the poet Jean Grosjean, whose works the Gallimard monthly *NRF* published to considerable acclaim. Malraux is an expert on printing matters—his taste in typography is considered superlative—and he can handle books from the inception of their idea, which he has often furnished, and the *manuscripts of their writers, whom he* has often selected, on through the printing process, the choice of papers, and the binding. One of his valuable literary-collection ideas was the "Tableau de la Littérature Française, XVII^{e}-XVIII^{e} Siècles," which contained thirty-five essays on French literary figures written by thirty-five modern littérateurs and was published just before the war. The Montesquieu essay was written by the poet Valéry, the essay on the memoirist the Duc de Saint-Simon by the moralist Alain, the essay on Diderot by Drieu La Rochelle, the essay on the playwright Racine by the playwright Giraudoux, the essay on Pascal by François Mauriac, and the essay on Laclos and his eroticized "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" by Malraux himself—a collection so typically unconventional in its choice of authors to write on such hackneyed classics that it has run to thirty-four editions. Malraux has also been responsible for a series of art books known as "La Galerie de la Pléiade." The first volume in the series, "Saturne," contains his own essay on the little-known last years of Goya, after the artist had grown deaf, so could hear no gaiety, feared blindness, in which he could see no more beautiful women, and created his violent, tragic series called "Disasters of War," which Malraux's volume features. In his Pléiade volume on da Vinci, he not only reproduced all the artist's paintings in color and some of his drawings but also included comments on him by Goethe, Stendhal, Walter Pater, the historian Jules Michelet, Oscar Wilde, Henry James, Odilon Redon, Delacroix, and so on, and had the whole printed by Draeger Frères, the Paris *maîtres-imprimeurs*, making a resplendent and, of course, costly volume.

Doubleday & Company published the American edition of Malraux's recent "Les Voix du Silence" ("The Voices of Silence"), and found it an exceptionally complicated piece of publishing, since the book was printed in English in Paris and contained more than four hundred art reproductions, but the

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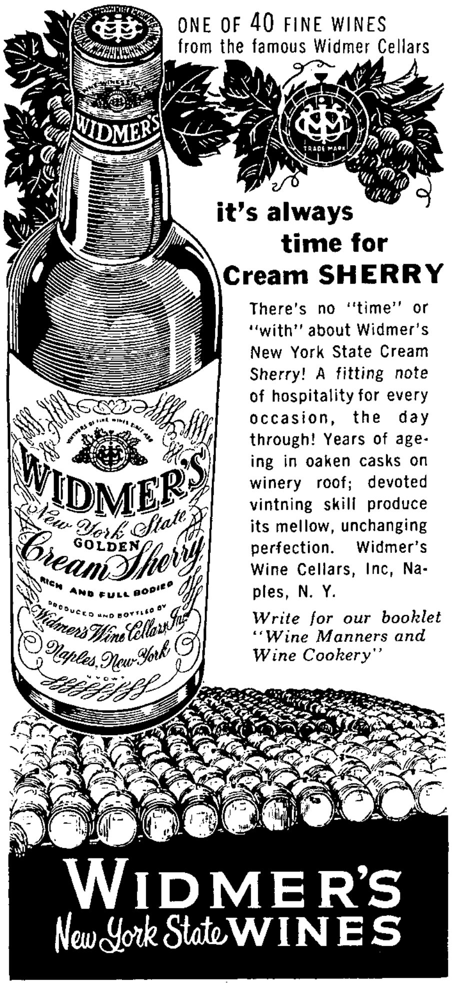
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former Paris representative of Doubleday said not long ago, with an air of pleased surprise, that Malraux had been one of the hardest-working and easiest authors Doubleday had ever handled. People enjoy working with him, in spite of his exhausting dynamism; projecting his own intelligence, he has confidence in them. To the perspicacious translator of "The Voices of Silence"—Stuart Gilbert, who, earlier, was one of the men who translated Joyce's "Ulysses" into French—Malraux said disarmingly, since the job of putting his book into another language was likewise no sinecure, "You'll find my lyric passages frequent and fatiguing; just do the best you can with them." In relation to work or even in simple discussion, however, Malraux is notorious for not answering a direct question, and never giving the limited answer desired. Last year, as one of the twenty-five members of the Conseil Artistique de la Réunion des Musées Nationaux (he inherited Gide's seat), who meet with the directors of the Louvre to give their opinions on, among other things, purchases of art the museum has in mind, he favored buying a small canvas by Petrus Christus, a follower of the van Eycks, which some of the other members did not admire, for stated reasons. Thereupon, Malraux reportedly said, "But as you well know . . ." and courteously deluged them with a cascade of information that no one without his heterogeneous mind could possibly know and that had nothing to do with what they disliked in the canvas. It was subsequently purchased.

Probably because his forte is so invincibly the French language, Malraux has never been able to speak any other usefully. He reads Greek, having kept up with it since his schooldays, and says he knows English well enough to read Shakespeare but not well enough to talk English to a London taxi-driver. While living in enforced idleness under the German Occupation, he found somewhere a book of English correspondence, which he concentrated on, because England, then carrying the burden of the war, was in his mind, and also because it contained some of the letters of Lawrence of Arabia, the one contemporary personality who fascinated Malraux as greatly as both men have generally fascinated others. As a consequence, he wrote in 1941 a study of Lawrence, called "N'Etait-ce Donc Que Cela?," which has been printed since the war in a limited, de-luxe edition. Naturally, as his unique vis-à-vis, Malraux was able to

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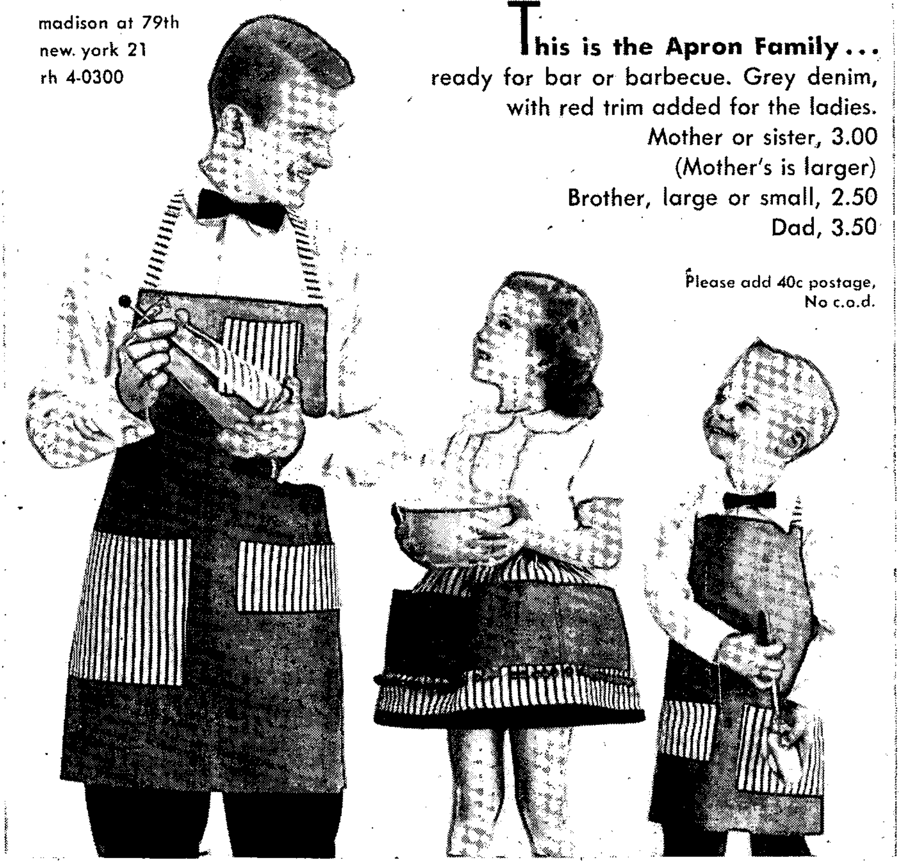

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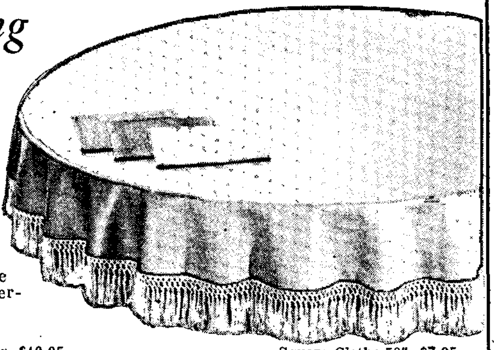

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make an analysis of Lawrence that is like no other writer's; he regards Lawrence's life as highly significant, though not exemplary, and believes it was partly what he rejected of his life that transformed him into a negative myth. Shortly before Lawrence was killed, he and Malraux met for a few minutes, almost without knowing it; Lawrence had never read anything by Malraux, and Malraux was not sure it was Lawrence he was meeting.

Also written in 1941 was the first volume—called "Les Noyers de l'Altenburg" ("The Walnut Trees of Altenburg") and dedicated to his son Pierre-Gauthier—of his latest novel, a trilogy. It was published first in 1943 in Switzerland, under the title of the entire novel "La Lutte avec l'Ange" ("The Struggle with the Angel"), and published in France in 1948. Actually, it is less than half of what he originally wrote, the Gestapo having destroyed the rest. It is unlike any of the other Malraux novels. In rhythm it is musical, almost symphonic; it is by no means always easy to follow; and it uses the familiar Malraux material in such different forms and proportions as to show a new Malraux—the anxious veteran of his previous wars and his triumphant younger thoughts. It is, however, like all his other novels in being nearly impossible to summarize. The work falls into five parts in time and in stages in the lives of a family of Alsatians named Berger (from which came Colonel Malraux's *nom de guerre* of Colonel Berger, given him by Maquis friends who had read the book). The principal figure in the first part is the young Frenchman Berger, a wounded prisoner who is being sheltered in Chartres Cathedral after the German breakthrough in 1940. In the second part, set in 1908, his professorial father, then a German Alsatian, is on a strange propaganda mission for Enver Pasha, who had a vain dream of a Turkish blood alliance; this mission takes him among the wild khans of Central Asia, where he becomes a legend among those tribes, much as Lawrence later became among the Arabs. Included in the third part is what is sometimes a serious account and sometimes a broad takeoff of a philosophers' conclave held back home in Altenburg, where the elder Berger and his brother are visited by a famous philosopher; this man's ideas are probably caricatures of the ideas of Oswald Spengler (whose view of a discontinuity in man's civilization Malraux does not share). The fourth part contains the father's experiences on the Vis-

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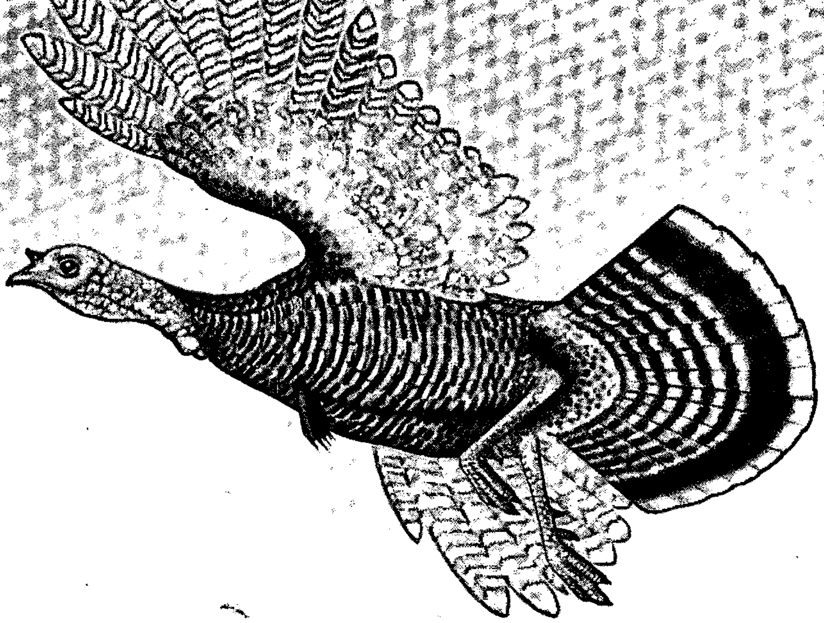

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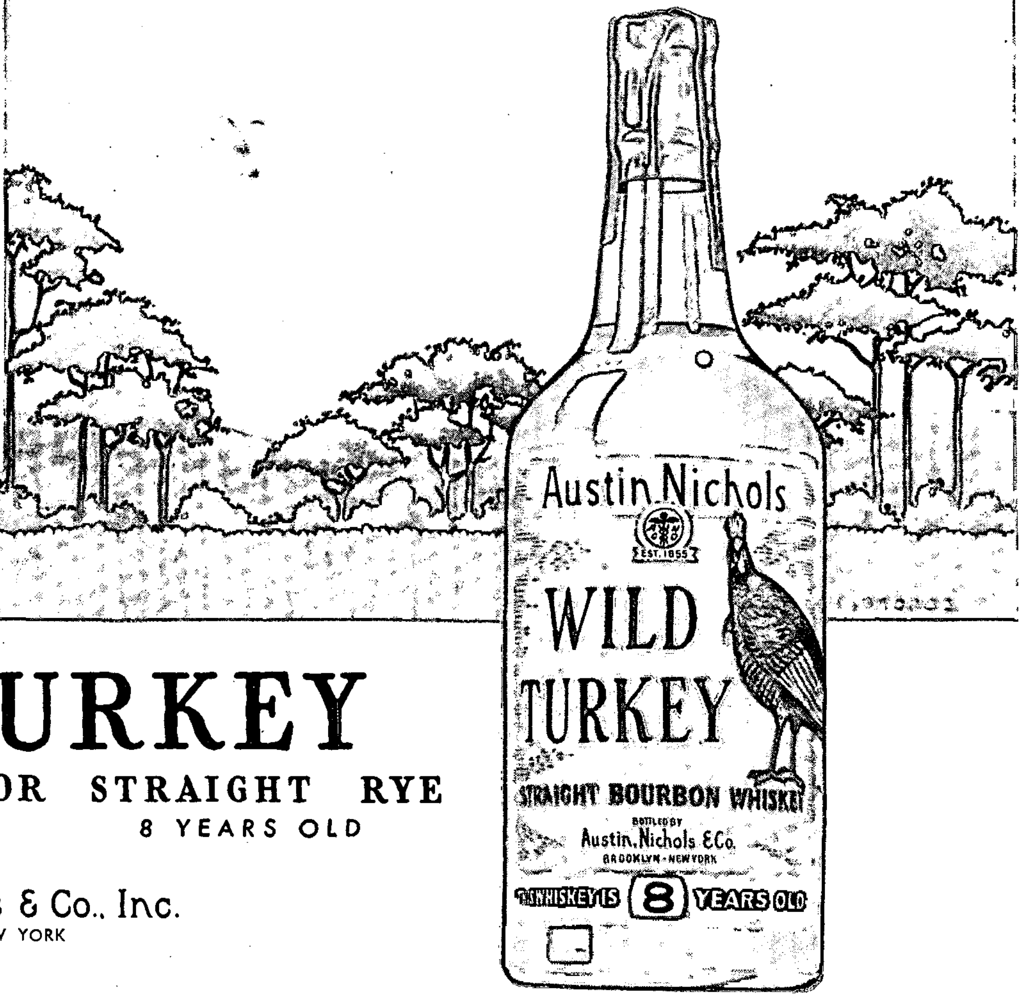
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tula front in the First World War, where he is trying to rescue some stricken Russians, against whom the Germans were first using the horror of poison gas. Part five gets back to the younger Berger, recalling the time his tank—another modern cruelty Malraux wanted to include in his record of man—was caught in a tank trap (an experience Malraux's father had had in 1918, in the First World War), from which, after his anguish, he emerged as if newborn, with new hope, into the miracle of being alive again: an optimistic end for a Malraux hero, since his heroes usually die. The book is filled with symbols. It is interpreted as a study of man's obstinate, tragic search for understanding between men, in which the old Altenburg walnut trees—persistent Nature herself—stand as the most encouraging symbol of all.

Last year, Malraux made another of his trips to Isfahan, one of his favorite cities, and found an Iran that is now the Oriental crux, as China was in the thirties, of the modern imperialist struggle—this time over oil. His next novel will have Iran as part of its background and will be the second part of the trilogy of which the Altenburg volume is the first.

IN January of this year, Malraux, accompanied by his wife, paid his third visit to New York, as a delegate to the International Congress on Art History and Museology, which helped celebrate the opening of some of the Metropolitan Museum's recently rearranged galleries. Asked by reporters if he agreed with Miss Rebecca West that America's railroad stations were its cathedrals, he said no, its museums were. An American college president who sat next to him at one of several gala New York dinners he attended reported afterward that Malraux had no small talk.

The guest on Malraux's other side reported that the college president had opened the conversation by saying jocularly, "You Europeans give us a lot of trouble."

"The Balkans used to give us trouble, too," Malraux replied.

"But we haven't got any Balkans," the president protested.

"You have us Europeans," Malraux said, in what the Quai d'Orsay would consider very good table talk indeed.

"How long have you worked on your art books?" an acquaintance asked Malraux last year.

"All my life," he answered.

So far, he has worked from 1935 to 1954 at actually writing them down

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New Rochelle, N. Y.....Greentree Linens, Inc.
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Philadelphia, Pa..........Henry A. Hurst Inc.
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& Branches in Ardmore & Jenkintown, Pa.
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Philadelphia, Pa.............John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.......................Korrick's
Pittsburgh, Pa...................Kaufmann's
Princeton, N. J...........L. Bamberger & Co.
Providence, R. I.............The Shepard Co.
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Rochester, N. Y.........B. Forman & Company
Rochester, N. Y.....Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
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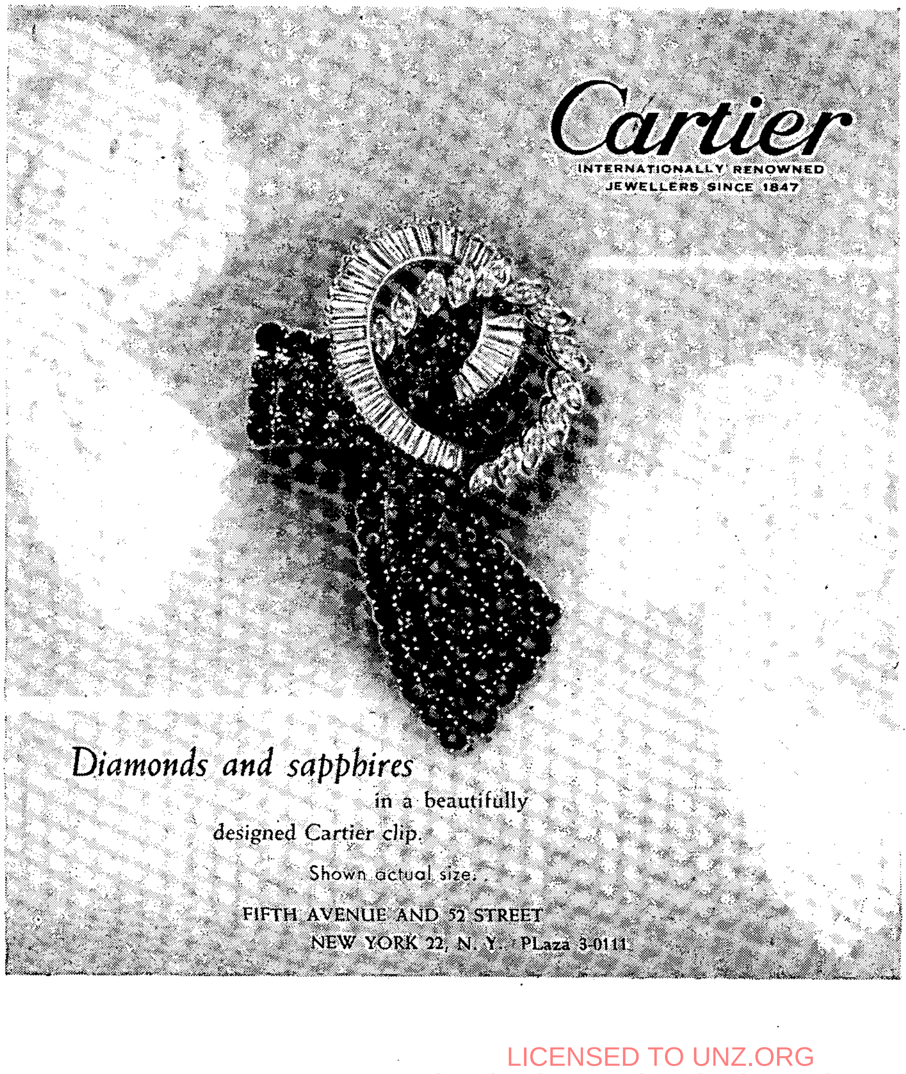

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and should finish next year, making a period of twenty years in all, with time off for his participation in two wars. "Les Voix du Silence," published in 1951 by Gallimard in Paris, with its four hundred and sixty-five art illustrations, is a thick, one-volume revision and expansion of his "La Psychologie de l'Art," which consisted of three volumes. The most astonishing of these in its thesis was "Le Musée Imaginaire," and the two others were "La Création Artistique," and "La Monnaie de l'Absolu." "Les Voix du Silence" has been followed by three more volumes, under the over-all heading of "Le Musée Imaginaire de la Sculpture Mondiale," consisting of "La Statuaire," published in 1953, "Des Bas-Reliefs aux Grottes Sacrées," published in July, 1954, and "Le Monde Chrétien," which will be published this month. Each of the three volumes opens with a brief Malraux essay on its special subject, terminates with notes on all the illustrations, supplied by museum experts from around the world, and features several hundred reproductions—remarkable in selection and often of art items that are not generally known. A fifth and final volume, which will resemble "Les Voix du Silence" in that theories and text will be extensive, is to be called "La Métamorphose des Dieux" and will be published next year. Malraux says that this will finish a project he has aimed at since youth—an interpretative psychology and history of art.

According to Doubleday, "The Voices of Silence" in English translation ran ten per cent longer than it had in French, and represented an investment of close to two hundred thousand dollars by the time it was published, last November, in an edition of thirty thousand. Its price was twenty-five dollars a copy, and nearly half the edition was sold by Christmas, providing Malraux with the richest immediate royalties he has ever known. In both the American edition and the Gallimard de-luxe edition, its sale has been phenomenal.

"Les Voix du Silence," which is dedicated to Malraux's wife Madeleine, was begun in 1950, when, he said, being ill and housebound, he could concentrate on the kind of work it entailed. The book's myriad illustrations serve as proof of his main thesis in "Le Musée Imaginaire"—that through photography and the modern printing press we of this century have become the first-generation heirs to an imaginary ubiquitous museum, containing art from the cave men on down, which gives us more knowledge of art, its

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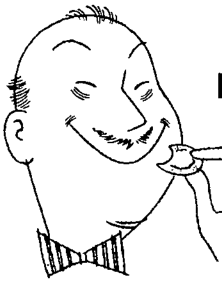
styles, and its significance in man's development than any actual museum ever on earth could supply. This new familiarity with art makes art, for Malraux, a starting point for a modern universal humanism. What he calls his "oversimplified summary"—the six hundred and fifty pages of "The Voices of Silence"—is a polyphonic orchestration of his themes and creative thinking. In it he creates, by means of his special mentation and ideas, and his unconventional choice and use of reproductions, a prodigious combined history, psychology, and interpretation of art—and, in a way, a philosophy of art, and of man, too, not only because of the vast ground it covers but because it poses, in Edmund Wilson's phrase, "profound inquiries into mankind's position and purpose." To the above-average reader that the book demands, much of its stimulation and value lie in Malraux's startling gift for putting important elements of aesthetic inheritance into new and proper relations for observation, and correctively placing them in a perspective that stretches back over five thousand years. Thus, he starts by saying that the museum as an institution is only two hundred years old, a European invention; that the Greeks who created "art" had no word for it and would not have known what we mean by the idea; and that if modern visitors to the Louvre felt the same emotions while looking at a famous Crucifixion painting that its *moyenâgeux* appreciators felt, it would have to be taken out of the Louvre and put back in a church. He says that Athens was never white but that her statues, once brightly painted but blanched by time when Europe's eyes found them, conditioned its sensibilities, and today the whiteness of Greek art is an obstinate, false, precious classic ideal. He says that only when opulent Renaissance Christendom chose to acquire beautiful forms that had been created for service to other gods and to men did there emerge the notion of specific value, which we now call art, with oldness suddenly conceived of as part of its richness, and with objects torn out of time, to be appreciated, coveted, priced, collected, bought, and sold.

"The Voices of Silence" is a glittering mosaic of ideas. Often, Malraux's pertinent comment is so Gallic as to be conversational and witty—a treat in any art book. His text is alternately weighty with the gravity of his ideas and buoyant with the intimacy of his imagination. Among other things, he says that "the Greek nude came into its own without heredity and without blemish;" that



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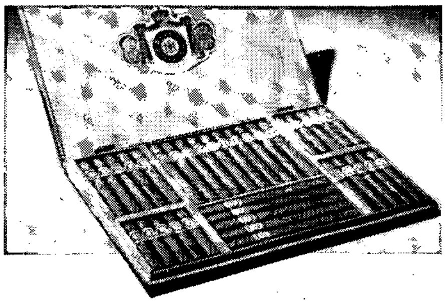

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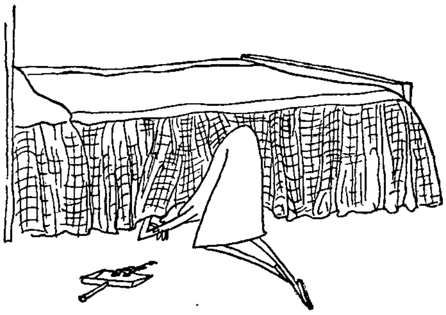
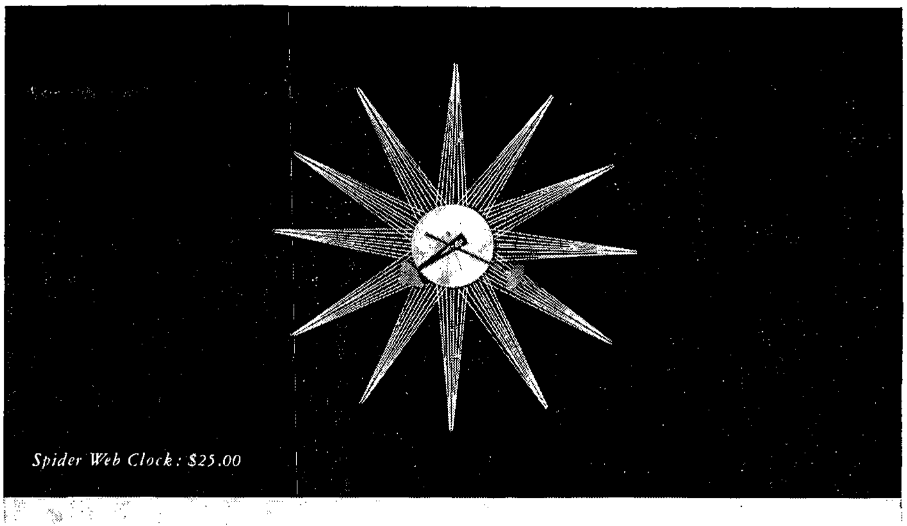
Greek art's moving spirit was "its tireless cult of man;" that after the Greeks, Christian art was in need not of anatomy but of theology; that female statues in Gothic Catholic churches are more like women than the Aphrodite of Syracuse, but that she is the style of woman men prefer. He refers to baroque gestures as those of drowning men. He points out the fact that in Manet's "Portrait of Clemenceau," Manet is everything and Clemenceau nearly nothing; and that it wasn't that Cézanne liked apples so much but that he could put himself more effectively into apples than Raphael had been able to put himself into the portrait of Pope Leo X.

While there are dozens of such notions twinkling through the book's pages, Malraux's purpose is profound and transcendent. As if tortured by his ambivalent relation to Christianity, he gives repeated, varied analyses of the change in art from pagan torsos to the faces of martyred Christian saints. The movement of his mind among the great periods of art, in different corners of the earth, in terms of history and the changes in man's imagination, and his slow pursuit, across aeons, of an art that served all cults and gods until, faith fading, it was in the nineteenth century freed from both faith and fiction and became a report on the artist's inner reality—these sweeps of Malraux's attention are clear, magnificently informative, and well distributed, in a book that overgenerously contains too much, too often without clear connections, to be easily read. A major theory of his is "the metamorphosis of art." He states that "by the mere fact of its birth, every great art modifies those that arose before it; after van Gogh, Rembrandt has never been quite the same as he was after Delacroix. . . . Metamorphosis is not a matter of chance; it is a law governing the life of every work of art." In his tour around the world and the centuries, Malraux treats of the contemplative art of China, with its Buddhist temples, deals with Khmer art, with the great marriage of color in Byzantium's artistic effulgence, the





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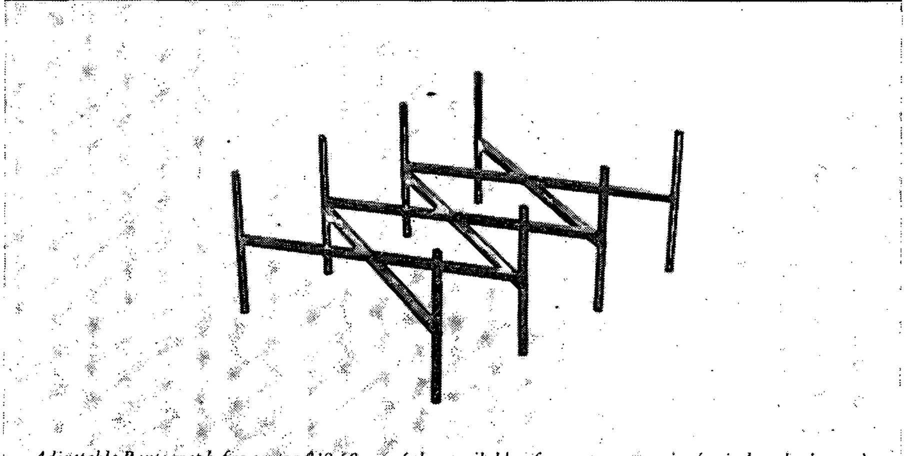

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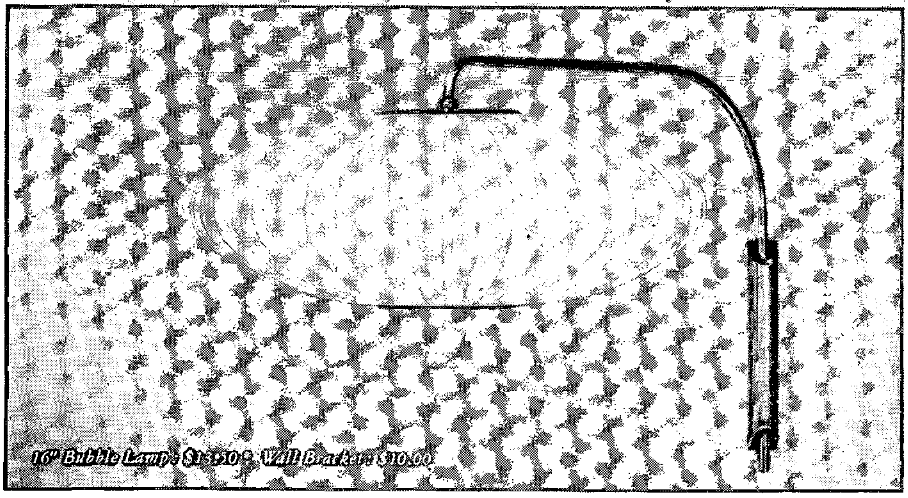

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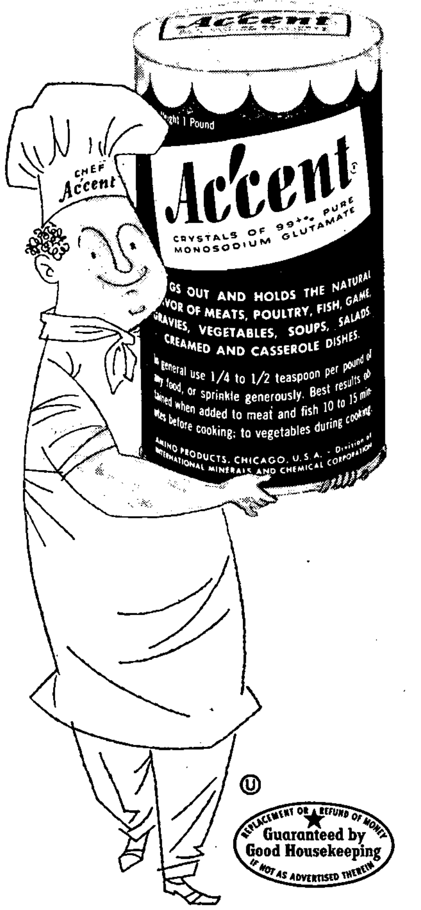
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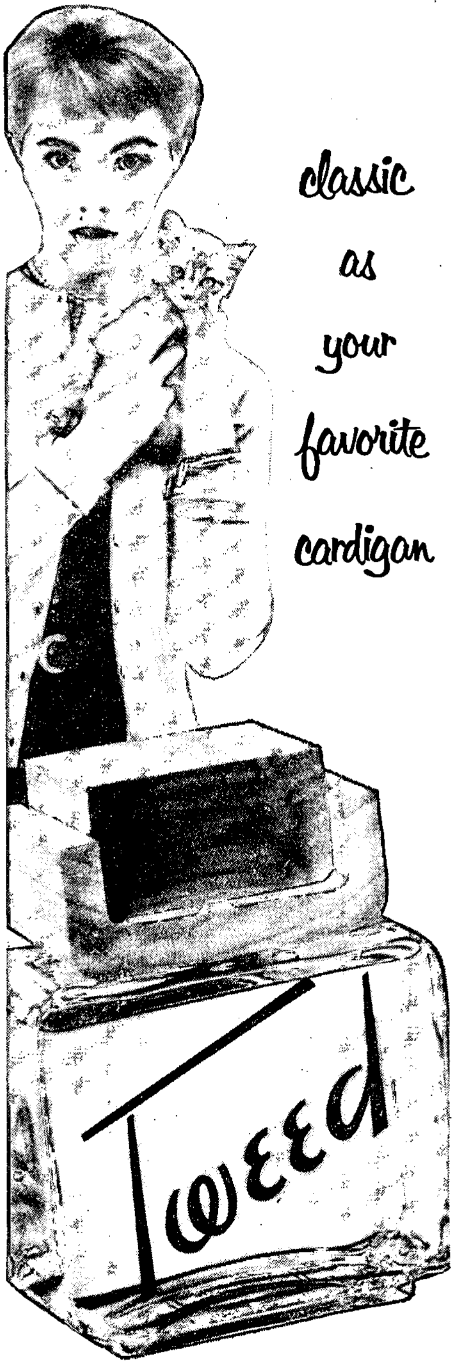
Madonnas of Rome's early churches, twelfth-century Japanese painting, European Romanesque, and Europe's population of Gothic statues (the only Christians without sin, he thinks); he treats of rupestrian art, so recently discovered, and of Negro art, folk art, and even the paintings of children and lunatics; he passes through the early stylization of Giotto, whom he considers the greatest Christian painter; through Goya, another of his favorites, who he thinks foreshadowed modern art; and on to Picasso and the modernists, who he thinks aim, by their inner schema, at subduing everything to their style—a modern art in which, he says, the masses find the acrid taste of something they feel is a betrayal. Art itself he defines as "that whereby forms are transmuted into style." En route through his book, he includes essays on such favorite artistic giants of his as Michelangelo, Rembrandt, Vermeer, Caravaggio, Tintoretto, and El Greco. In a kind of calendar of growth, he shows the artist moving away from the early seasons of the gods, or even God, and into his own concerns—matters like taste and style—till, after the Renaissance, he solved the problem of simulating reality, now left to the camera, which frees art utterly from the need for similitude. He also emphasizes that after the Renaissance, art finally became free of fiction, of the need to tell any story, holy or unholy, and that in the mid-nineteenth century modern Western art finally emerged in France, at last setting the artist completely free for his own philosophy of individualism. Malraux thinks Manet was the first modern, though Cézanne "is still a king."

"Les Voix du Silence" is a book whose excitement and inspiration for average intelligent laymen can probably best be measured by certain dissatisfactions it has given many museum men, though the research work for all Malraux's art books has been supplied precisely by men who work in museums and are foremost authorities in their particular art fields. His critics among museum men say Malraux answers the questions that he raises not with professional conclusions but with his own opinions, and on the whole they tend to regard him as a scintillating interloper who has burst through the guarded walls of their precincts. They are scandalized at his giving so much importance to the photography of art, instead of concentrating only on art originals. In France, it seems to some churchly minds that, in his lonely agnosticism, he has attributed to art the exalta-



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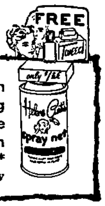

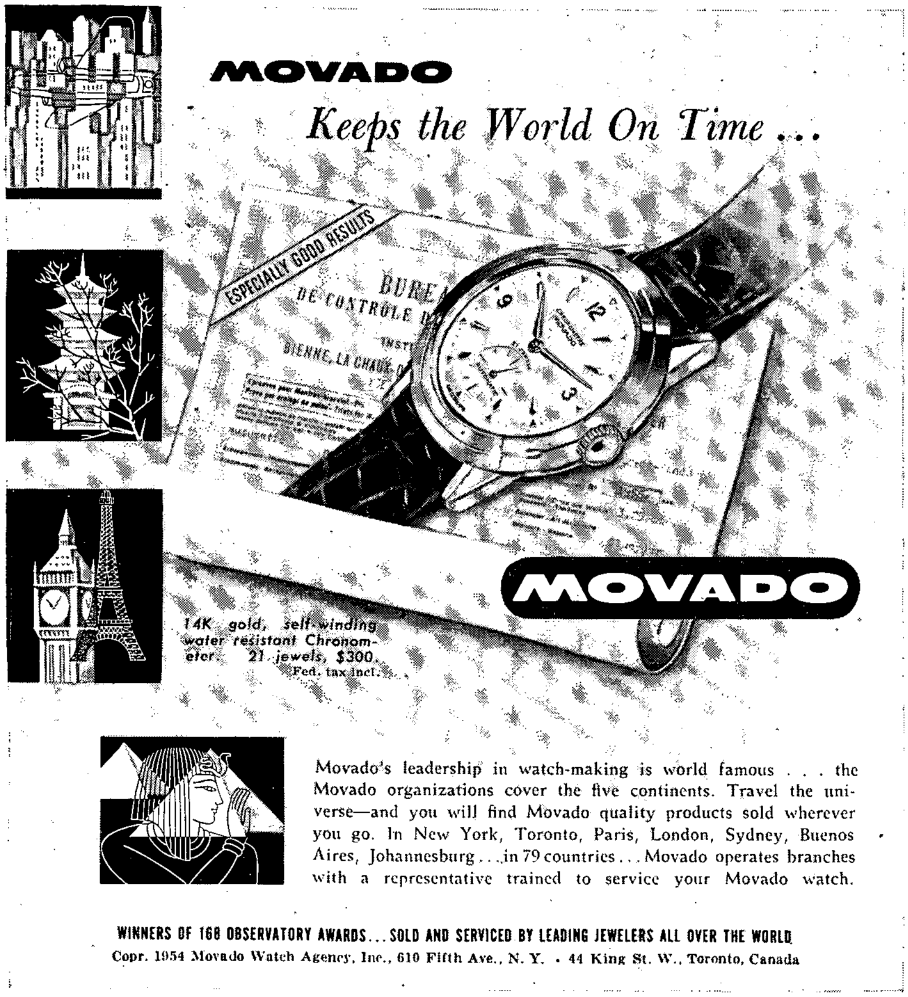
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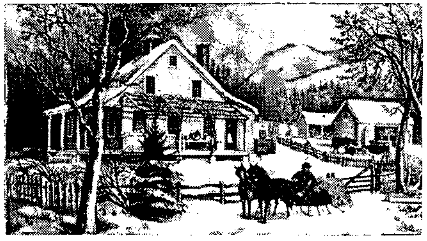

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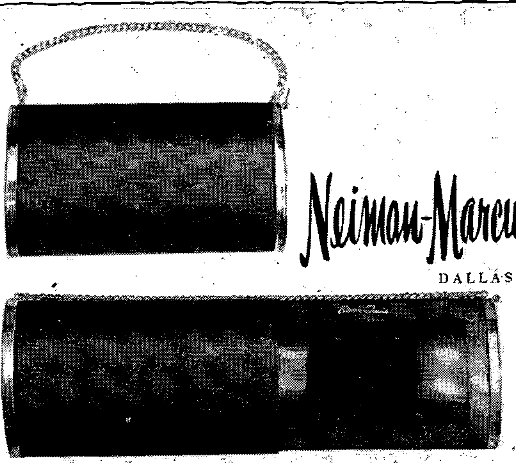

tion and comfort of religion, and has thus found the divine in the creative, visual works of man—a heresy of aesthetics. To the French intelligentsia, part of the value of Malraux's art criticisms is that, like those of Baudelaire, the writing itself is touched by literary genius. But to critics generally, to many philosophers, and to intelligent laymen, "The Voices of Silence" is a major step forward in Malraux's desperate search for man's immortality as an answer to man's fate. In writing of art, he is also writing of his disillusionment with man's politics, revolutions, and deadly inventions. "The Voices of Silence" is perhaps the most extraordinary monologue that any modern man has carried on in his relentless quest for an answer to his solitude. As Malraux has said of himself, "*Je suis en art comme on est en religion.*"

Malraux has been more concerned than any other Frenchman of his generation with man and *la condition humaine*, which man creates and against which man rebels, and he has also been, more than any other Frenchman, an adventurer, with his mind and body, into the temples, churches, and museums, the politics, hopes, and frenzied courage, the revolutions and wars of his time. Thus, Malraux, more than any other French writer and thinker, ranks for France as a unique witness to and recorder of history by having made parts of it his own, in the first half of our century. —JANET FLANNER

(*This is the second of two articles on André Malraux.*)

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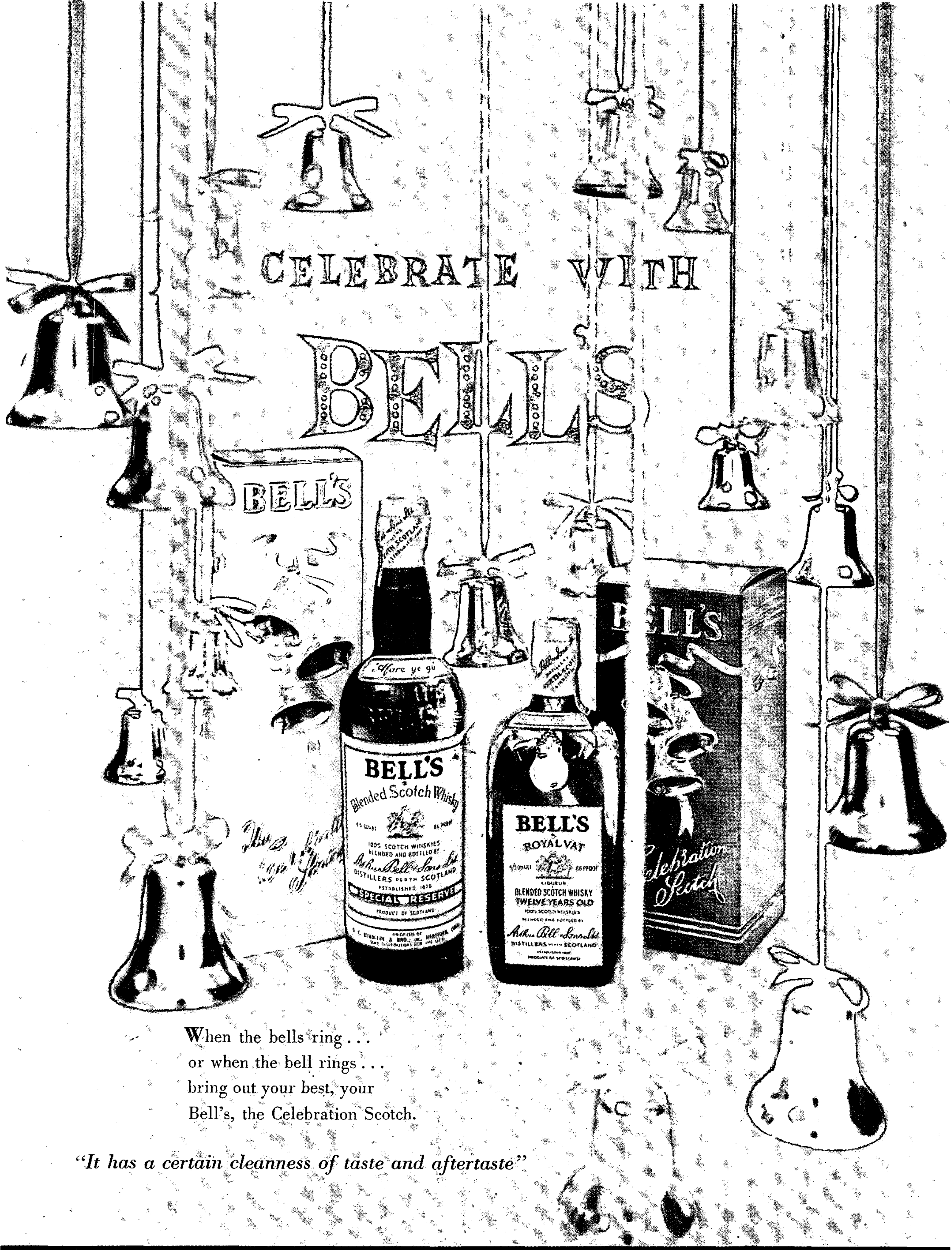
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THE THEATRE

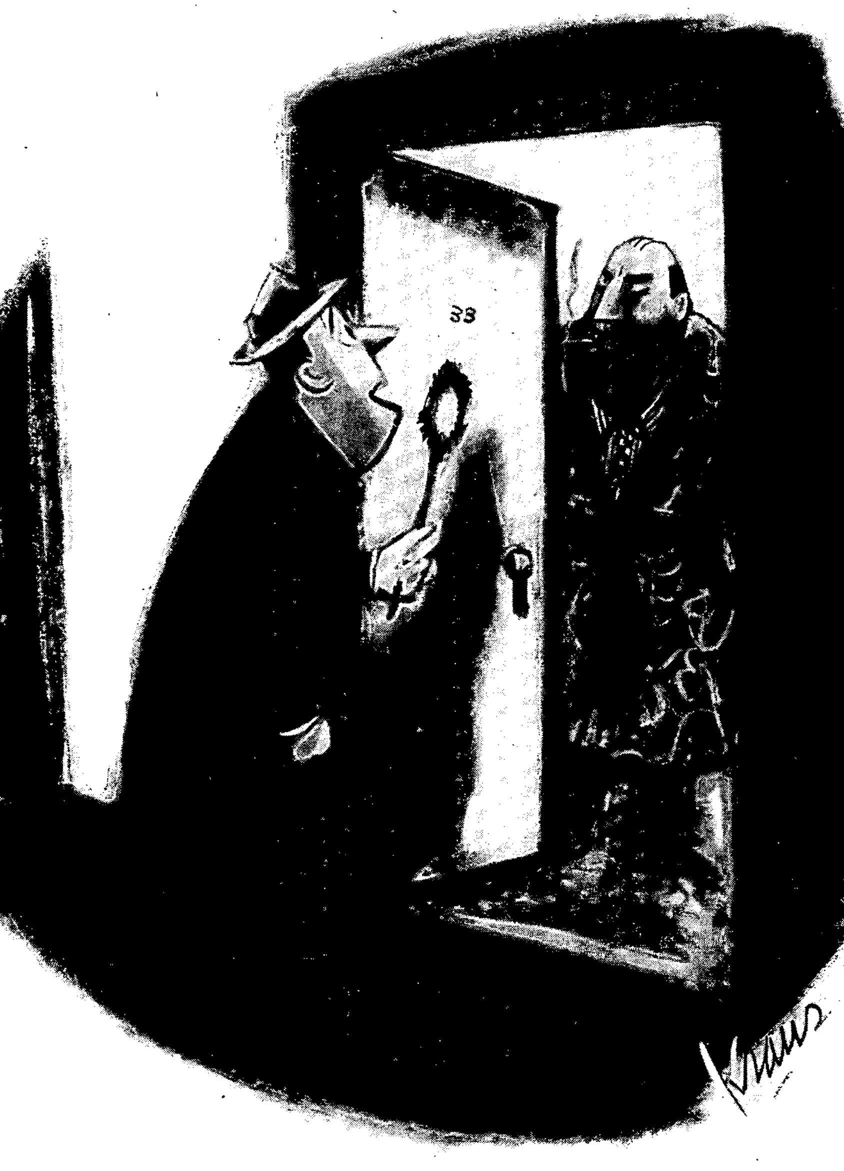
MR. COWARD AND THE LUNTS, AND MARSEILLE WITH MUSIC

THE Noel Coward play "Quadrille," which opened at the Coronet last Wednesday, is patently a vehicle for the aggressive, crowd-pleasing team of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. I won't say that it is otherwise totally unnecessary. After all, what with its local production and an earlier one in London, it has created a substantial number of man-hours of employment. But I doubt whether Mr. Coward had any particular purpose in mind when he wrote it beyond reuniting the Lunts with their public and, possibly, determining whether he could write sentences of dialogue as long as Henry James's or Edith Wharton's, given—as he gave himself—a James-Wharton year (1873) and James-Wharton plot matter (upper-class Anglo-American matings and mating habits).

"Quadrille" does, of course, restore the Lunts to circulation. It does prove, if proof were needed, that Mr. Coward can hold his own in any company at writing sesquipedalian dialogue. The play takes full advantage of the fact that 1873—and 1874, which is the date of the last act—was a year when the bon ton on both sides of the Atlantic took a long time getting from subject to predicate. It capitalizes unashamedly on the Lunts' talent for managing outsize phrases and making them sound clear and graceful. Edna Best and Brian Aherne, who complete the foursome that gives the play its name, are a trifle less expert at this kind of work. At one point in a remarkably long-winded second act, the others turn wolfishly on Mr. Aherne and try to transfer their guilt neuroses to him by telling him that he talks too much.

Not that the talk, Mr. Aherne's or any of the others', is dull or shabby. You would be aware, even if you had never heard of Mr. Coward before, that "Quadrille" was the work of a witty, intelligent man. But it is pointless work, which seems to me to move in a vacuum. Its tone is meant to be tender—to evoke the sort of sentiment that the author himself, in another period piece, has called "bitter-sweet." But this time, Mr. Coward has done little more to provide a sad, calm atmosphere of nostalgia than sprinkle his play with topical allusions—the Albert Hall, Jenny Lind, Disraeli, the Tichborne impersonation case—and rely on Cecil Beaton's costumes and settings, Mr. Lunt's whiskers, and Miss Fontanne's virtuosity in talking with her mouth full of Victorian tea and toast. In the first act, Mr. Aherne (Miss Fontanne's husband) and Miss Best (Mr. Lunt's wife) elope to the South of France, and it is almost impossible, as you watch and listen to them, to imagine why, especially since Miss Best, normally a comely and beguiling actress, is made up to look like the young woman on the Old Dutch Cleanser cans and behaves like a character in the comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." In the next act, Miss Fontanne and Mr. Lunt pursue the fugitives and retrieve them, in the course of which operation they fall in love and pave the way for their own elopement in the last act. The second pairing is no more plausible than the first. Mr. Coward appears to have banked strongly on the fact that Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne naturally attract each other, for reasons that have nothing to do with his play, Henry James, Edith Wharton, or Disraeli. In "Quadrille," Mr. Lunt, a rugged American industrialist, ostensibly wins Miss Fontanne's cool British heart with a prose poem in favor of railroading that is as eloquent as anything Lucius Beebe ever wrote.

The play has a large and, I believe,



"How do you do, sir. Is your—er—moll at home?"

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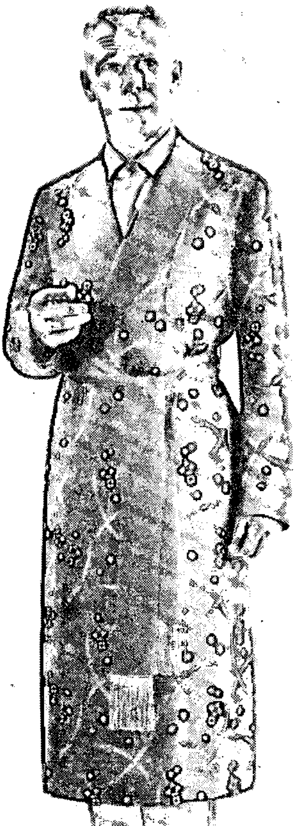

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superfluous supporting cast. Considering that their parts are irrelevant, Jerome Kilty, Brenda Forbes, Dorothy Sands, and Michael Lewis do good work.

If you enjoyed "South Pacific," "Carousel," "The King and I," and other examples of the contemporary school of musical play in which plot and character prevail over comedy and kneecaps, you are pretty sure to enjoy "Fanny," the new arrival at the Majestic. Like the shows I've mentioned, "Fanny" was drawn from an unusual source. Its story is based on a trio of plays, by Marcel Pagnol, about poor but energetic waterfront types in Marseille. Like the Rodgers and Hammerstein shows, it is determinedly warmhearted, and tends to substitute sunniness or wholesomeness for wit. Like them, it has been richly produced, and teems with songs and actors. Occasionally—in fact, often—the original flavor of the source material is smothered in the heavy juices of production. But that seems to be a standard flaw of the plot-and-character musical. The songs in "Fanny," which were written by Harold Rome, hew faithfully, as the new Broadway custom is, to the story line. Some of them are pretty, too—"Never Too Late for Love," for instance, and "Be Kind to Your Parents," and "Fanny." They are not as good, I think, as Mr. Rodgers' songs. But, by way of compensation, the book of "Fanny," which was written by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, is superior to many of Mr. Hammerstein's librettos—partly, perhaps, because it is built on a stronger foundation than "South Pacific" or "The King and I."

Ezio Pinza, who played a fine, forceful, attractive, and melodious character—namely, himself—in "South Pacific," plays himself again in "Fanny." He is, nominally, a saloonkeeper who wants his son to marry a neighbor's daughter and settle down to hereditary saloonkeeping. His son, however, heeds the call of the sea instead, and the neighbor's daughter, to give their unborn child a name, has the excellent judgment to marry the true star of the show, Walter Slezak. Mr. Slezak, as Panisse, a well-to-do sailmaker, does marvels of acting in "Fanny," by musical-show standards. He is gentle, rakish, bold, self-pitying, gallant, and cowardly in, I suspect, much the way M. Pagnol meant this middle-aged husband to be. Also, Mr. Slezak, as you may know, sings well. He does not

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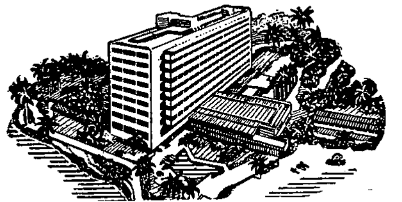

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sing as well as Mr. Pinza, but then, as David Merrick and Mr. Logan, the producers of "Fanny," undoubtedly reasoned when they set out to make their package surefire, who does? William Tabbert, as Mr. Pinza's seagoing son, is tuneful, athletic, and generally effective. Florence Henderson, as the girl he leaves behind him, looks nice and sounds nice. Nejla Ates, the most gifted belly dancer to come out of Turkey in my time, stirs her diaphragm with distinction.

Buried somewhere beneath the lavish trimmings there is a wise, quiet, gravely poetic quality in "Fanny" that may appeal to you. For that matter, the trimmings may appeal to you, too.

—JOHN LARDNER

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THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist," by Alexander Berkman, 1912*]

How often we discussed this, Fedya and I. He was somewhat inclined to sybaritism; not quite emancipated from the tendencies of his *bourgeois* youth. Once in New York—I shall never forget—at the time when our circle had just begun the publication of the first Jewish Anarchist paper in America, we came to blows. We, the most intimate friends; yes, actually came to blows. Nobody would have believed it. They used to call us the Twins. If I happened to appear anywhere alone, they would inquire, anxiously, "What is the matter? Is your chum sick?" It was so unusual; we were each other's shadow. But one day I struck him. He had outraged my most sacred feelings: to spend twenty cents for a meal! It was not mere extravagance; it was positively a crime, incredible in a revolutionist. I could not forgive him for months. Even now,—two years have passed,—yet a certain feeling of resentment still remains with me. What right had a revolutionist to such self-indulgence? The movement needed aid; every cent was valuable. To spend twenty cents for a single meal! He was a traitor to the Cause. True, it was his first meal in two days, and we were economizing on rent by sleeping in the parks. He had worked hard, too, to earn the money. But he should have known that he had no right to his earnings while the movement stood in such need of funds. His defence (cq) was unspeakably aggravating: he had earned ten dollars that week—he had given seven into the paper's treasury—he needed three dollars for his week's expenses—his shoes were torn, too. I had no patience with such arguments. They merely proved his *bourgeois* predilections. Personal comforts could not be of any consideration to a true revolutionist. It was a question of the movement; *its* needs, the first issue. Every penny spent for ourselves was so much taken from the Cause. True, the revolutionist must live. But luxury is a crime; worse, a weakness. One could exist on five cents a day. Twenty cents for a single meal! Incredible. It was robbery.

"Careful, Don't Waste a Drop"

By Dave Attebury

The Indian guide we had engaged for our hunting trip proved to be thoroughly competent—and completely non-talkative. Throughout the first day about all he said was "yes" or "no" in answer to a question, and we had begun to wonder how much English he really knew. That evening, while he was cooking supper, we opened a bottle of Old Smuggler. We were just about to taste our drinks when a wild rabbit ran practically between our legs. Naturally, we jumped. But we were even more startled when we heard the voice of our guide say, in clearly enunciated syllables, "Careful, don't waste a drop—that is Old Smuggler."

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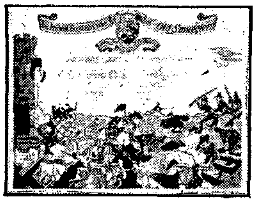

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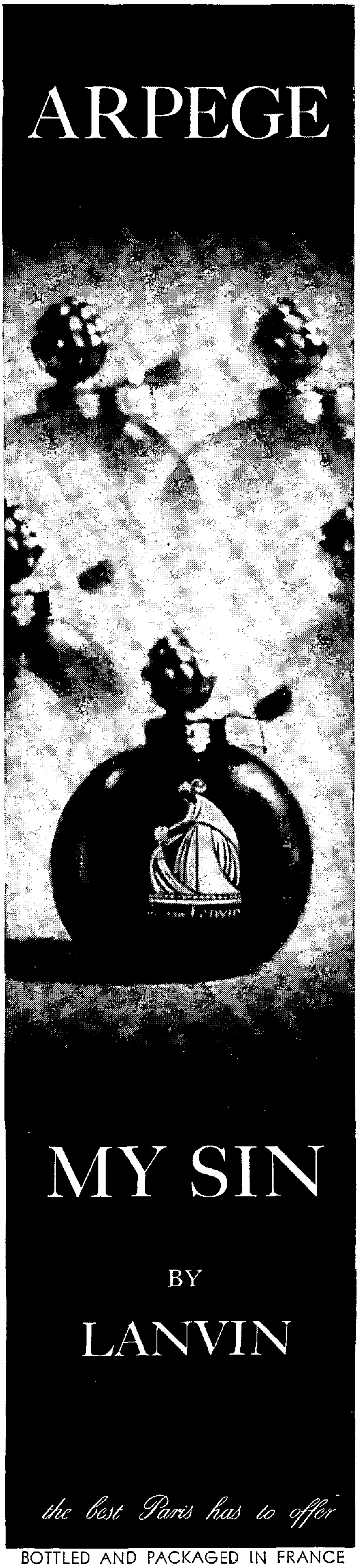
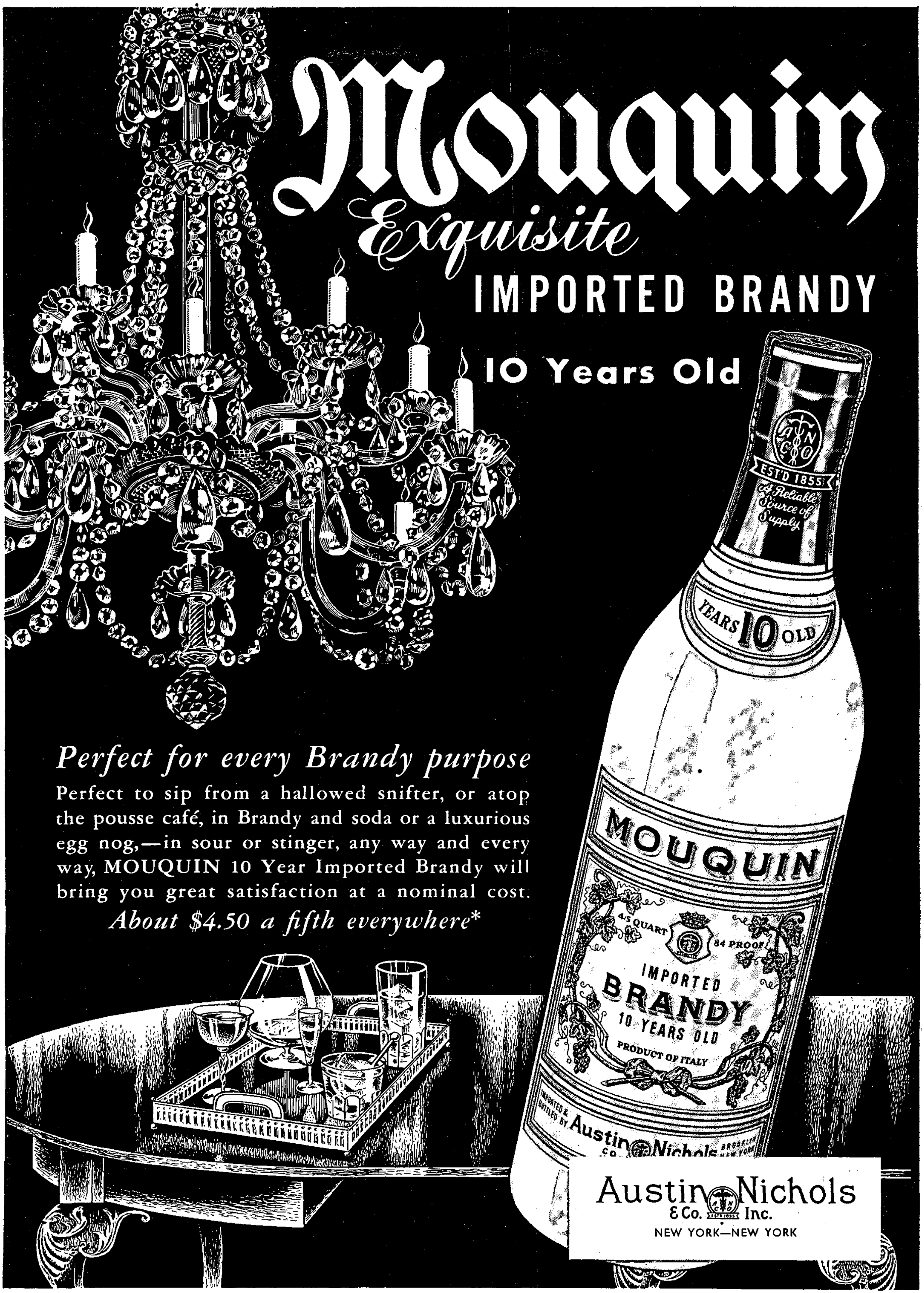


LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 4

"THE administration," according to this morning's *Post & Times Herald*, "has experienced neither victory nor overwhelming defeat at the polls." This is about as conclusive a statement on the broad meaning or non-meaning of the elections as anyone here has been able to make, and, as a matter of fact, practically everyone here has made it. If it leaves things up in the air, that is where things have been and appear destined to be for a while; indeed, it is possible to find high-class authorities here who maintain that Groundhog Day will come and go without a final answer to the question of which party controls the Senate. However, to say that the Eisenhower administration is neither much better off nor much worse off than it was when this memorable week began is not to say that its opponents, the happy Democrats, failed to improve their lot. In any kind of contest, it violates logic to claim that while one side has not lost, the other has won, but nevertheless that seems to be the state of affairs at the moment, at least in the view most commonly encountered here. The thing that has struck Washington as having the greatest significance is the Democrats' success in picking up governorships. The state governments may have lost power and precious rights to the federal authority in the course of the last twenty years, but they have tended to gain in political importance during this time. Control of federal patronage doesn't do a party much good any more, as the Republicans have learned to their sorrow and surprise, and this gives state patronage a value it never had in the days when a village postmastership was a thing worth having and militant and high-minded civil-service rooters had not yet swept all before them. The party that controls the machinery of government in a populous state like New York or Pennsylvania counts itself far more blessed than the party that elects all its Congressional candidates but misses its chance at the State House. Party control of the most powerful and well-intentioned Congressional delegation is no match at all, in terms of political effectiveness, for party control of a state highway department or tax commission. Congressmen merely pass laws and put their nieces on the payroll, but the men and women who give out hunting licenses, direct the affairs of penitentiaries, and order textbooks by the carload—in every case unhampered by such restraints on individual liberty as the federal Corrupt Practices Act—can work wonders for the ticket. With the sovereign people as evenly divided in their political preferences as this election shows them to be, the new managements that appear to have been installed in New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Minnesota, and a few other states could provide the Democrats with precisely the energy, booster spirit, free labor, and folding money they seem to have lacked in 1952. It is being said on every hand here that while nothing that happened on Tuesday can be read as a repudiation of President Eisenhower, the changes that impend in Albany, Harrisburg, Hartford, St. Paul, and elsewhere could very well lead directly to his and his associates' retirement in 1956.

What is meant by those who say that the administration neither won nor lost much in the elections is, first, that the Democratic Congressional gains were somewhat lower than those of the out party in most previous off-year elections, and, second, that in terms of policy the Eisenhower administration will get as much of what it asks for from a Democratic Congress as it would from a Republican one. The first proposition is susceptible of statistical proof, and the statistics are imposing. Since a normal loss for the party in power would be something like forty House seats, it can be argued—and today is being argued by spokesmen for the Republican National Committee—that the administration has succeeded in keeping discontent to about half its traditional volume. In order to make this appeal to history, though, it is necessary to overlook the fact that this has been a unique, unprecedented season politically, in that whatever discontent developed received very little encouragement or prodding from the American press; at the time when the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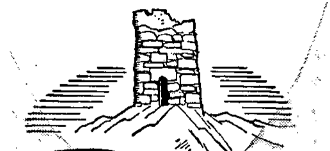

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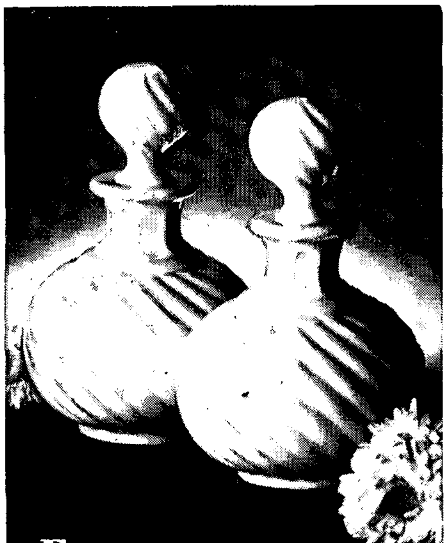
precedents were established, the press was divided roughly in the same ratio as the people, but today it is deeply committed to the administration and therefore reluctant to air any grievances against it. As for the contention that the President will get as much of what he wants from Democrats as he would from Republicans, there are few to dispute it. By and large, the Democratic candidates had every bit as firm a grip on his coattails as their opponents had. And if they should seek to embarrass him by opposing his wishes too strenuously, they would find themselves charged with failing to live up to their own campaign pledges, which, by a coincidence that is not at all strange, were also his campaign pledges. From the President's point of view, the danger is not that the Democrats will give him less than he wants but that they will give him more than he wants. He will, it is expected, find all his antes raised; his military appropriations will be as large as he wants them to be and, for good Democratic measure, larger, and, with perhaps a few exceptions, such as Mr. Brownell's Department of Justice, his executive agencies will be treated with a generosity he may regard as overdone. If he asks for tariff reductions, he will get all that he asks for and probably a lot that he doesn't want. The Democrats are likely to approach what Senator-elect George Bender, of Ohio, a recent and improbable convert to the President's wing of the Party, last night described as "that splendid Eisenhower program" with a measure of zeal that its promoter will regard as excessive.

It is widely believed at present that the Democrats will use their control of Congressional committees to conduct a series of investigations of the events of the last two years. The aim, of course, will be to build a record for 1956 that will show the Republicans to be as unworthy of their trust as skill and persistence can make them appear. A number of promising subjects—among them the Dixon-Yates contract, the administration's loyalty program, and the conduct of Republican Senatorial campaigns in several Western states—are said to be under consideration, and there is no doubt that this idea has been engaging the thoughts and dreams of a number of Democrats. To some of them, it has seemed the best of all reasons for a Democratic victory and the most pleasing of all the prospects their victory affords. At Democratic headquarters here on election night, at a time when hopes for a landslide were



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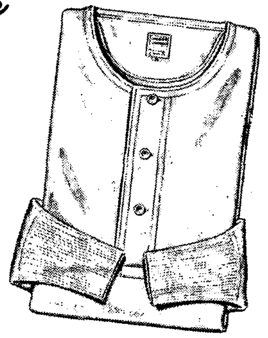

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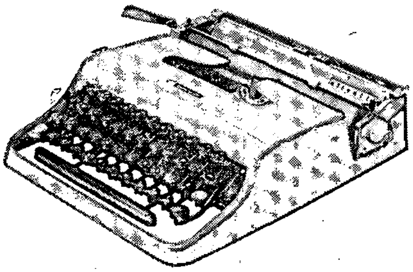
fading and it appeared that there might not even be a ground swell, a Party worker was heard to say, "I'd settle for either house—and by a majority of one. That's all you need for investigations, and investigations are all you need." President Eisenhower at his press conference yesterday signified his recognition of the attractions of investigations and his acceptance of their inevitability. Employing a soldiering metaphor he had just used in another connection, he said that he stood always ready to have his troops and their equipment assembled for inspection. It is possible, though, that the Democratic leaders will surprise both the President and some of their own followers by using the investigative power sparingly—particularly where it would involve inquiries into political beliefs and attitudes, as some of the proposed investigations surely would. The word has been circulating among influential Democrats here that one of the few clearly discernible trends in American public opinion is a weariness of investigations and an apparently vast distrust of investigators. If the era dominated by Senator McCarthy did not come to an end on September 27th, with the release of the Watkins Committee report, it assuredly came to an end the day before yesterday, when candidates identified with the McCarthy viewpoint fared wretchedly from one end of the country to the other. (Two of the most significant retirements were those of Representative Charles Kersten, of Wisconsin, the leading McCarthy supporter in the Senator's home-state delegation, and Representative Kit Clardy, of Michigan, the most gifted of all McCarthy emulators.) And it is felt by Democrats who profess to have sensed this weariness and distrust that it goes far beyond McCarthy and applies along a fairly broad front. Only yesterday, a Party strategist who has trained and managed a number of successful candidates, and who is honored in his profession pretty much as the late Tex Rickard was in his, said that if he were to give just one piece of advice to a young man starting a political career, it would be to avoid getting himself typed as an investigator. "I'd tell him to be a temperance crusader, if he wanted, or a currency crank or even a denouncer of labor unions—anything at all, so long as the public didn't think of him as an investigator," this experienced mentor said. "Believe me, this investigation business is played out. It was good while it lasted, but it isn't good any more. Pretty soon, if you tell a man that something has been proved in a Congres-



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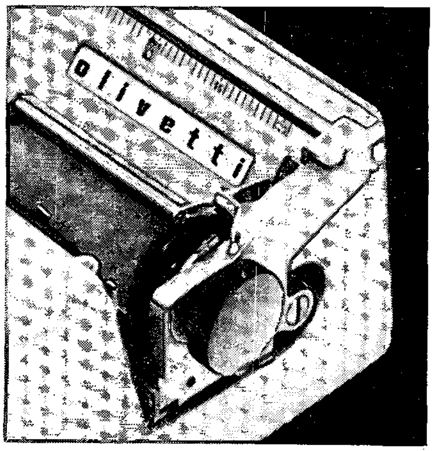

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sional investigation, he'll put it down as a lie right away." This Democrat of strong opinions holds that if the new Democratic majorities wish to demonstrate their wisdom, they will, when the Eighty-fourth Congress convenes two months from now, show restraint in the use of the investigative power and in the publicizing of its results. "I think the best thing we can do in January is to come in quietly, pass a few laws in a few weeks, and go home," he says. "Bring out the facts about the Eisenhower administration some other way. If the Democrats could give the country a six-week Congress with no noise, the people would be in the palm of our hands."

No one expects a noiseless six-week session, and it is certain that if the Democrats attempt anything so manifestly in the nature of a revolution, the Republicans, who have been shorn of only a little of their strength, will put a stop to it. There will not be an end to investigations; the Dixon-Yates contract will surely get a going over by the appropriate committees in both houses, and even if the anti-investigation point of view prevails, which is unlikely, the addiction will be broken by a slow tapering off, not by a sudden, nerve-fraying cessation. Still, it is thought possible that there will be considerably less of the hippodrome about the new Congress than there has been for many years. The expectation in most quarters here is for a smoother, quieter time than we have had at any period since the end of the war. Not many people shared the President's preëlection view that "chaos" and political "cold war" would follow the election of a Democratic legislature in the middle of Republican

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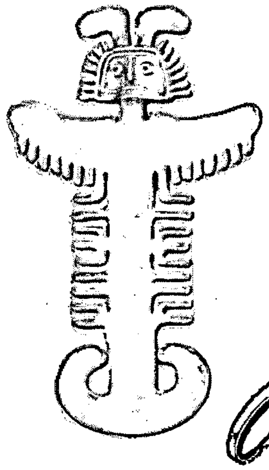

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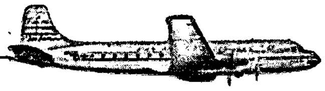

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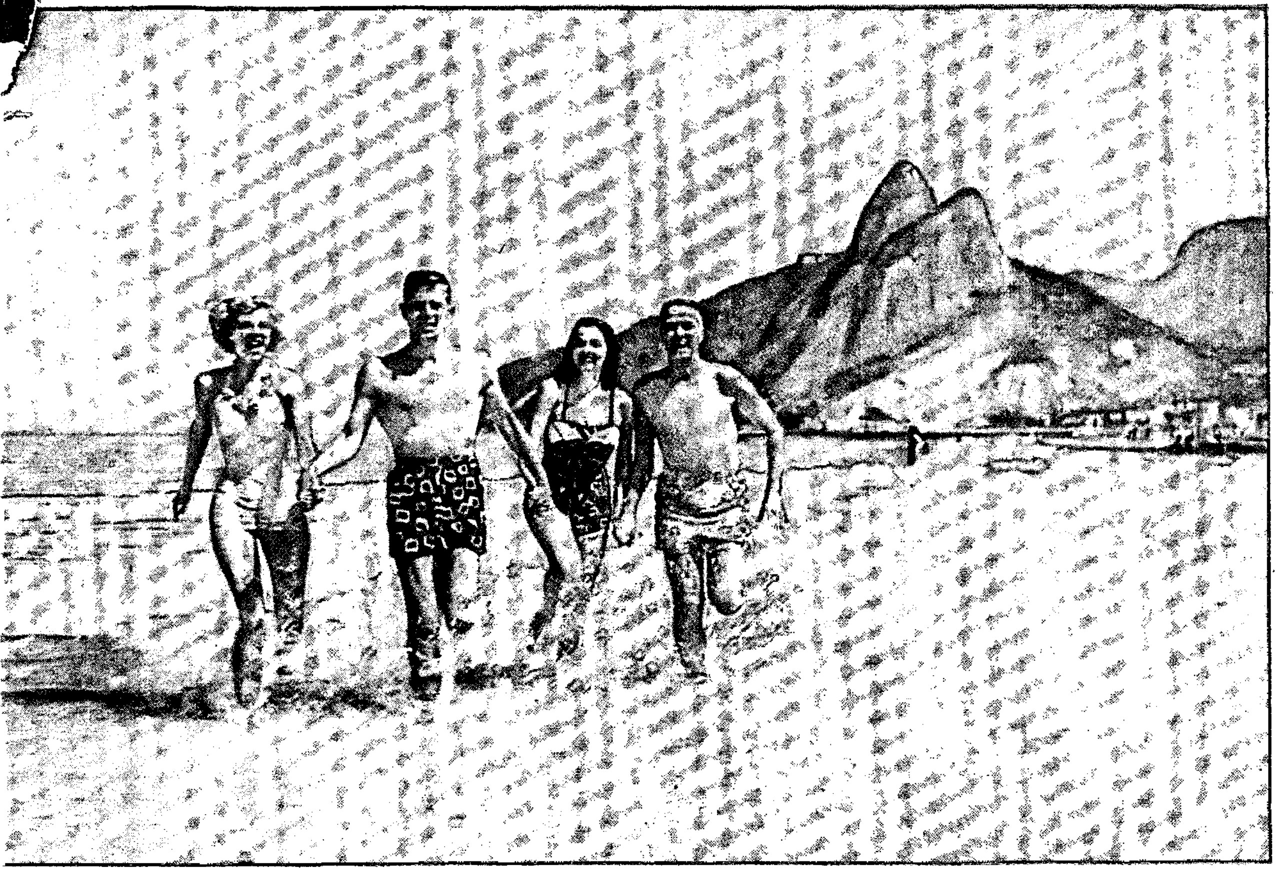

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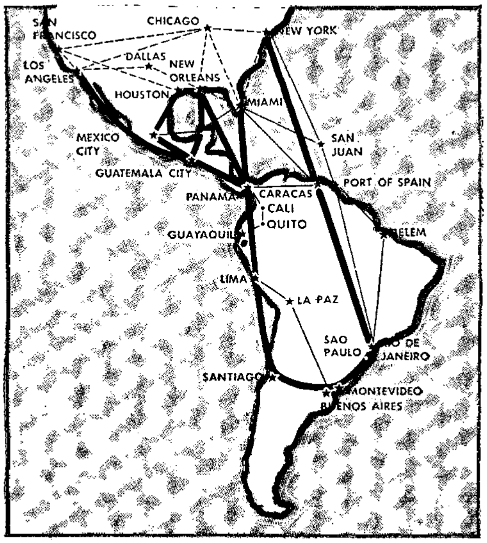
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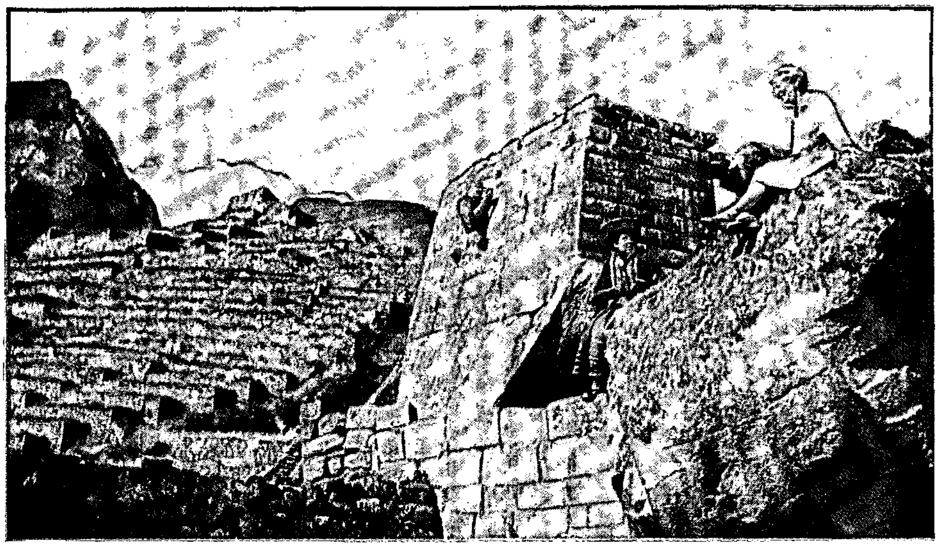

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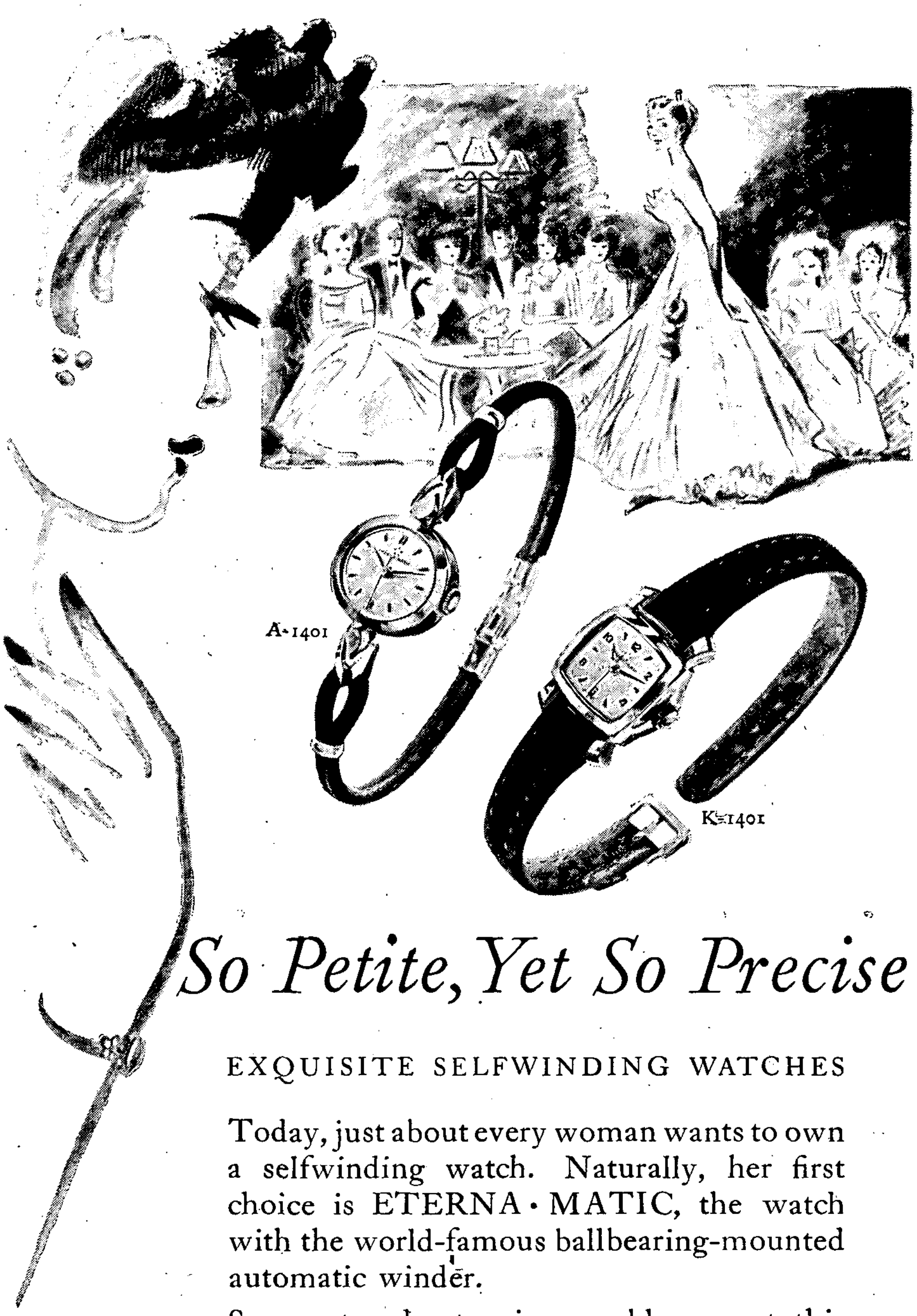
tenure of the executive branch. The President himself advanced the construction of a sound coalition yesterday by saying that he had perhaps chosen unfelicitous expressions. It is the conviction of just about everyone but the defeated campaigners that coöperation will be relatively easy to arrange and that it will work a good deal better this time than it worked from 1946 through 1948, when President Truman found himself in an uneasy, unwanted partnership with the Republican Eightieth Congress. President Truman then enjoyed nothing like the prestige that President Eisenhower appears to enjoy now—it is felt here that President Eisenhower's efforts in the last few days before the elections were very successful, and that his pleading saved his party from a really humiliating defeat—and the differences between President Eisenhower's outlook and that of the new majority are trifles compared to the wide, deep chasm that separated President Truman from the Republican leaders. Even so, it was in the reluctant, much protested collaboration between President Truman and the Eightieth Congress that the whole basis of our present foreign policy was laid down. The Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, and the final discard of the Neutrality Act were undertaken at that time. The problems and issues that arose in 1947 and 1948 are still the central ones that American policy has to deal with, and as far as anyone here can see, there are only the most insignificant differences between the President and the new Congress as to how they ought to be dealt with. To be sure, a certain amount of friction has to be generated in order to keep a two-party system operating, and it can be depended upon that as soon as one side or the other decides the coalition is becoming too cozy, differences of some sort will be either found or manufactured for the occasion. As 1956 draws closer, these differences will have to be enlarged for purposes of contrast, but even enlarged, it is thought, they are not likely to be any more damaging to orderly government than the split in the President's own party that stood out so conspicuously in the Eighty-third Congress. No one here regards a government in which responsibility is divided in the present fashion as an ideal to be praised and cultivated, but just about everyone agrees with the *Post & Times Herald's* assertion that "there has been no calamity for moderate government."

If the differences between the Democrats and the Eisenhower Republicans



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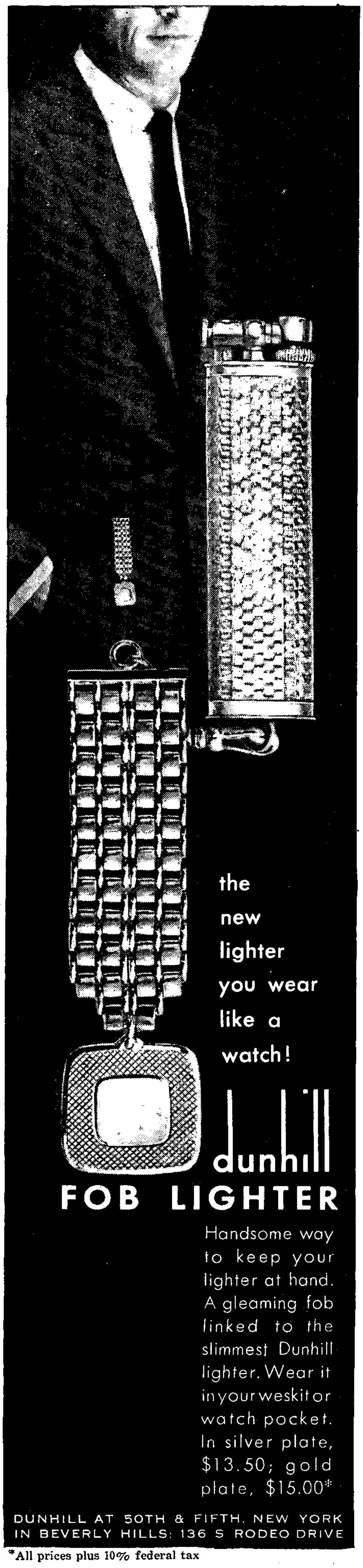

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(whose voice in Party affairs may be slightly strengthened by this election) are not such as to make patriots tremble for the welfare of the republic, the conflict of personalities will perhaps be sharpened from now on. Though Democrats have lately been intoning the President's name as sonorously and as solemnly as any Republican, the truth is that their respect for the name and public image of the President far exceeds their respect for the man. The President's personal warmth evidently radiates over a large area and affects voters of all persuasions, but it is not so powerfully felt at point-blank range, particularly by Democrats. There is a kind of man-to-man ill will between the White House and the Democratic leadership that is concealed from no one here, and this may be an increasing source of bitterness and general ugliness. And it may be exacerbated by the very fact that ideological conflict is almost nonexistent, for, obviously, when one man wishes to find fault with another and cannot assail his ideas or his public performance, only his personality and his private conduct remain to absorb the hostility. Such bad blood as there may be between the President and the Democratic leaders is as nothing, however, alongside the emotions generated by the Vice-President, Mr. Nixon. This is a direct heritage of the recent campaign, most notably that part of it run under Mr. Nixon's tutelage in the Mountain and Western states. The Democrats attribute the defeats they suffered or nearly suffered in those areas to what they regard as an out-and-out violation of the moral code of American politics. What the moral code of American politics is and how one goes about violating it are two neat questions that receive no neat answers here, but a formidable vendetta spirit has nevertheless been built up against Mr. Nixon by people who feel that no matter how difficult it may be to locate the bounds of propriety, he stepped over them. They document their argument by citing certain widespread efforts in those remote regions to identify Democratic candidates—among them John Carroll, in Colorado; Joseph O'Mahoney, in Wyoming; and James Murray, in Montana—with treason, espionage, and the like. Because Senator-elect O'Mahoney, for example, had served as the legal representative of some Cuban sugar interests during a period of forced political retirement and had, in compliance with federal law, registered as an employee of this alien group, receiving the registration number of 783, his state

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was flooded with leaflets calling him, in scare-headline type, "FOREIGN AGENT 783." The Vice-President was not seen distributing these handbills, and no one can say with finality that he approved their distribution or had any connection whatever with it. Even so, the feeling is that because he did not dissociate himself from this sort of thing, and because he conducted a campaign seemingly based on the premise that the distinction between a foreign agent and a Democrat is at best a technical, trivial one, he merits the roughest kind of treatment the Democrats can give. That is a very rough kind of treatment indeed.

It may be, though, that Mr. Nixon, who is nothing if not adaptable, will find it easier than some other Republicans to get along with the incoming management in the Congress. It may also be that the glow of even so limited a victory as the Democrats have won will, in the end, breed forgetfulness and, possibly, even compassion. At this uncertain moment, it would appear that the sort of campaign strategy Mr. Nixon is accused of having employed got spotty results. With only a few exceptions, the candidates who were most unfairly treated by their opponents were the ones best treated by the voters.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Suppose you need a word to describe a thought, like "person who hates women." In the forthcoming book, you list the key words in your idea—person, hates, or women. Under at least one of them, you would find the exact word which has eluded you—misorgynist.—*Crawfordsville (Ind.) Journal-Review.*

Luckily for us, we *like* women.

•

He gets a kick, too, out of seeing movie "firemen" place a wet towel or cloth over their faces when going into a blazing building. "Most useless thing in the world," he says. "In the first place, it covers your eyes, as a rule, so you can't see where you're going. In the second place, what earthly good does it do in the first place?"—*From an article in Real.*

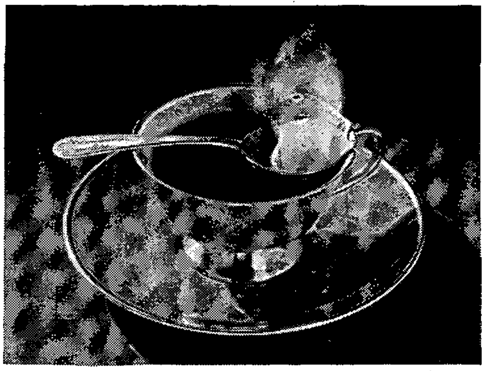
Covers your eyes?

•

MOST FASCINATING MUSICAL CRITICISM OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Fresno (Calif.) Bee*]

MILWAUKEE—UP—Three-year old Jimmy Kenda was playing with a friend one morning and singing that old song that goes, "Collegiate, collegiate; yes, we are collegiate." The playmate listened solemnly.



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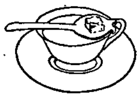
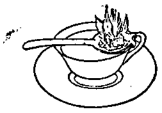
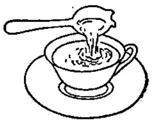
How to make Flaming Café Hennessy



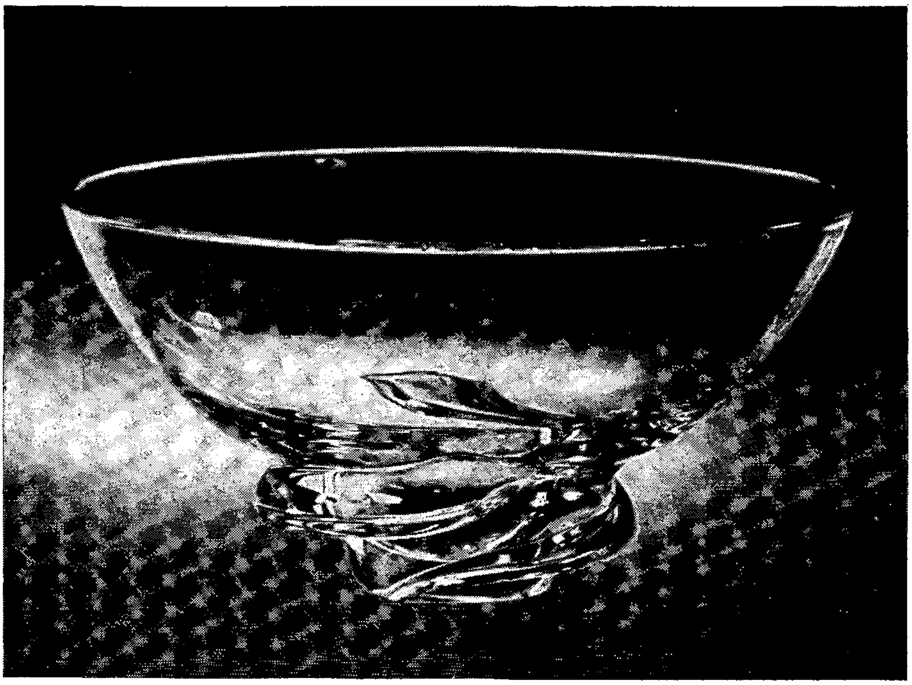
1. Hook Burning Spoon on rim of cup of black coffee. Place lump of sugar in spoon.



2. Pour 1 oz. Hennessy Cognac over sugar and blaze the Cognac with a match.



3. When heat melts the sugar, pour contents into coffee and stir.



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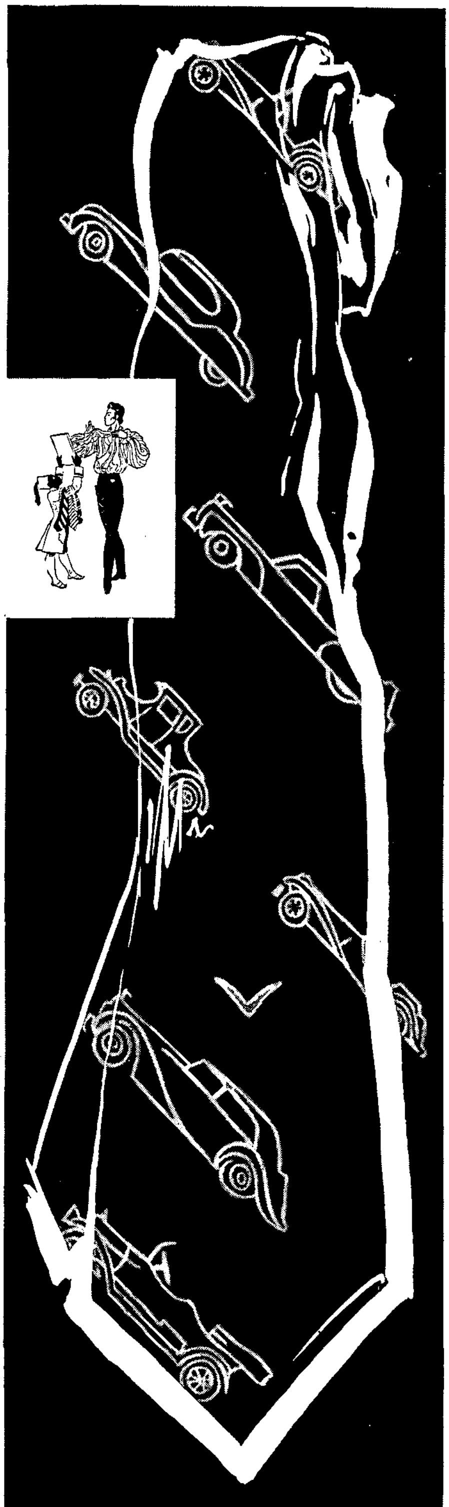

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STONINGTON, CONNECTICUT,
NOVEMBER 6, 1954

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
GENTLEMEN:

I AM both surprised and delighted to find that Professor Haight, of Yale, is so passionately devoted to the habits of thought of a bygone day as to consider a reference to a perfectly normal sexual episode in the life of a healthy young woman a "serious" charge against her. My pleasure in discovering this unusual piece of period mental furniture in the November 6th issue of *The New Yorker* is modified only a little by the fact that it occurs in a letter from Professor Haight kindly clearing up a "few mistaken impressions" that had crept into my review, in the issue of October 2nd, of his edition of George Eliot's letters. The worst of these, apparently, is that George Eliot became the mistress of John Chapman, the extremely eccentric publisher in whose house she boarded when she first went to London to launch herself into the literary world. Professor Haight quotes a passage from John Chapman's journal in which he says, "She pressed me for some intimation of the state of my feelings. I told her that I felt great affection for her, but that I loved Elisabeth [his mistress] and Susanna [his wife] also, though each in a different way. At this avowal she burst into tears. I tried to comfort her, and reminded her of the dear friends and pleasant home she was returning to—but the train whirled her away very very sad." Professor Haight then sums the matter up by saying that "she may have been guilty of some indiscretion, which the exacerbated feelings of the other ladies magnified." I am sure that it is through sheer inadvertence that Professor Haight then takes up another subject, thus suggesting that this was their final meeting and that it is the final word on the question. Actually, the passage he quotes is from a journal entry dated March 24, 1851, and it is a long way from being the closing point of their relationship. A later entry in the journal, dated June 5th of the same year, relates to a day Chapman and Eliot spent together in the country and includes the following sentence: "During our walk we made a solemn and holy vow which henceforth will bind us to the right." I must say that the word "henceforth" has a considerable significance for me. The week before this vow was taken, Chap-

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man was in what is known as a state, and was writing in his journal about it at length. "Oh how deeply I regret that any cause for distrust should ever have been given. I must and will recover the confidence I once possessed. I will act consistently with my own fairer thought and thus raise my own self-respect and diffuse peace." It sounds like guilt-ridden stuff to me, and, in conjunction with the record of almost six months of recriminations from his wife and his mistress Elisabeth Tilley on the subject of George Eliot, and in further conjunction with statements by persons like Eliza Lynn Lynton, who knew the household well, it makes only one conclusion possible. Or so it seems to me.

I must say that I enormously admire the literary art with which Professor Haight gives the impression that he is correcting me on matters of fact when he discusses George Eliot's later relationship with George Henry Lewes. It seems to me that what is at issue is no more than a form of words. If a married gentleman leaves for a foreign country with another woman, and does not tell their circle of acquaintance when and where they are going—even if he first pays his bills and provides for his dependents—it will take even more authority than Professor Haight possesses to prevent it from being said that he has "run away" with the lady. So far as I know, nobody has ever disputed the fact that George Eliot and Lewes were, as Professor Haight insists, a devoted couple from the time they ran away together until his death parted them, and I made this fact clear in my review. My point—and nothing that Professor Haight has said affects it—is that they had a great deal more in common with thousands of other couples in similar situations than they had the candor to admit.

Sincerely yours,
ANTHONY WEST

•

WALSENBURG, COL.—(UP)—One of Colorado's oldest citizens and a resident of Walsenburg for almost a century died here yesterday. Mrs. Cleofes Quintana was "around" 104 years old at the time of her death, her grandmother said.—*Brockton (Mass.) Enterprise-Times.*

How's she, by the way?

•

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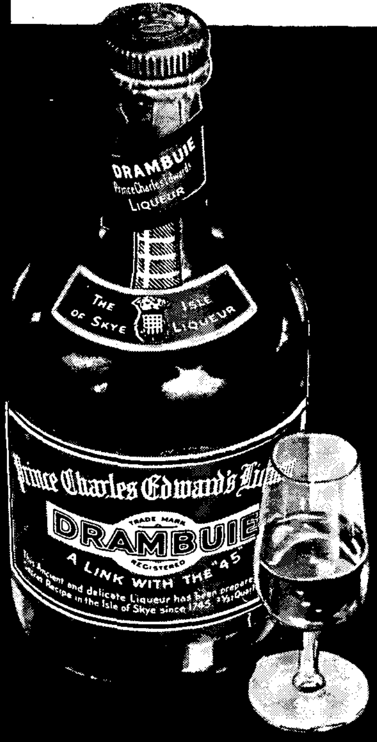
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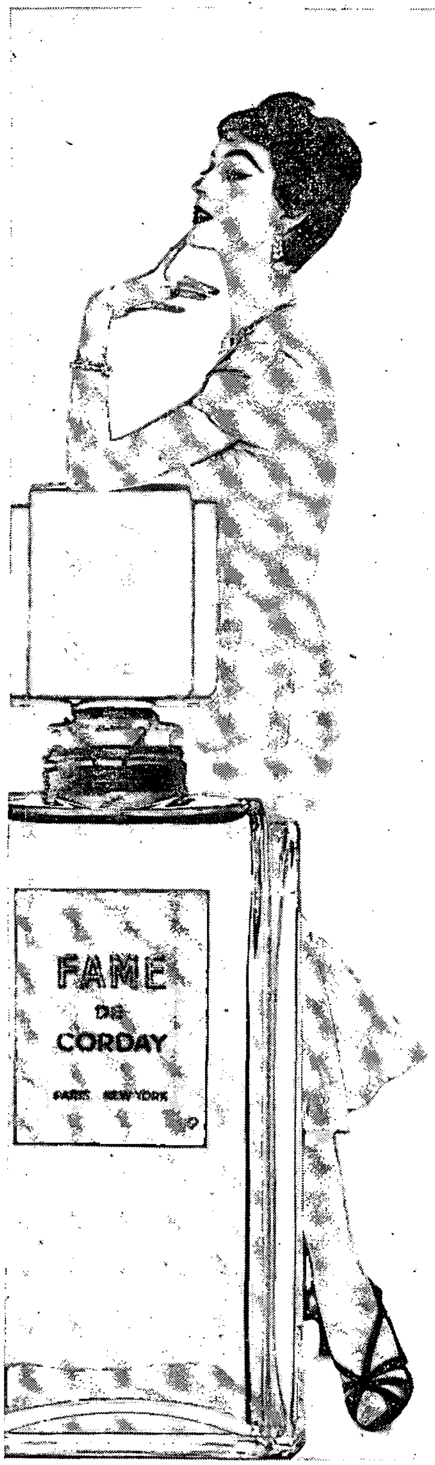

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FOOTBALL

It's Almost Never Fair Weather

WHOEVER locked up at the Weather Bureau for the weekend forgot to set the usual levers, and last Saturday, for the first time this fall, there was a good supply of bright sunshine, cold air, and dry turf. This unwonted (and in some circles unwanted) gift couldn't have come at a more inopportune time for several of our more prominent underdogs. Unbeaten Yale, which a fortnight ago beat Dartmouth on a slippery field, would undoubtedly have been happy to take its chances against Dartmouth on a dry field in exchange for being able to meet Army last Saturday on a wet one. The week before, Army had floundered around all afternoon in mud before finally beating a not remarkably impressive Virginia, 21–20. Against the best Yale team visible in some years, Army, gliding swiftly over dry grass, had no trouble running up a score of 48–7. Duke was sure it had a slight edge on Navy after Navy had lost, 6–0, to Notre Dame the week before on a wet field, but on good crisp footing, Navy beat Duke 40–7. Penn, hopeful of a decent showing against Notre Dame because Notre Dame had moved so slowly against Navy, did well for the first few minutes, and then came completely apart on dry Franklin Field, allowing Notre Dame to amass a count of 42–7. Princeton, which had held a sturdy Colgate to a 6–6 tie on a muddy field two weeks ago, had little to offer except hospitality to a no more than medium-sturdy Harvard in dry Palmer Stadium on Saturday. And Dartmouth, which lost to Yale a fortnight ago despite the best efforts of its star back, Beagle, played Columbia without Beagle and, happy in the unslippery going, won by the convincing score of 26–0.

In a year of accident-prone teams, Army, which is very likely the strongest team in these parts, gets annoyingly stronger and stronger. Two weeks ago, Holleder, at the moment the best end in the East, returned to action; last week, Kyasky resumed his backfield post, and at once made Bell, up to now Army's pet jack rabbit, seem rather like a turtle. In fact, Army was at just about full strength last weekend, while everyone else was counting up important absentees. Navy was operating again without its miraculous Monahan, Dart-

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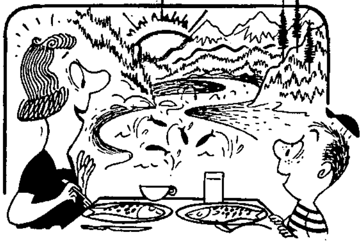

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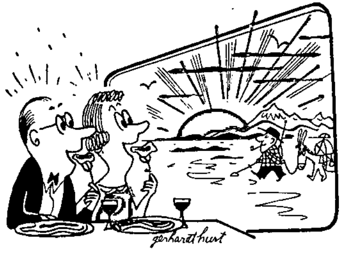

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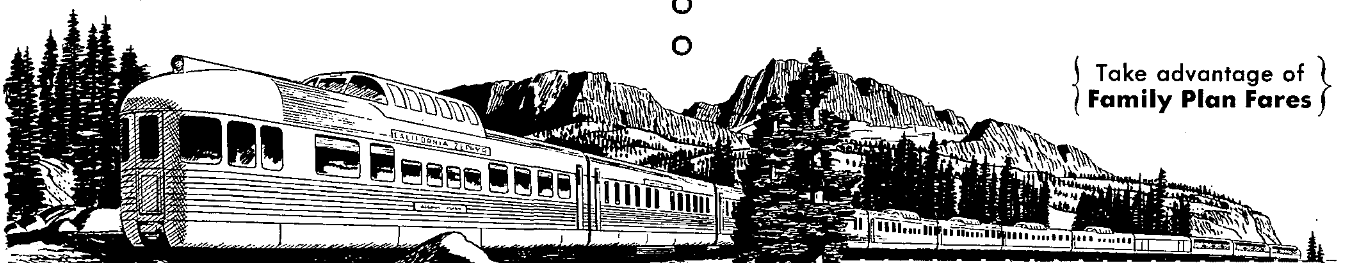

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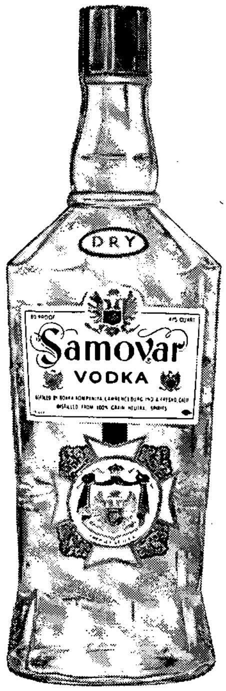

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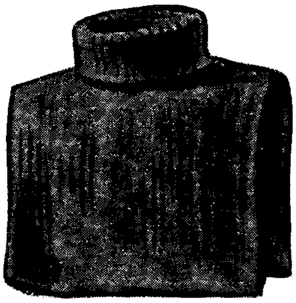
mouth was operating without Beagle, Harvard without Botsford, and Princeton without Flippin and Frye, and practically without Martin, who served no more than a couple of minutes. Cornell, which surprised a lot of people by beating Syracuse, 14–6, was so short of manpower that no fewer than six men played the whole afternoon.

TWO months ago, this football season was so cut and dried that there seemed little point in going through with it. Army and Navy would not be able to equal last year's form—too many good players had graduated. Pennsylvania and Princeton would command the Ivy League, despite Cornell's strongest efforts. Yale had too many sophomores to integrate into the ranks, and Brown had too many dilatory scholars. Just for that, Army and Navy have been even hotter than last year; Pennsylvania, handicapped by the arrival of a new coaching staff and the loss, one way and another, of several sophomores it had been counting on, has dropped all seven games it has played; Princeton, minus the services of its star backfield men, is a nervous and physical wreck; Yale is to date the Ivy League champion, and will probably stay that way; Brown has been giving all its opponents plenty of trouble; and Cornell can at best end up with only a fairly good record.

THERE isn't much to be said about the opening of this year's Big Three championship—Harvard 14, Princeton 9—last weekend. Princeton was hospitable to a fault—dropping Princeton passes and even Harvard passes, when it managed to get its hands on them, and keeping out of the path of the Harvard ballcarriers. Harvard dropped the ball, too, it is true—and got a touchdown out of it. There was some indignation about the injustice of this—a Harvard man fumbled the ball when stopped on the Princeton two-yard line by a hard tackle, and another Harvard man chased it into the end zone and sat on it. The utterers of the indignation must have forgotten how many games Princeton used to win, back when Fritz Crisler was coaching the team, by gaily fumbling the ball into enemy end zones. That stratagem, or that accident (there are takers for both theories), made its appearance in the famous game that Brown was supposed to win from Princeton by whatever score it chose but managed to lose, 33–0.

—J. W. L.



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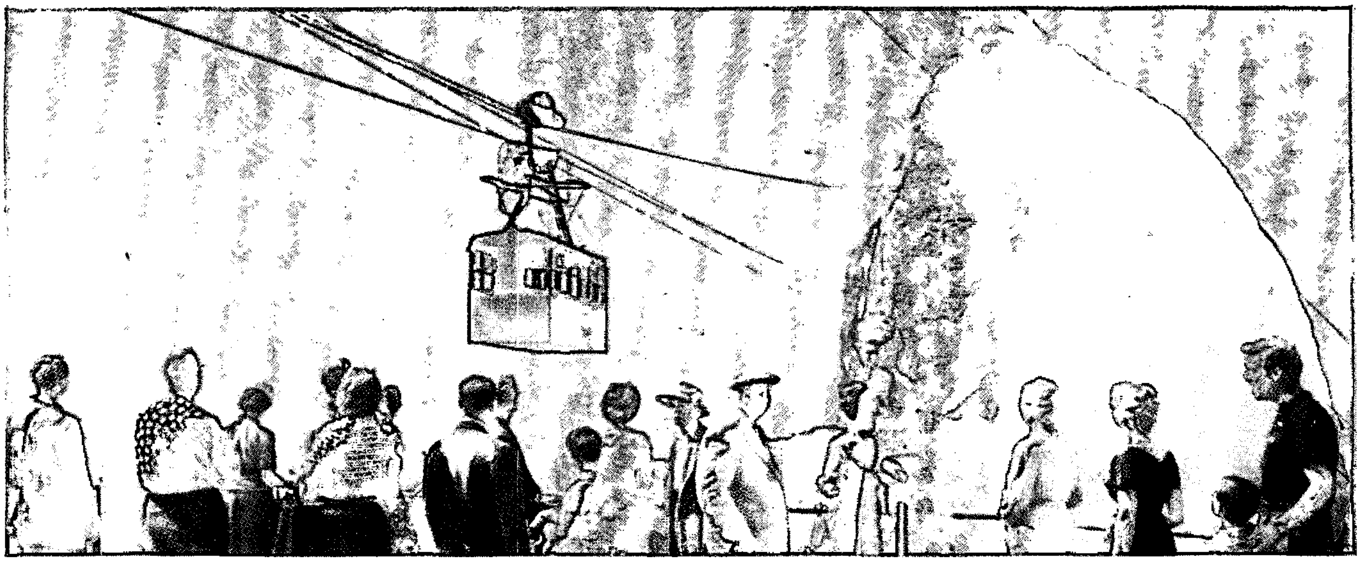

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ON THE VIA VENETO

IT wasn't until Cameron came up close to the woman who had been calling him that he realized he didn't know who she was. He had arrived in Rome less than two hours before, just at nightfall, and, after unpacking and washing in his hotel room, had gone down to the bar for a drink. Then, on his way to find a restaurant for dinner, he had started to cross the Via Veneto. The street was alive with vehicles pouring out of the Borghese Gardens, and while he was waiting in the center for a chance to get the rest of the way across, he saw her. She was sitting at a table of a sidewalk café on the side of the street he was trying to reach, and she was calling and waving wildly in his direction. He turned to see if there was anyone near him, but there was no one, and when he looked again at the woman, she was waving more frantically than ever. Then, getting up and pointing at him, she cried, "You! You!"

Assuming that the woman was someone he had met before—in Milan or Venice, perhaps, or Florence—Cameron made his way across and walked over to her. She was about forty-five and attractive-looking, with a deeply tanned face and wide, shining black eyes. She wore a stylish, tight-fitting black dress and had a fur piece pushed down and half hidden in her chair. Cameron looked at her closely, trying to remember where he could have seen her.

The woman smiled at him. "I know you," she said. "You must remember. We have met before. I remember your face. Have you just come from Naples?" She spoke with an accent that seemed more German than Italian, and she raced along without pausing, as though she could somehow convince him by the mere flow of her words.

"I've never been to Naples," said Cameron. "Maybe it was Florence."

"No, no," said the woman. "I'm sure it wasn't Florence. Have you been in Venice?"

"I was there last week," said Cameron.

"Of course!" said the woman. "Venice. You do not remember me?"

"I'm afraid not," said Cameron. He knew now that he had never seen the woman before, and he was sorry he had spoken to her. Yet she seemed friendly and appealing, and he felt that he should be polite.

"It does not matter," said the wom-

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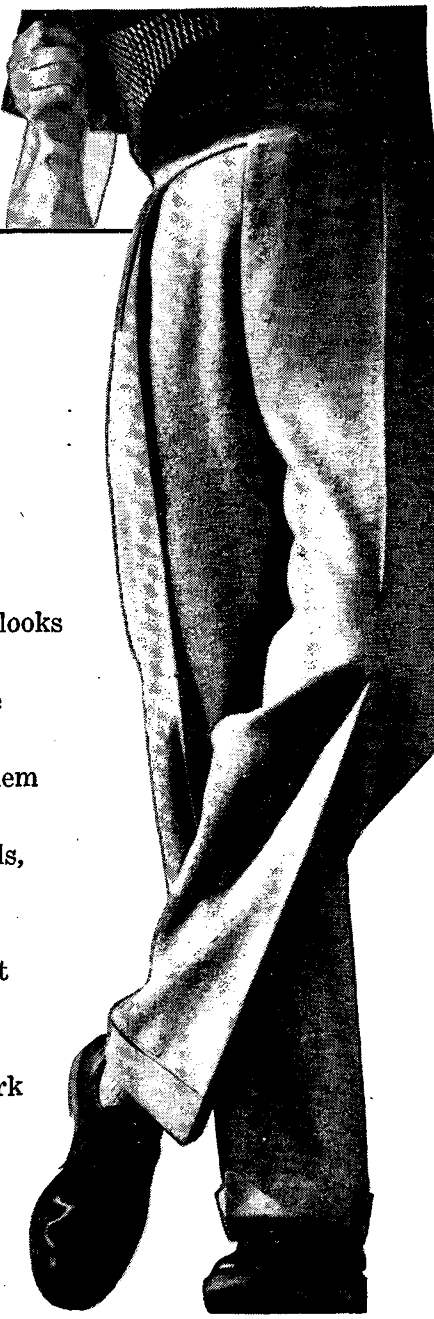

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an, sitting down. "Here." She indicated the chair next to her. "Please."

Cameron glanced at his watch. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm meeting friends for dinner, and I'm late already." It was a lie. He was meeting no one, because there was no one he knew in Rome, and he would be eating alone, just as he had been eating alone all during his trip through Europe. The woman's eyes narrowed as she watched him, and for a moment he felt as if she were reading his mind.

"I don't believe you," she said, laughing. "You're a young American travelling by yourself, like hundreds of other young Americans. What you call a lone wolf. I have seen enough of your type to know. Now, please, for a moment only, sit down and have a drink with me. Please. It can do no harm."

Cameron looked around, feeling slightly foolish. There were only two couples sitting at the tables, and they seemed to have taken no notice of the woman and him. He sat down. "Just for a minute," he said. "I really do have to meet friends for dinner."

"If you insist," said the woman, waving a hand. "But first have a drink with me." She smiled at him. "Would you like a Negroni?"

"I've never had one," said Cameron.

"They are very good," said the woman. "Gin, vermouth, bitters. Try one. It will give you a good appetite."

"All right," said Cameron. He called a waiter and ordered two Negronis.

"There," said the woman, settling back in her chair. "Now we are like old friends, eh? Do you have a cigarette?"

Cameron handed her a half-full pack. "You can keep them, if you'd like," he said.

"*Grazie*," said the woman. "I am very fond of cigarettes." She took one from the pack quickly, and lit it, and now that she wasn't smiling, Cameron caught for the first time a look of desperation in her face, a coldness in her eyes. He felt a faint wave of alarm rise up and subside within him.

The woman smiled again. "And how was it with Venice?" she said. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Very much," said Cameron. "And you?"

"I have been there too many times," said the woman. "The magic wears off." She sighed. "Venice is not a good place to visit often."

"Are you Italian?" asked Cameron.

"No," said the woman. "I come

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from Vienna. But for five years now I have lived in Rome."

"You don't want to go back to Vienna?"

"Of course," said the woman. "But what I want to do and what I am able to do"—she paused, staring out into the street—"they are two different things." She tilted her head and half smiled at him. "So you see," she said briskly as the waiter returned with their drinks, "for the time being, I am a displaced person."

THE waiter put the drinks on the table, and Cameron watched him, looking for some sign of understanding between him and the woman. The waiter's face revealed nothing, but the woman, Cameron thought, seemed less at ease while he was near. Was this where she sat every evening, he wondered, waiting for lonely young Americans?

The woman raised her glass. "*Salute*," she said. "Don't look so sad."

"*Salute*," said Cameron, and they drank. The Negroni tasted good.

"Do you like it?" asked the woman.

Cameron nodded. He took another sip, and leaned back. A chilly breeze had sprung up, ruffling the awnings of the cafés along the street. Most of the sidewalk tables were empty now, and theirs seemed a bright oasis in the night. The noise of the vehicles roaring down the avenue hadn't let up, however, and Cameron watched an Italian boy and girl career wildly by on a motor bike, the girl's arms tightly wrapped around the boy's waist. Inside the café, a wandering violinist was playing a Neapolitan love song.

"Why do you travel alone?" asked the woman.

"No particular reason," said Cameron.

"So many of you Americans travel alone," said the woman. "Always I see you. Walking about ruins alone. In

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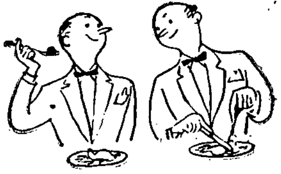

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the galleries alone. Eating alone. Always alone."

"I hadn't noticed," said Cameron. "Most Americans I know hate to be alone."

"Perhaps." The woman shrugged. "I only tell you what I see."

She looked terribly desperate now, and Cameron felt uneasy. He glanced at his watch to see what time it was.

"Is your dinner date really so important?" she asked.

"I'm afraid so," said Cameron.

"I'm afraid so," said the woman, mimicking him. Then she leaned toward him. "Wouldn't you rather have dinner with me?"

"I'm sorry," said Cameron. "I really do have to go."

"Very well," said the woman. "If you must, you must. You'll have to pay for the drinks. I have no money."

"That's all right," said Cameron. "I want to pay for them."

"You Americans pay for everything, don't you?" she said. Cameron, pretending he hadn't heard her, signalled to the waiter for the check. "And now you will eat alone," she continued.

"With friends," said Cameron. He put money on the table—enough for the drinks and a tip. The woman watched him. She no longer made any attempt to smile.

"I wonder," she said, "if you will do me one little kindness."

"If I can," said Cameron.

"Give me an American dollar."

He stared at her. "A dollar?" he asked.

"Yes," said the woman. "I would like it for a souvenir."

"I haven't any," said Cameron.

"One dollar only," said the woman. "Is that asking so much?" She was leaning forward, and her voice had dropped to a fierce whisper.

"But I changed my money into lire," said Cameron. "I have no American money at all."

"I don't believe you," said the woman. "Every American carries dollars with him."

"I really haven't any," said Cameron. "Let me give you some lire."

"I don't want Italian money," said the woman. "Lire mean nothing to me."

"I'm sorry," said Cameron. "That's all I have."

The woman sat looking bitterly at him. "It doesn't matter," she said, after a moment. "It was just that I wanted one to keep, that's all. Now go have dinner with your friends."

Cameron got up. Then, taking his

mellow moment

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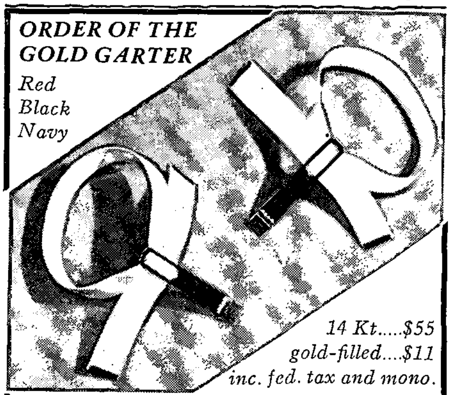

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wallet from his jacket, he pulled out a thousand-lira note. "Here," he said, putting it on the table near the woman. "For your dinner. I'm sorry it isn't a dollar."

"*Grazie, signore.*" She spoke without looking up. "You are very kind." She took the note, and put it in her purse.

"Well," said Cameron, "I've got to go. Good luck."

"One moment, please," said the woman. From her opened purse, she took something wrapped up in a white paper napkin and held it out toward Cameron. "Take it, please," she said. "In return for your kindness." Cameron looked at her suspiciously for a moment. "Go on," said the woman, smiling. "Put it in your pocket. Take it back to America as a souvenir of Rome."

Cameron hesitated, embarrassed, then reached out and took the small package from her. After holding it for a moment, he put it in the pocket of his jacket. The woman sat motionless, staring at him with a fixed smile. She had pulled her fur piece from the seat of the chair onto her lap, and Cameron noticed that one side of it was worn and ragged.

"You'd better go to your friends," said the woman. "*A rivederci.*"

Mumbling goodbye, Cameron walked away down the Via Veneto. He stopped at the first corner and looked back toward the café. The woman had disappeared. Then he took her souvenir out of his pocket and slowly unwrapped the napkin. Inside it was another napkin, more tightly wrapped. He unrolled this one and found a small leg of roast chicken. It was half eaten, and Cameron guessed that part of it had provided one meal, the rest been saved for another. He stared at it unbelievingly. Then, stuffing it back in his pocket, he hurried down the Via Veneto, feeling ashamed and a little frightened.

—FREDERICK L. KEEFE

•

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Long a haven for royalty, the Palace is San Francisco's most elegant link to nineteenth-century splendor. Though it burned to the ground in the Great Fire of 1906 (singer Enrico Caruso fled through the lobby in high silk hat, striped trousers, and morning coat, crying: "Give me Vesuvius!") . . .—*Newsweek.*

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

FROM SARAH BERNHARDT TO YUKON ERIC

IN the prelude to one of the Arabian Nights stories, the Caliph Haroun-al-Rashid feels blue and asks the Grand Vizier for remedies. The Vizier suggests looking in a glass, visiting the baths, and listening to sweet music; if all these fail, the Caliph will just have to find another woman. I, when the cares of the real world press hard upon me, sometimes visit the office of *Wrestling World*, a publication that has its being in Room 418 of the Longacre Building, a well-worn office structure on the northeast corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway. The editors, cultured fellows in their eighth decades, are Ned Brown and Al Mayer. Mr. Mayer, who has a white mane, a black mustache, and a hypnotic eye, came to the United States from France forty-five years ago, as stage manager for Sarah Bernhardt on one of her transcontinental tours. Much later, when he was New York correspondent for *La Nación*, of Buenos Aires, that newspaper sent him an Argentine heavyweight prizefighter on consignment. The editors of *La Nación* were not interested in a share of the fighter's earnings; all they wanted was an exclusive ghostwritten first-person daily story of his adventures. The fighter was Luis Angel Firpo. Mayer took him on and made a quarter of a million dollars, which he no longer has. He also ghostwrote the daily story.

Mr. Brown, as a young medical student turned newspaper reporter, determined from the wrinkled skin on the severed hand of a widely distributed corpse—the head never did turn up—that the defunct's last employment had been as a rubber in a Turkish bath. In the early part of the twentieth century, Turkish baths specialized in curing hangovers, and Mr. Brown, like Haroun-al-Rashid, knew them all. Checking these establishments in midtown, he soon found one where a man had not reported back for work after his day off. The management thought he must be on a bender and had decided to fire him. Brown traced the man to his neighborhood saloon, where the bartender also reported him missing of late, and thence to his lodgings, where he spotted the murderer and murderess. They were subsequently convicted and executed. This coup might have been expected to lead to a career of crime detection, but it didn't; Mr. Brown became a boxing writer, and a good one, on the old *World*. Since that paper's demise, in 1931, he has been what he describes as a protean publicist. His appearance, like Mr. Mayer's, is distinguished, but in the sterling Anglo-Saxon rather than the Continental manner, with wintry blue eyes and white hair.

What with Mr. Brown's talent for detection and Mr. Mayer's backstage approach to histrionics, it might be assumed that they would take a cynical view of a sport that has been frequently charged with insincerity, but they don't. The November number of *Wrestling World*, for example, carries on its front cover a striking portrait study of a gentleman named Hard-Boiled Haggerty, who, the caption states, is "Hot on Trail of Lou Thesz for Championship Match." Mr. Haggerty's head rises between his shoulders like the Sphinx between two pyramids; his face is dabbled with what I at first took to be grains of Puffed Rice but now believe to be drops of sweat, for his expression makes it evident that he has just emerged from triumphant combat. His neck is slightly wider than his face, and only his ears break the sweeping line from collarbone to top of cranium. Without them, he would have the silhouette of a 155-mm. shellcase. The rear cover carries a likeness of June Byers, "New Undisputed Women's World Wrestling Champion," and a pleasing contrast to Mr. Haggerty. Miss Byers is wearing what looks like a Spanish shawl over a Bikini; she is on high heels and appears to be tapping her right foot impatiently, an ill omen for somebody. Interposed between Mr. Haggerty and Miss Byers are thirty-four pages of text and pictures. The latter include shots of Yukon Eric, a hero type who wrestles in blue jeans, in action against Wladek Kowalski, a villainous character whom the sourdough has lifted to his shoulder with one arm. There are also views of Ray Thunder Stern, another hero, high in the air before landing kerplunk on the convex frontal elevation of a villain named Bibber McCoy, who lies flat on the canvas to receive him; of a masked marvel called El Diablo; of a German-style villain known as Ach Du Lieber Kurt von Poppenheim, who is accoutred with a beard, a monocle, and a homburg; of Oyama Kato, a Japanese-style villain, coldly sneering; and of Eric the Great Pedersen, a Scandinavian Body Beautiful. What *Time* would call the cover

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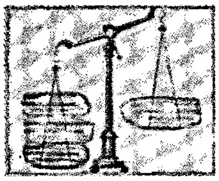

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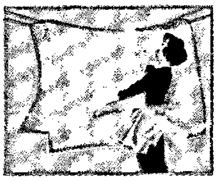

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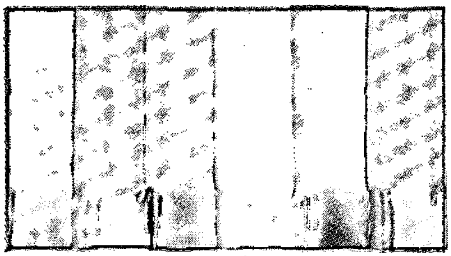

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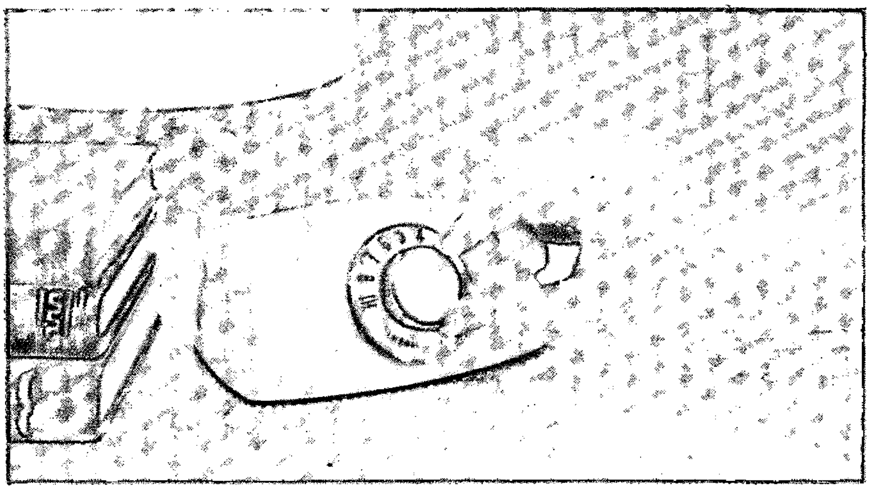

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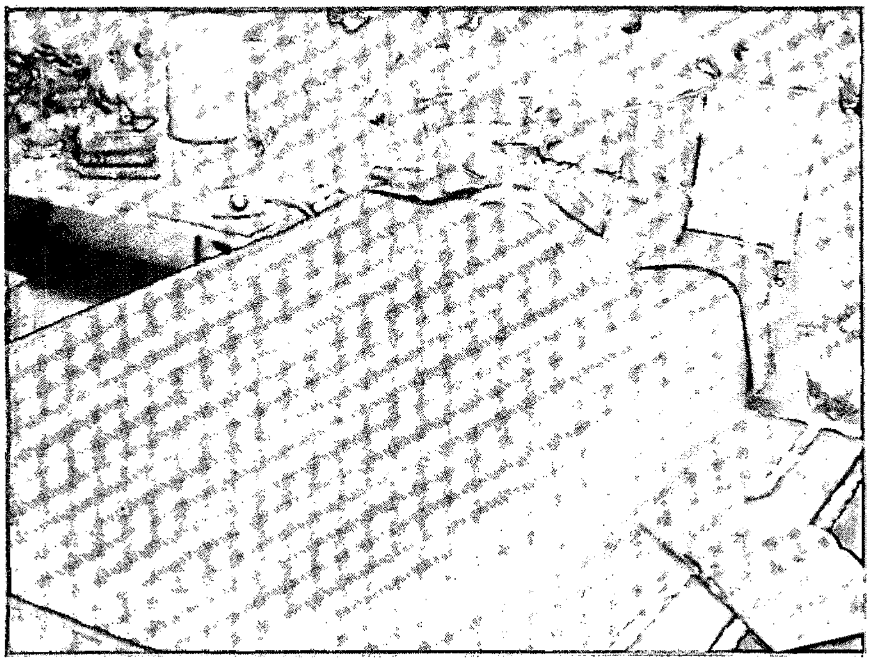

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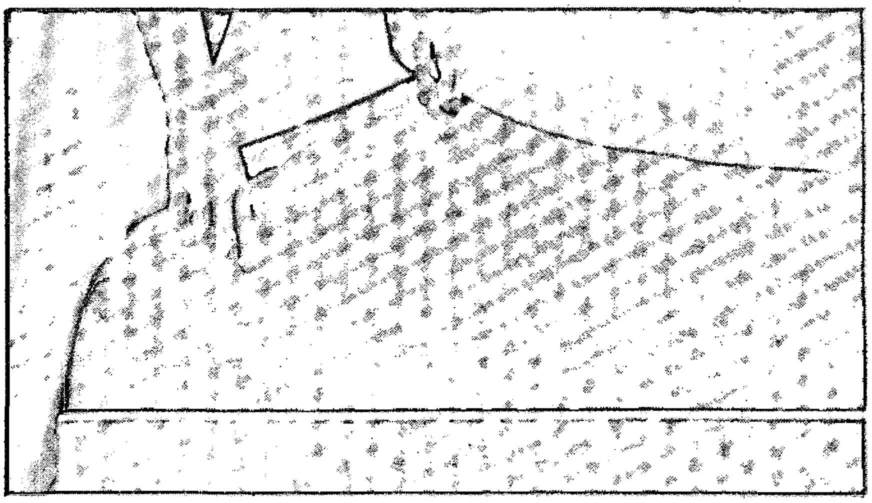

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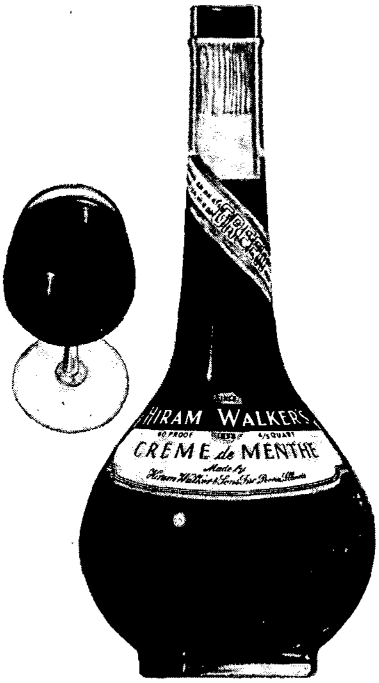
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story is headed "HAGGERTY HUNGERS FOR TITLE." "Generally Haggerty's battles turn out to be 'audience participation' affairs," the story says, in part. "For Hard-Boiled uses the arch-villain style of wrestling, in which everything goes—including the temper of the crowd. And so the stormy petrel of the mat has had some rough encounters with the crowds that flock to see him get licked. When he doesn't, they resent it and try to take matters into their own hands as he wends his way toward the dressing room after a battle." The accompanying art shows Hard-Boiled laughing evilly as he squeezes an agonized opponent's chin—the fellow's face is covered with ketchup or blood—and frowning in villainous perplexity as he tries to identify his own legs, which are interlaced with those of a wily challenger.

The last quarter of the magazine is devoted to the affairs of the Wrestling Fan Clubs Association of America, a form of literary audience participation devised by Mr. Brown. The clubs are dedicated to individual wrestlers, or to small groups of wrestlers who are linked by nationality or genre. There are about a hundred and twenty clubs listed in the magazine, with the names and addresses of their corresponding secretaries, and all of them get out bulletins and hold conventions and write letters to *Wrestling World*. Brown's daughter Eleanor conducts a department called "Cousin El's Mailbox," in which she publishes and answers the club members' letters.

On my visits to Room 418, Mr. Brown and Mr. Mayer and I usually discuss great figures of the past, like Mme. Bernhardt; Firpo; Gyp the Blood, a gunman after whom Mr. Brown once named a cocktail; and Charles E. Chapin, the city editor of the *World* who murdered his wife. Our conversation touches only incidentally on the industry with which Mr. Brown and Mr. Mayer are now associated, and in which my interest has long been so mild that it verges on distaste. During my acquaintance with the wrestling business, I have seen it down, up, down, and pretty far up again, like one of Yukon Eric's opponents lifted high above the mat. When I began to read sports pages, wrestling was in a state of profound depression, owing to the earnest efforts of a number of wrestlers to defeat each other. Conducted honestly, wrestling is the dullest of sports to watch, but wrestlers with an honest background can lend a fake verisimilitude to their work that non-wrestlers find it hard to duplicate. In the

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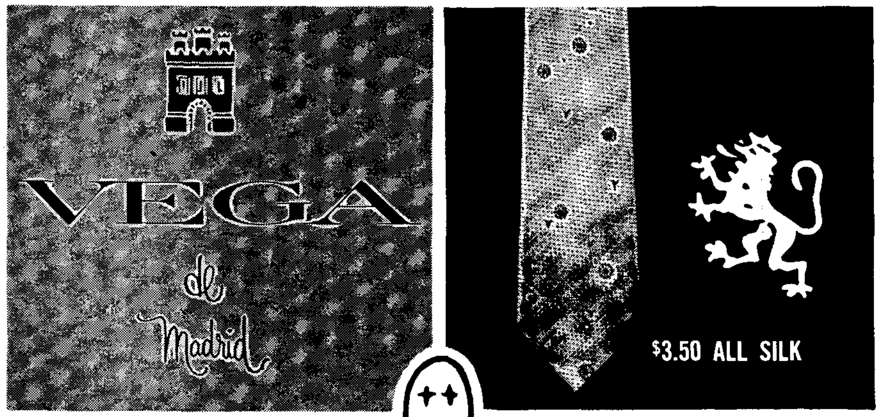

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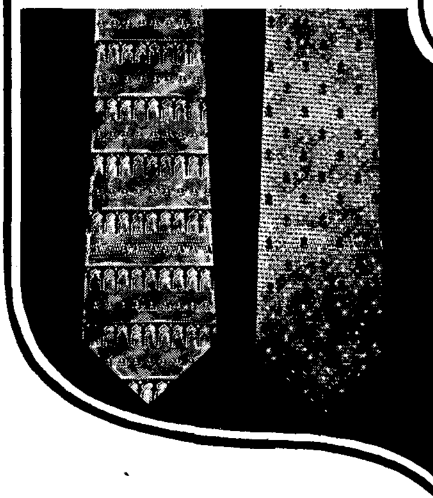

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thirties, when every other business in the country was on the rocks, wrestling hit a peak of prosperity, under the aegis of a large, disarming man named Jack Curley, who was a walking embodiment of the popular conception of a promoter. Curley had a large corps of hungry genuine wrestlers at his disposition. His ore-extraction process was always the same. The world's championship was held by a veteran wrestler named Jim Londos, who had a dramatic spark lacking in most of his colleagues. (Whether Londos was the best wrestler of his time is dubious, but he was certainly the best spectacular wrestler.) A Foreign Menace, in most cases a real wrestler, would be imported. He would meet all the challengers for the title whom Londos had defeated in any city larger than New Haven, and beat them. After that, he and Londos would wrestle for the world's championship in Madison Square Garden. The Foreign Menace would oppress Londos unmercifully for about forty minutes, and then Londos would pick him up for the airplane spin, which is like the climactic movement of an adagio dance or a hammer throw. Skeptics have pointed out that this movement requires coöperation from the adagio projectile, even if it is a ninety-pound girl. (The hammer weighs sixteen pounds.) Curley never admitted that the airplane spin wasn't on the level, but he never claimed that it was. He just used to grin. Londos would whirl the current Menace around his head and dash him to the mat three times, no more and no less, and the match would end in time for suburbanites to get the trains they caught on theatre nights. After the bout, the Menace would either return to Europe or remain here to become part of the buildup for the next Menace. In the season of 1931-1932, ten such Garden bouts drew an average of twenty-four thousand dollars, which, when you consider what you could buy with it then, was a whale of a lot of money. It was a David Belasco period in the production of wrestling; there was a heavy literalism about the whole performance. But it drew the customers. Londos spoiled it all, according to his detractors in the industry, by demanding a genuine champion's share of the gate receipts. He was unfrocked, and within a year the country swarmed with champions. By 1939, I happen to remember, there were fifteen. The first thing a promoter did on going into business was to name a champion; then he signed a lease on an office. The business needed new, streamlined attractions, for the surviv-

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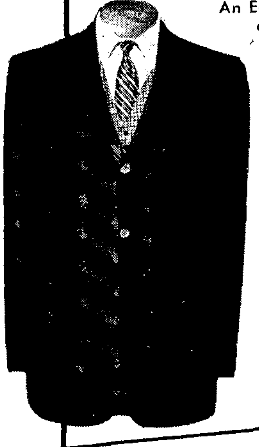

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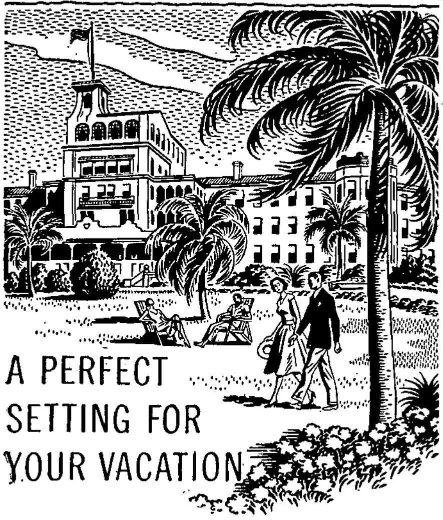

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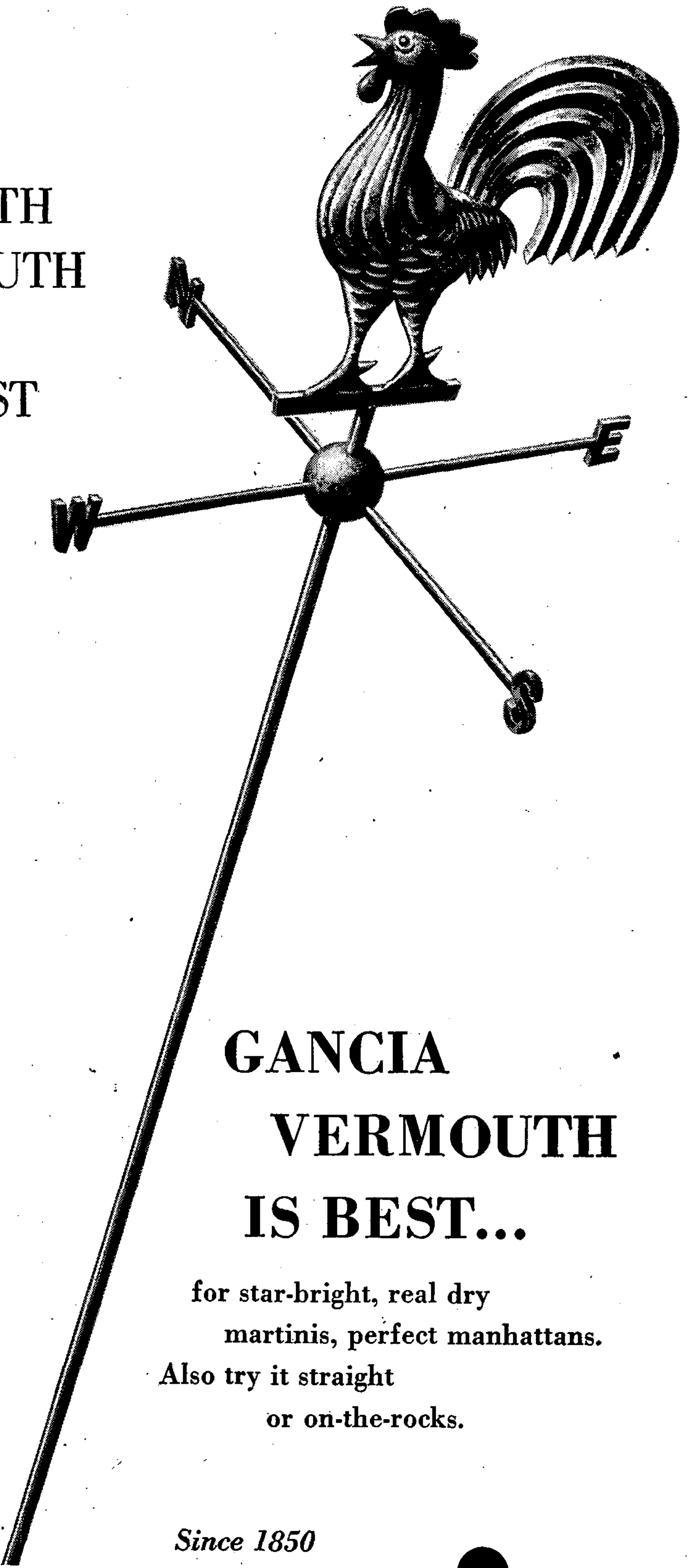
DRUGGISTS

ing real wrestlers were so old, fat, and homely that they had no gate appeal. Some of them had been professionally active for forty years. Yet, like the Janizaries of the Ottoman decadence, they represented a perpetual threat to their employers, since they could cross them up at any time by throwing the young, attractive champions, who couldn't really wrestle. A wrestling show held in the Garden in 1938 drew less than five thousand dollars, and that was the last one there for a long time.

Professional wrestling took refuge in small clubs in foreign-language neighborhoods, where it became an intimate art form with a European frame of reference, like the antics of the Fratellini clowns in the Cirque Médrano. Wrestlers billed as Italians and Ethiopians one season became Germans and Czechs the next. A wrestler showing as a German Apollo in the Ridgewood section of Queens, where there was a large German-American population, might perform as a Polish Hercules in the Bronx. Grimaces and dialogue registered in the small halls; the kinetic aspect of the art form was subordinated to the mimetic. All the activity that was manifested took the form of a spurious and largely symbolic violence. It was a period of reëvaluation; wrestling was being eliminated from wrestling. An old acquaintance of mine named Jack Pfefer was, as the boys on the literary quarterlies would say, a seminal innovator of this transition. Pfefer, a frail, corvine man who came into wrestling after unsuccessful impresarial efforts in Russian opera and ballet, had no hampering ties to a past in which wrestlers had wrestled; he presented not imitation wrestling matches but pure fantasy. "I tell them who should win," he would say. "I treat them like a father—like a mother who beats up her baby." The difference between Pfefer's productions and Curley's was like that between avowed fiction and a Hearst news story. Pfefer's productions were weak in acrobatics but rich in humorous characterization, and so were his players, like King Kong the Fiopian (Pfeferese for Ethiopian) Gorilla Man, a chap of superhuman strength except for his Achilles' heel, which was in his whiskers. King Kong's opponent, on the point of simulated strangulation, had but to touch these and the Gorilla Man released his grip. A gentle pull and King Kong gibbered. A determined tug and he became an abject thing, cowering in terror, while the delighted audience chorused, "Pull 'em again!"

The last of Pfefer's shows I saw was



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at the Ridgewood Grove Arena in 1939. It drew only six hundred dollars, but half of that was profit. The performers got sixty-five dollars a week for five shows. They also paid their own subway fares going and coming. Mr. Mayer worked for Pfefer that season as a publicity man, carrying large framed posters from club to club for lobby display. He travelled on the subway, too. At the end of 1944, when I returned from Europe, I learned that Pfefer had taken his comedic gifts to Toledo, Ohio. Wrestling in New York was as dead as prohibition. It came back with television, which tapped new reservoirs of credulity. On the night of Washington's Birthday, 1949, a man named Bill Johnston promoted the first wrestling exhibition in the Garden in eleven years, featuring a grotesque named Gorgeous George. (The New York State Athletic Commission, refusing to recognize wrestling as a competitive activity, insists that all pairings be billed as exhibitions rather than matches.) Newspapers covered Gorgeous George's début with their drama, moving-picture, and television critics, as well as with their sportswriters. It got tremendous publicity, all bad, but the journalists tried so hard to be funny that they made the subject itself seem amusing. That show lost fifteen hundred dollars, but within a year or two the wrestling productions at the Garden, were drawing money again. Last season, six presentations averaged a bit more than thirty thousand dollars—better than Curley's old mark, though rather less impressive, considering the higher incidence of money.

WHEN I visited the *Wrestling World* office a couple of weeks ago, Mr. Mayer, who knows my views on the branch of drama with which he is currently associated, surprised me by suggesting that I attend the first soirée of the current Garden season. "Psychologically, it would entrance you," he said. "Nationalism is dead. That was neighborhood stuff. On television, it would mean nothing, because you wouldn't know which nationality to make the villain. What the new wrestling public is interested in is villainy as villainy, virtue as virtue. It is very ethical." To prove the point, Mr. Brown showed me a letter from a woman who said that she was eighty-one and lived in an old ladies' home, and that wrestling, which she saw on television, was all that kept her alive. She knew that if she just kept on watching long enough, the villains would get what they de-

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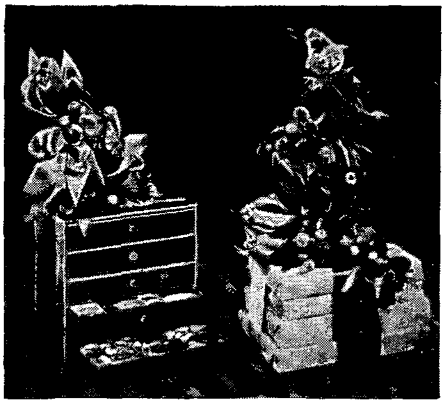

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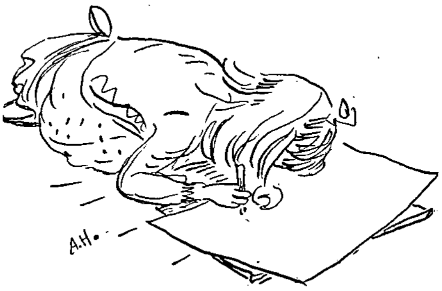
served, and this was very comforting. Mr. Mayer said that the Garden show would not be televised, so all the television fans who had the price of admission could be counted on to attend, in order to see their heroes in the flesh. The principals in the main exhibition were Antonino Rocca, a bounding, swaggering, smiling type who specializes in kicks and leaps, and Hans Schmidt, a horrid Nazi villain, libellously averred by a number of his competitors to be a French Canadian. "In the beginning of his career Schmidt attracted attention by giving the Nazi salute, turning his back on the American flag, and sitting down during 'The Star-Spangled Banner,'" Mr. Mayer said. "Recently he has cut that stuff, because it no longer provokes sufficient animosity. There has been a change in the international climate." The event that would interest me most, Mr. Brown predicted, was the tag-team match, between two teams of two wrestlers each, with the partners spelling each other as the spirit moved them. "It introduces the team spirit into wrestling," Mr. Brown said. "Self-sacrifice, help the other fellow, all that. It's the coming thing." In the tag-team match, Art Neilson and Reggie Lisowski, both of Chicago, were to oppose Pat O'Connor, of Ireland, and Yukon Eric. These four wrestlers, plus Rocca and Schmidt, constituted the all-star portion of the card, Brown said; all of them had heavy bookings throughout the country, and they would probably be flown into New York for the Garden show and then flown out to their next engagements. The preliminaries would be made up of local talent.

Because I hadn't been to a wrestling show since the new trend began, I decided to see the whole thing, and on the evening of October 26th, the date of the exhibition, I went over to the Garden at about six o'clock in order to be sure of a good seat. The box offices in the lobby were already doing a fairly brisk business, at a scale of three dollars, four dollars, and five dollars, but I needn't have been anxious. It was not the frenzy of the old Londos days. I got a seat in the first raised ringside



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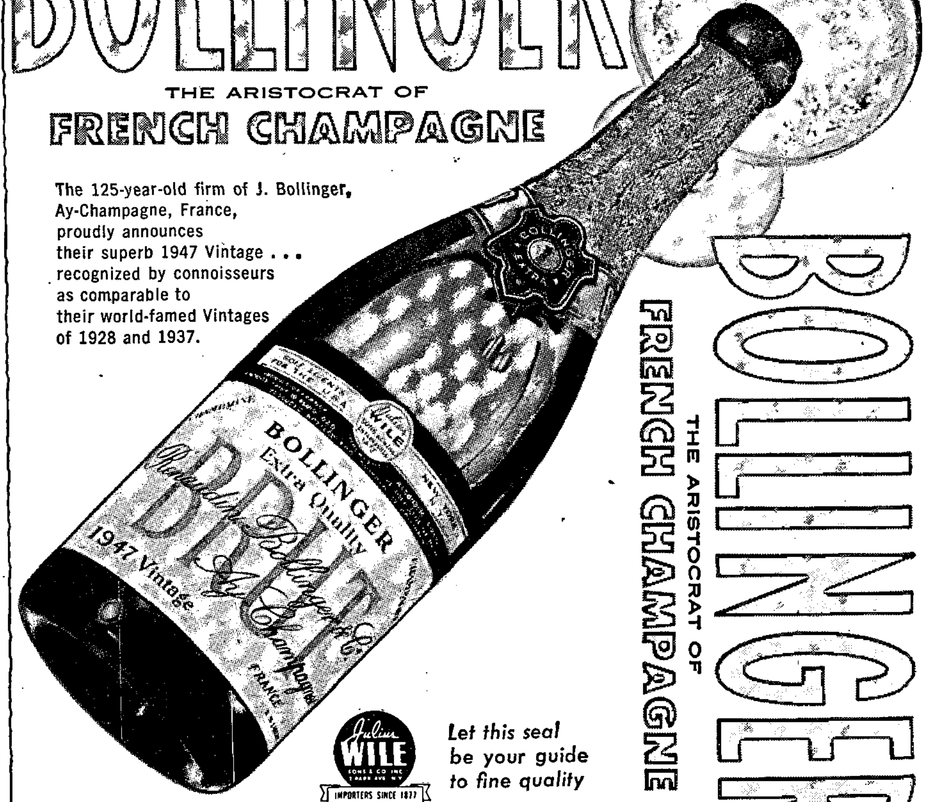

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row, and went off to dinner. When I returned, a few minutes before eight-thirty, the lobby was filled with what twenty years ago I would have taken for a convention of the Townsend Club, the national organization that campaigned for liberal old-age pensions. The Townsendites used to contend that their plan would end the depression of those days, because old people would put the money right back into circulation—a short life and a merry one. The crowd at the Garden appeared to support their theory. With shining faces, the Darbys and Joans filed past the bronze statue of Joe Gans, the old colored pugilist, in the lobby, converging on the raffishly ethical entertainment from Jackson Heights and Flatbush and London Terrace and the Grand Concourse. All, or almost all, were in their seats before the first bout started; the evening's excursion had been carefully planned, probably weeks in advance. The audience looked more like a prewar Sunday-night crowd at Lüchow's than like the mob at any other kind of sporting event.

I felt myself absurdly young, although I voted for Al Smith, and heard myself saying as I worked my way in toward my seat, unavoidably stepping on a few toes, "Pardon me, sir," "Excuse me, Ma'am," "Sorry to be so late," although, of course, I wasn't late. "It's all right, son," an old gentleman with a prominent vein in his forehead said as I stumbled past him. I hoped that excitement was not bad for him and that he had consulted his physician before coming. A woman behind me, whom I regarded as I struggled to get my coat off, had the look of Germanic well-to-do-ness that I have always associated with small holders of stock in large breweries. She reminded me of a woman my mother used to call Mrs. Immaculate; she was wearing two pearl earrings that precisely matched her two eyes—large round pearls, small round eyes, small round face. It was a study in juxtaposed circles. Her lips were thin, tight, and straight, and the semicircle of frizzled gray hair visible under her hat was precisely matched by the collar of frizzled gray fur at her throat. She sat between two elderly men, and I could tell that one was not with her, because he was smiling. "I hope he don't stand there until the commencement, Poppa," she said to the man on her other side, and he pretended not to notice.

The participants in the first exhibition of the evening were introduced as Buddy Lee, of Hollywood, and Hal Kanner, of Brooklyn, both around two hundred and twenty pounds. Lee had

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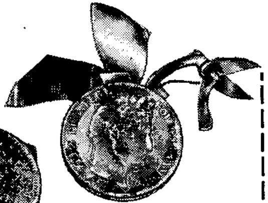

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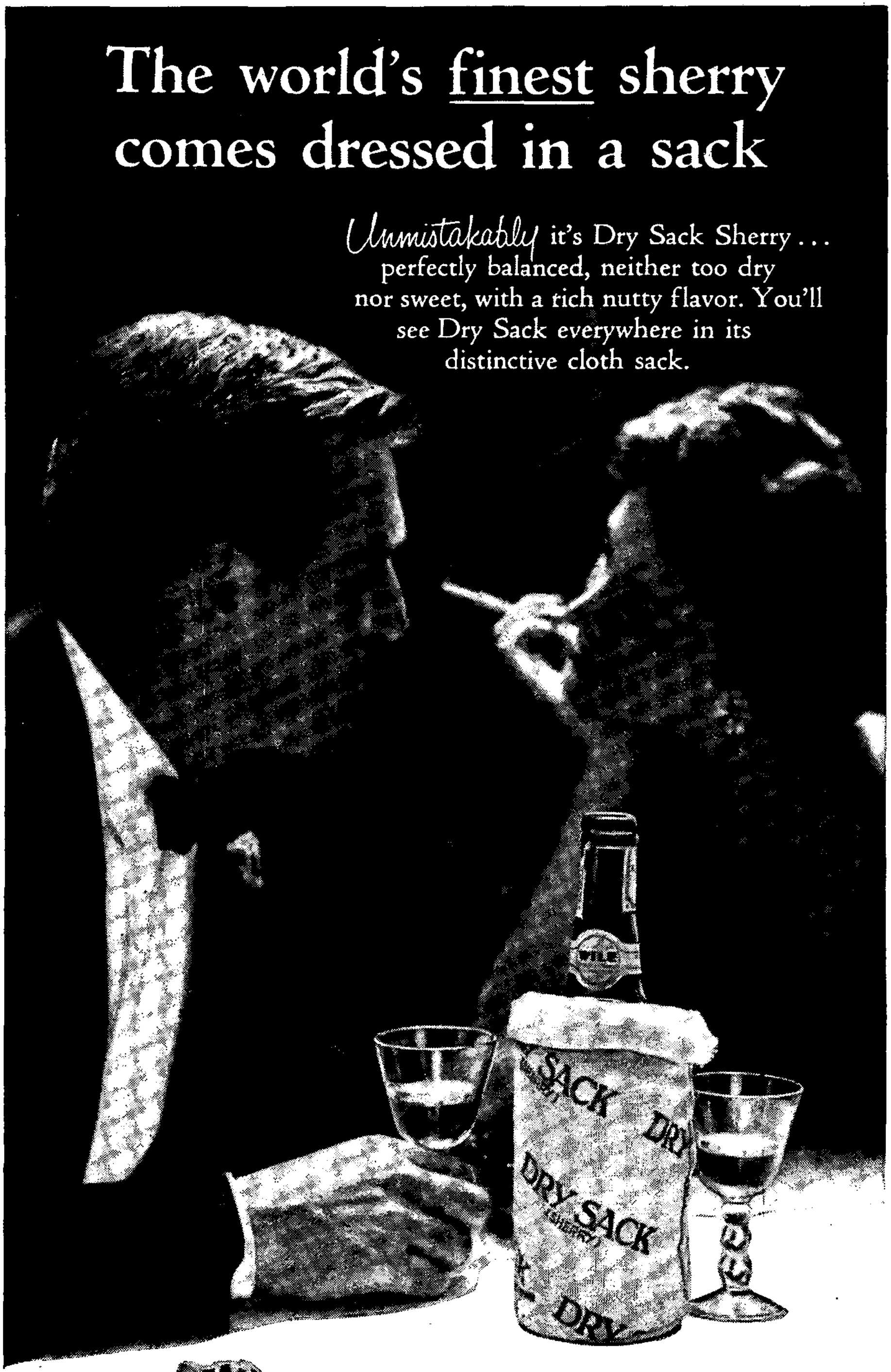
platinum-blond hair, which he wore in a kind of Dutch cut, like Prince Valiant's in the comic strip, and he sported a white silk shirt and a red-white-and-blue doublet over his wrestling trunks. To my inexpert eye, this was the costume of a hero, but I quickly perceived from the crowd's attitude that I was wrong. Vanity was the deadly sin incarnated by the nature boy; in the new frame of reference, all wrestlers with this kind of haircut and personality are known as nature boys. Some are more famous than others, but all are considered obnoxious, except by bobby-soxers, who form their fan clubs. The nature boys are given to posing, petulance, and treachery. Kanner, a rugged, honest fellow, was more of a Horatio Alger type—pleasant, but a demon when aroused. While the referee was delivering his homily, Lee made a sweeping upward gesture of both arms, as if asking the referee what would happen if he simply tossed Kanner out of the ring. The crowd booed, and the woman behind me said, "Boy, will he get what he deserves—he's so mean."

The referee waved the contestants to their corners. Lee removed his showy upper garments and flexed all his muscles, as if posing for a bar-bell advertisement. Kanner advanced, extending a hand in sportsmanlike bonhomie. Lee brushed it aside, and the crowd booed again. Appearing to repent, Lee then extended his hand, but when the Brooklynite approached to take it, the nature boy snatched it away and grabbed Kanner's hair with his left hand. "Why don't you pull *hiss* hair?" the woman behind me yelled, but it was too late, or else Kanner didn't hear her. Lee, exerting the leverage of only a handful of hair, threw him into a triple cartwheel, followed by a series of what acrobats call spotted tinsicas and a back flip. Then, as Kanner lay prostrate, the nature boy kicked him in the face. Kanner rose, rubbing his eyes; obviously, the kick had paralyzed an optic nerve. Dr. Vincent Nardiello, the official boxing physician, would have stopped the bout right there, but wrestlers are of sterner stuff. Kanner shook his head, and his optic nerve unparalyzed itself. He descried the faithless Lee and rushed at him, and Lee, made a coward by conscience, shrank away, shaking his blond locks in disavowal of evil intent. It did him no good. Kanner struck him a terrific blow under the chin—about three inches under it and travelling toward his right shoulder, it seemed to me—but the wind it kicked up capsized Lee, who now refused to rise, and held out placat-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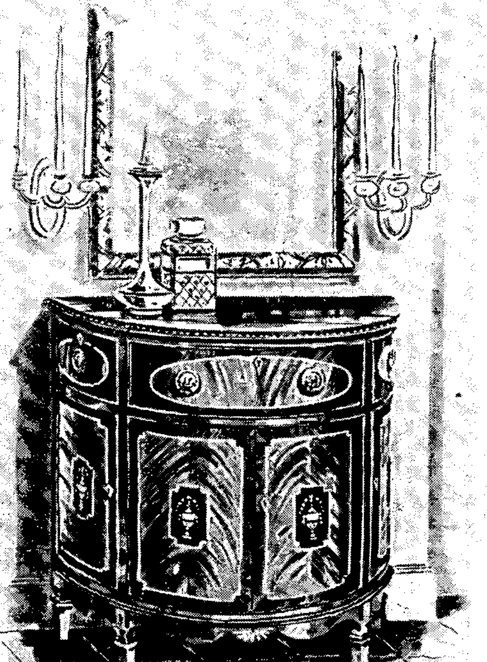

ing hands and shook his hair some more. "All those tough guys, they're so yellow," the lady behind me said with contempt. But by some treacherous turn I do not now recall, the nature boy reëstablished the equilibrium of the battle. I think it was by a lethal maneuver known in 1939 as the boomps-a-daisy—thrusting his posterior into Kanner's rapidly advancing diaphragm. This, of course, knocked every cubic inch of breath out of Kanner, although he held, at a rough estimate, as much as a barrage balloon. He fell, and Lee kneaded his arms like an osteopath—a tactic that sent a sympathetic shudder through the entire audience. It is a frightful thing when eleven thousand people shudder simultaneously, especially if you are wedged between two of them.

"Disqualify him!" the man with the prominent vein said hoarsely. "Disqualify him!" The man's eyes were glassy, his forehead humid. "Disqualify him!" he croaked. If he collapsed in the midst of that shuddering mass, I knew, the ushers would have to get him out in a breeches buoy.

But Kanner was up. His arms were still on. How he had dislodged the nature boy I am not certain, but I think it was by reaching up one foot behind the sadist's right ear and distracting his attention; then, when Lee turned, Kanner probably got away without being noticed. Various competitors were doing things like that all night, and my memories melt together like a bag of chocolates inadvertently left in a hip pocket. Anyway, Kanner ran at Lee again, and Lee turned away, preparing to give him the awful boomps-a-daisy. The crowd quavered, in unison, "Look out!," but Kanner needed no warning. Rising on his left toe, he punted Lee through the ropes.

Mrs. Immaculate loosed a peal of joy. "Ha-ha, you poor thing!" she yelled.

Then Lee got out of control altogether. Bounding back into the ring, he began jumping on Kanner's feet. The referee remonstrated. Lee applied another foul stratagem—trying, as I recall, to get Kanner's head under the top rope and saw it off. "Disqualify him!" the old man near me burbled. "Disqualify him!" His voice sounded like air escaping from an inner tube, but the referee, fifty yards away, must have heard him. He tore Lee from his prey and waved him to his corner. The nature boy protested, hair whipping about wildly, like paper streamers on an electric fan.

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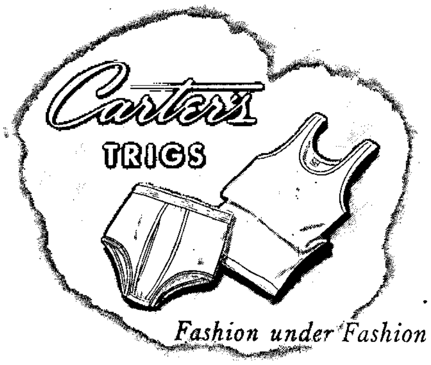

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phone. "Lee refuses to listen to the referee," he said. "He is disqualified."

The decent instincts of the crowd were vindicated. "The meanness is in them," the woman behind me explained to her husband, who had not yet said a word, "and they just can't help it, no matter how many times they try."

There were three more preliminary matches, and in each of them the moral issue was as clearly drawn. One match, between two fellows with Italian names—an illustration of what Mayer had said about the abandonment of the national motif—ended, like the chariot race in a circus, with the hero chasing the craven villain three laps around the ring in time that would be creditable at Sportsman's Park, a race track near Chicago with similar turns. In only one exhibition did the embodiment of virtue fail, and then the outcome was written in the stars, for when the men entered the ring, one, introduced as Hans Herman, of Germany, two hundred and ninety-one pounds, towered far above his opponent from Yonkers, a pygmy of two hundred and twenty-eight. Yonkers scuttled between Herman's widely straddled legs a couple of times, and virtue's cheerleader back of me carolled, "Ha-ha, he makes a fool of him!," but the man with the prominent vein, who was by now olive green with emotion, refused to kid himself.

"What chance has he with a wild animal like that?" he asked all of us. "He's crazy."

Sure enough, Germany threw Yonkers, but the crowd was remarkably cheerful. It anticipated, correctly, that Herr Herman was being fattened for a future sacrifice on the altar of the good and beautiful. Then came a ten-minute break, to permit the audience to recompose its feelings and buy hot dogs.

At the end of the break, the announcer informed us all that the main bout, between Rocca and Schmidt, to a finish, would go on immediately, to be followed by the team match. "That means Rocca will throw him quick because there's a curfew at eleven, and he'll have to leave time for the tag-team match," a knowing man at my right hand said. While his cynicism surprised me, it also convinced me, because I couldn't imagine a promoter flying four tag-team wrestlers here from Chicago and then not using them. They could have been making money in some place like Wheeling.

"But suppose Schmidt throws Rocca?" I asked, just to make conversa-

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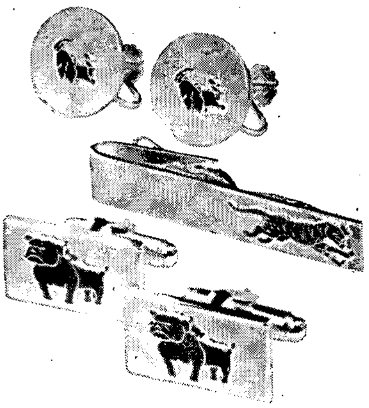
tion. The man looked at me incredulously and clammed up. It was evident that he considered Schmidt a long shot.

It was then ten o'clock, and Rocca won in twenty minutes, by bounding atop Schmidt's shoulders, wrapping his legs around the reformed Nazi's throat, and then imparting to him a spinning motion, like a top. Having spun tops myself as a boy, I could appreciate the practicality of the idea, and I wondered why no wrestler had ever thought of it before. Rocca, respecting the tradition of the number three, spun Schmidt three times and then flattened his shoulders to the mat while he was still dizzy. In this case, the kinetic element in the art had pushed the mimetic into limbo. The two men's personalities barely emerged through the choreography, but they were a pair of remarkably fine tumblers. Rocca, bounding about in bare feet, gave the whole performance a spot too much chypre for the old Curley days, but the world must advance, I suppose. One awfully cute touch came when he lay on his back and played pat-a-cake on Schmidt's tum with his bare feet.

I had employed the interval in reading the program note on Neilson and Lisowski. "To look at Art Neilson and Reggie Lisowski," it said, "you'd get a first impression they were just clean, overgrown boys. . . . They are recognized as the world's champions, but never has the wrestling game produced a combine that the public has hated so intensely. Several times in recent months, they've had to escape with their lives from irate citizens after messing up local favorites. . . . Evidently, Lisowski and Neilson can only find friendship in one another during their long wrestling treks. 'Who cares?' they say in unison." I could see that this was an attitude that would not be appreciated by most of my neighbors, and I wondered how Neilson and Lisowski would contrive to remain champions without defeating the heroes. When I saw them enter the ring, I recognized them for what they were; both had long blond haircuts, both wore the Prince Valiant getup, and as they stood elbow to elbow, arms akimbo, pointing their chins at the ceiling, they made an irritating contrast to their opponents, stalwart he-men both. Yukon Eric, who weighed two hundred and seventy-four pounds, came into the ring wearing lumberman's boots, as well as jeans, but he took the boots off before the wrestling started. He left the jeans on. Mr. O'Connor looked clean



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and determined—just the kind of straight man a kindly old sourdough of gigantic strength would befriend. When the insolent nature boys took off their fancy jerkins, however, it could be seen that they, too, were men of gigantic strength. The program said that Lisowski weighed two hundred and forty-eight pounds and Neilson two hundred and thirty-five. I was never sure which was which.

In a tag match, each team operates from a corner, as in boxing. A six-foot length of rope is tied to the top strand of the ring in each corner. The temporarily disengaged member of the team is supposed to hold the end of this rope and move only within its orbit until he can touch, or be touched by, his partner. The fellows doing the wrestling wrestle, but the man getting the worst of it tries to wriggle toward his own corner, so that his presumably fresh partner can relieve him. If either partner is thrown, it counts a throw against the team. O'Connor began for the good partners, but the lead-off nature boy got the better of him by unfair means—sticking his fingers in his eyes, I think. O'Connor, blinded, staggered back—luckily, back was in the direction of his own corner—and just as the nature boy, with a horrid squeal, was about to hurl himself on the sightless man, Yukon Eric, straining at his leash, touched O'Connor. Striding out into the ring, he pushed his partner aside, hitched up his jeans, and faced the nature boy, who, with a conceited smile, squeezed Eric's huge torso in a grip of steel. Do you know how Eric broke the grip? He just inhaled. His chest expansion flung the foeman's arms apart. They fell helpless, and Eric smiled grimly. Try it again, he seemed to say, and Lisowski—or maybe it was Neilson—did. Eric breathed in again, and the same thing happened. Neilson, or Lisowski, knew what he was up against then, but it was too late, or almost. Eric picked him up in his arms like a baby and threw him up in the air. Unfortunately, he landed within reach of his partner, who came scrambling forward with feigned alacrity, but this didn't fool Mrs. Immaculate. "Ha-ha, you know what you going to get!" she cried, in a pleased tone. The creature—Lisowski it was, or maybe Neilson—had courage, though, and I had to give him credit. He tried to hit Eric, but the titanic miner seized his wrist and flung him into an imitation of a carrousel. Lisowski or Neilson, whoever it was, became so dizzy that he walked toward the *wrong* corner. That brought him within

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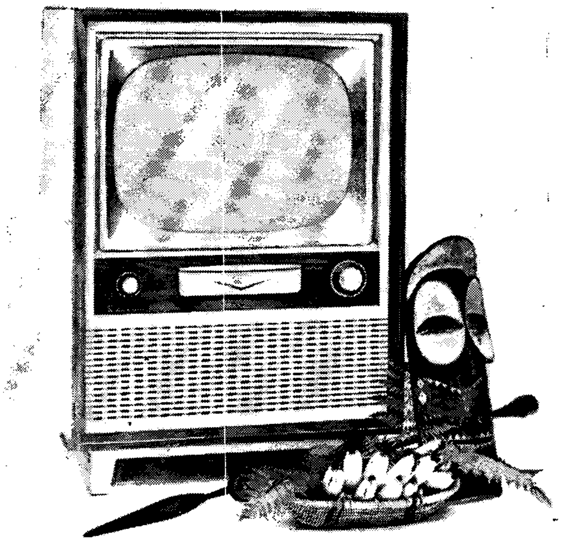

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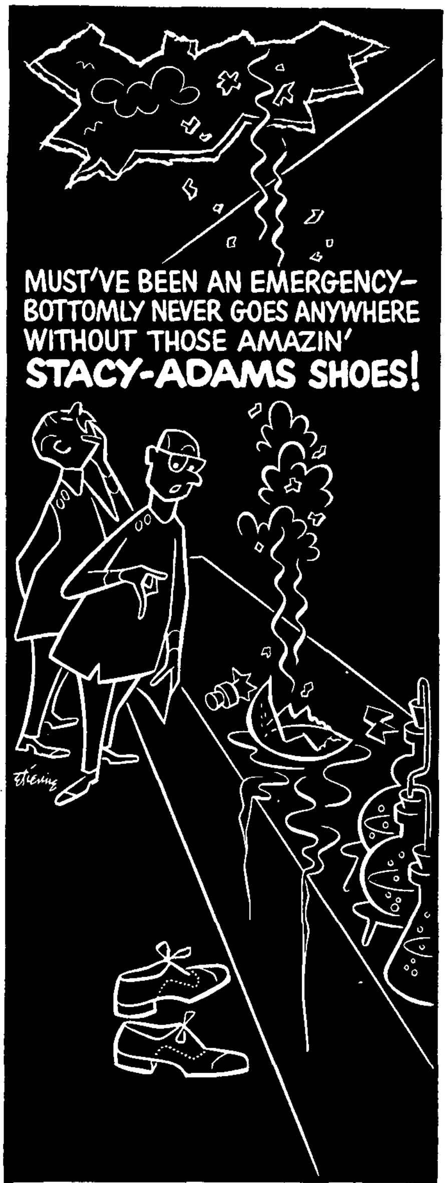
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O'Connor's reach, and you know how *he* must have felt after having his eyes gouged out, but he could see all right now. O'Connor grabbed Neilson or Lisowski by the hair and threw him upside down. Having wreaked this bit of vengeance, O'Connor went back to his corner, and Yukon Eric took over again. He picked up Lisowski (unless it was Neilson) and threw him through the air the way he had thrown Neilson before (unless it was Lisowski). By bad luck, he also threw this one too far, landing him at his partner's feet, in their corner. Then mighty Eric walked forward to finish him, as one would finish a gambler whom one had just recognized in a Yukon house of ill fame as the despoiler of one's sister. There were surely some people in the five-dollar seats who could have screamed a warning, but they sat mute with horror as Eric, forgetting all in his rage, advanced into the nature boys' corner, where they *both* could get at him. The nature boys were breaking the rules, but what does that kind care about rules? As Eric stooped to administer the coup de grâce, the non-wrestling nature boy slipped the six-foot rope under his throat and strangled him. Then the prostrate devil leaped up and joined in the attack, whacking Eric on the back of the neck with iron fists. O'Connor strained at his legal leash in the far corner, helpless to aid. A Lisowski or a Neilson would have flouted the rule, but a he-man can't.

"Disqualify them! Disqualify them!" a familiar voice screamed.

But the referee was deaf, and justice is blind by definition. The cads did mighty Eric in. It came as a special blow to everybody, because Eric was the strong member of our team; everybody felt safe while he was doing the wrestling.

"That's the only way they always win, with their foul tactics!" Mrs. Immaculate cried behind me. "Without the rope they couldn't a done it."

It was only then that I glanced at my program and saw that the match was two falls out of three. Lisowski and Neilson were back on their feet, and were holding their right fists aloft as if they had done something wonderful in ganging up on poor old Eric. But they had a surprise coming to them. As soon as the second fall started, Pat O'Connor came out and nearly murdered Lisowski or Neilson, whichever. He was determined to avenge Eric. The nature boy tried to crawl through the ropes to get away. "He's going for the ropes immediately!" my lady friend shrilled, and as

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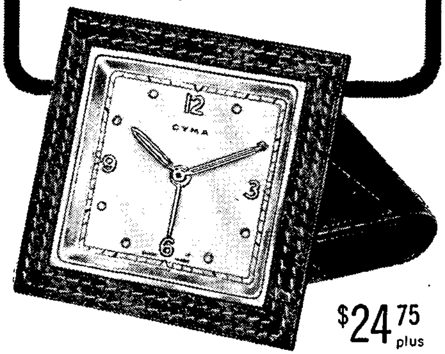

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the wretch made gestures toward his throat, to convey the idea that O'Connor had used a strangle hold, she shrieked, "You're not choking, you're faking!" The fellow grabbed O'Connor and got him down for a second, but Yukon Eric roguishly climbed through the ropes, came around the ring, and put O'Connor on top again. The crowd condoned this infraction of the rules, because it was done by an honest man. In another instant, O'Connor had pinned either Neilson's or Lisowski's shoulders to the canvas, and the score was deuce.

The rubber fall was the most thrilling of the three, but unhappily the curfew rang while all four men were trading punches in the center of the ring, and the hapless, helpless referee wrung his hands in despair. The nature boys held each other's hands up as if they'd won, but the eleven thousand old men and women just booed. So did I. It had stepped up all our metabolisms, softened our arteries, strengthened our faith in the invincibility of right, and built up a hell of a return match. The disqualification man's complexion had visibly improved, from light olive to canary yellow, and I will lay you ten to one he survives until Yukon Eric faces the wolf pack again. As for Mrs. Immaculate, she got her husband out of there winging, and I heard her say, as she hustled him out to the aisle, "We can just get back to Staten Island in time for the wrestling on television." In my mind, I had named the husband William the Silent, and he made good for me; he didn't say anything.

—A. J. LIEBLING

•

The President conferred with Robert J. Cutler, White House aide on national security matters. After receiving Cutler's report, the Chief Executive met with a Kansas delegation headed by Gov. Edward F. Arn to talk over plans for dedication of the $350,000 Eisenhower Museum at Abilene.

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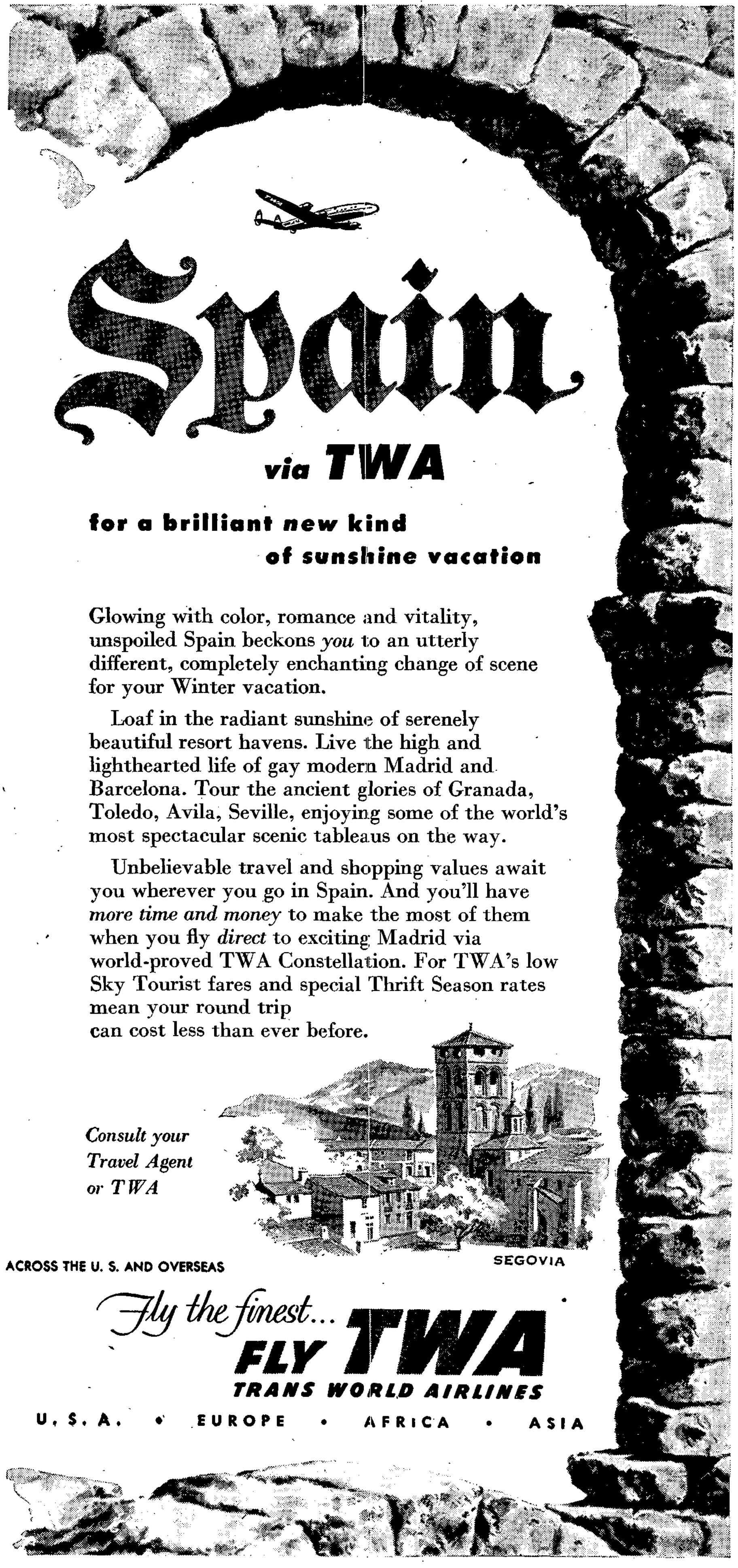
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Mozart

AN accommodating friend of mine who owns a color-television set invited me over to his place a week ago Sunday to watch Mozart in color. I would enjoy Mozart in black-and-white, or just in white, and I certainly couldn't resist Mozart in color. The occasion was the N.B.C. Opera Theatre's initial production of the season, and the opera was "The Abduction from the Seraglio," in English. I thought it a complete delight. For one thing, the colors had great precision and beauty, extending all the way from striking reds and purples to lovely soft pastel shades. For another, the director, Kirk Browning, attacked the opera with immense imagination. He had the intelligence and the taste to realize that a gem like "The Abduction" is almost made to order for television. A good deal of the delicacy, charm, and intimacy of the work are lost on an ordinary proscenium stage. I once attended a performance of it at the Metropolitan, but it was hard to locate, even though I could hear the voices echoing through the dark cavern of the auditorium. My experience with "The Abduction" on television was completely different. There were the singers, right in front of my eyes—smaller than life, to be sure, but somehow more lifelike than on a stage. Even the silly, archaic story seemed plausible, and for once I could believe that the young lads, Belmonte and Pedrillo, were real people, and that their young ladies, Constanza and Blonda, were real people, too. Osmin, the large, fat fellow who is the turnkey at the harem, was also quite believable. The Pasha himself was translated into a flesh-and-blood chap, who, for all his fairly extensive harem, had his share of mortal tribulations. The Mozart music came through with exquisite clarity and tone, too. The Symphony of the Air (formerly the N.B.C. Symphony) provided the orchestral accompaniment—with Peter Herman Adler conducting—and my enthusiasm for this remarkable orchestra is practically boundless. It was wonderful under Toscanini, and it was also wonderful under Adler. Nadja Witkowska, Virginia Haskins, Davis Cunningham, David Lloyd, and Leon Lishner

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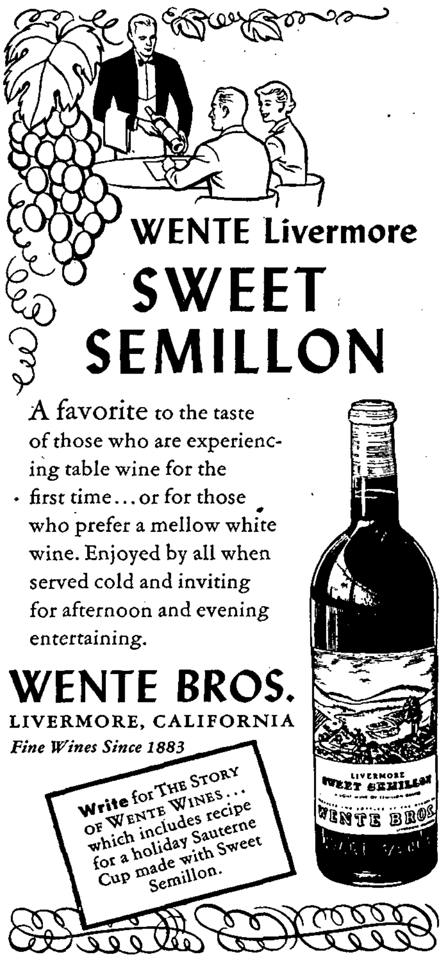

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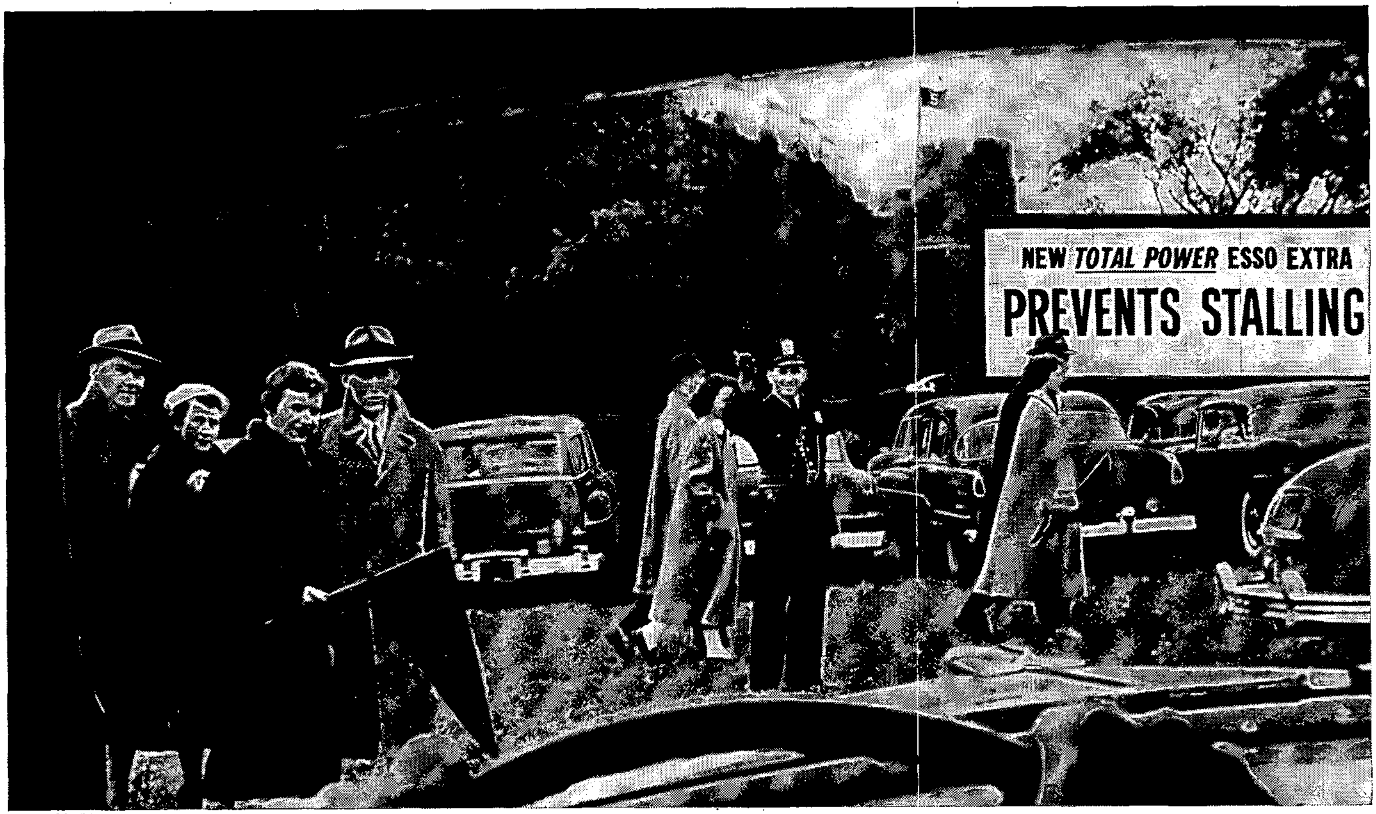
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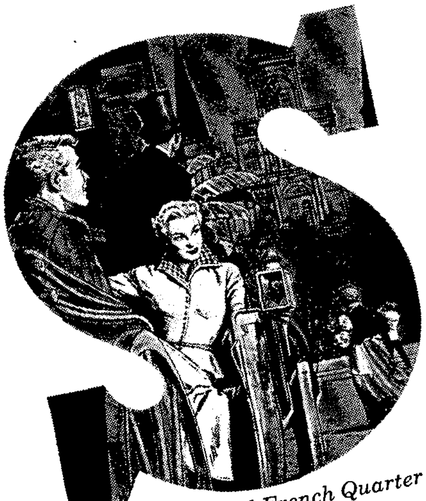

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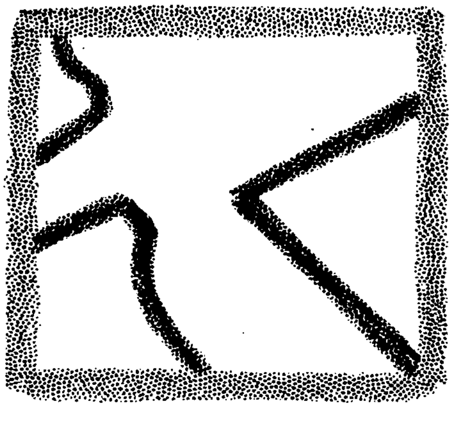
all sang admirably, and Norman Rose, in the speaking part of the Pasha, was highly impressive. The costumes and sets, by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, were models of grace. From time to time, the libretto became wearing ("Begone, begone, we're going in, bee-gone, bee-gone, bee-*gone*"), but I guess that's part of the price one must pay for opera in English.

SID CAESAR is back this season with a program of his own, over N.B.C. every Monday evening, from eight to nine. The program is called "Caesar's Hour," a title I find disturbing, not to say grandiose. There may be something wrong with me, but Mr. Caesar strikes me as singularly unfunny this year. Watching several of his turns, I've had the feeling that he is taking himself with something more than a grain of seriousness. He acts as though he had been told that he is an extremely funny fellow, and that extremely funny fellows are basically extremely sad and thoughtful fellows, and that one must not merely laugh at them but recognize the sadness that beats deep in their comic hearts. At the start of each hour, Caesar, dressed in a natty business suit, steps before a curtain and takes a pained, solemn bow. His expression is that of a professor of physics who has been asked to address a group of grade-school students; he seems to be saying, "How did I get involved in *this*?" When he finally goes into his routines, he does so with a certain reluctance. The routines have been pretty poor. Perhaps he has a new set of writers, whose outlook on life is bleak. Or perhaps he just misses the antic presence of Imogene Coca. *Those* were the days.

EVER since "High Noon" came along and proved that a Western can wear a Phi Beta Kappa key, television has been trying to duplicate its triumph. I must have seen at least a half-dozen Western dramas that attempted to be as mature and sombre and moral as all getout—philosophic bad men, philosophic good men, and so on. Well, there was another candidate the other night, on "Studio One," called "The Man Who Owned the Town." I'm not exactly sure what this one was all about. There was the usual bar and the usual loafers standing around in their tight-fitting cowboy pants, downing jigger upon jigger of rotgut. There was the usual poker game. There was the usual cheating and the usual gunplay. There was a thread of a story about a cheater, a fellow who had shot

WHAT is It?



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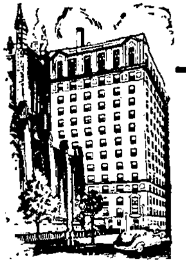

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the cheater's brother, and a girl who said, "I want out." I wanted out, too, but I hung on to the end. I had taken a dislike to the cheater, and sooner or later, I knew, he would get his comeuppance. He did—or at least I *think* he did. It was hard to tell. Thanks to some complicated Western shenanigans, he became the sheriff of the town, and, at the close, it was practically certain that he was about to be shot into many little pieces. —PHILIP HAMBURGER

●

AFTER A NIGHT FLIGHT

What I can't understand is: Why
isn't everyone more surprised
that I've just stepped down from the sky?

Saint Thomas or Augustine—
had you indicated to them
the swaggering red and green

wing lights among the stars
and told them that there men dined
on ambrosias and nectars

(say, Martini and filet mignon),
were bolstered with cushions and served
by houris with uniforms on

while compassing continents
in a single stride—they'd have said,
"They are angels or revenants."

A Greek would have thought us gods—
owl-drawn Athene and her rout
cleaving the glimmering clouds

of stars that are Hera's milk—
or Orions, Andromedas,
mortals so godlike

they were made constellations and glint
beyond gravity. All Beliefs
bear upward. And still I can't

convince a soul, really, that I
personally have buzzed into the
great hollow of the ear of the Almighty

just because at the same time
I conversed with a Frisco pimp
and a Russophobe Texas tycoon.

—PETER KANE DUFAULT

●

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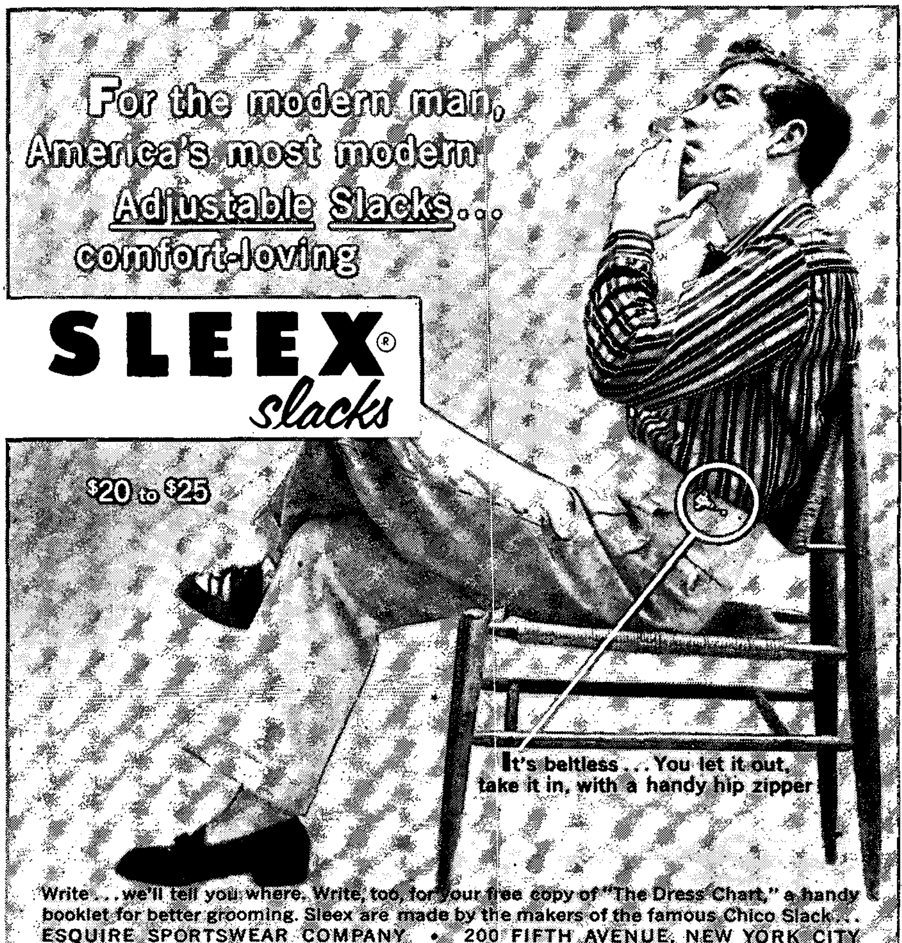

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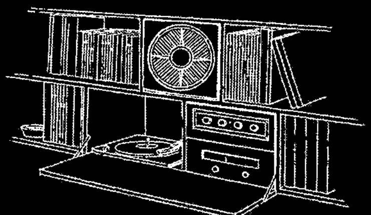

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THE POMEGRANATE TREE

SOME men have a special weakness, for which they will sacrifice everything—even the happiness of those who are most dear to them. The dice-crazy king in the "Mahabharata," for example, gambled away his wife, Draupadi. My Uncle Ratna had such a weakness for the fruit of the pomegranate tree that grew beside the well of his house, in the village of Atchuvely, in North Ceylon.

Sitting on a tiger skin on a stone seat under the porch and munching the seeds of a pomegranate from this tree, he would tell my brothers and me tales from Sir Walter Scott, with embellishments of his own: "And then the Black Knight rode up biting the reins between his teeth. 'Ho, Ivanhoe! Ho, Ivanhoe!' he shouted. Rebecca gazed down from the great height, with her black hair streaming down behind her like a cloud of black bees. . . . This pomegranate is excellent. There is nothing in all Atchuvely to match Pomegranate-Tree-by-the-Well!"

Uncle Ratna said it was wrong to eat the pomegranate as Englishmen do, scooping the seeds out with a spoon. The turpentine-tasting integuments ruined the delicate flavor and must be carefully removed. And you must not swallow the seeds. Instead, you must take a large spoonful of them and, biting once or twice, extract the juice, as you do with an oyster, and then spit out the seeds. A fresh pomegranate that has ripened on the tree tastes like champagne, with the faintest trace of lemon. I cannot remember pomegranates outside Atchuvely that tasted as good.

During the rainy season, my five brothers and I lived with our parents in Colombo City and went to school there. The long summer vacation we spent in Atchuvely, with my paternal grandfather while he lived, and then with Uncle Ratna, who was my father's cousin once removed, or with Uncle Aru, who was a cousin of my mother's. According to the Ceylonese laws of kinship, they were uncles to my brothers and me. It is customary in Ceylon for uncles to spoil their nephews, and so we looked forward to our visits to Atchuvely.

Uncle Aru was small and thin and ascetic-looking and birdlike, with nervous gestures and a finely carved eagle head, topped with white hair. He was a stickler for detail, and before he sent us off, by car or horse carriage, to Keeri Malai (a little promontory by the sea, which was both a place of pilgrimage and a spa) for a swim in the fresh-water tank, and lunch in a Brahmin restaurant, he himself saw to it that there was a towel for everybody and mats for our afternoon siesta, and then he would hand his son, our cousin Rajah, the exact amount of money we would need for the day's outing. On those evenings when nothing in particular had been planned, he would tell Rajah to take us hunting for pigeon and snipe.

My cousin Rajah was tall and handsome and fond of quoting poetry—especially quatrains from the poetess Avvaiyar, who lived in the first century A.D. Today he is a government agent, wholly occupied with forms and procedures, but I always remember him as a poet, with his face lifted to the sky. The hunting was part of the poetry of the open air, the palmyra groves, the rice fields, and the birds. Sometimes Rajah teased us about girls. "Who will you marry when you grow up? Nalini, or Sakuntala, or Savitri?" he would ask me. Sometimes I would shout "Savitri!" and sometimes "Sakuntala!," and it was all great fun. On our way back home, with the great palmyra leaves rustling and the cicadas booming in the dark palm groves, he would stop at a roadside shop lit by a carbide lamp and buy us lentil doughnuts on a string, and lemonade. When we visited Uncle Aru, we could be sure that there would be boxes of fireworks on holidays and, sometime during the summer, a trip to the bottomless well near Kopay, and the day we left for home he always gave each of us a silver rupee.

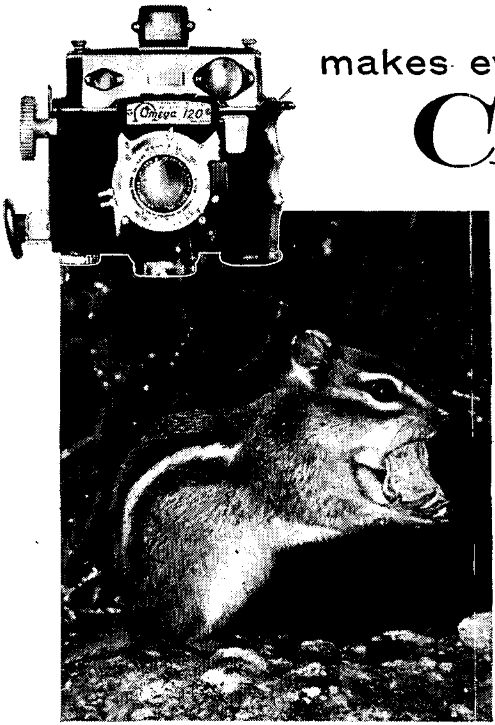
Though we were also sent on hunting and swimming expeditions when we went to stay at Uncle Ratna's, it was his pomegranates and his storytelling, which continued for days on end, that we liked best. Autocratic, stubborn, haughty, and difficult to please, and yet kind, Uncle Ratna was as much feared as respected in the village. He was the head of the village tribunal that settled disputes. When Grandfather died, none of his children were living in the village, and Uncle Ratna, as his first cousin, considered himself Grandfather's rightful successor and the first gentleman of Atchuvely, entitled to all Grandfather's special prerogatives. This assumption was hotly contested by Uncle Aru, who considered that, as the village *Udayar*, or representative of law and order, *he* was the first gentleman of Atchuvely.

When Grandfather was alive, there

was no doubt who was the head of the village. People disappeared into their houses as a mark of respect when he walked down the street. When we children made our way along the village roads and lanes, the lower castes genuflected, which surprised our city eyes, and before they talked to us, they took off the shawls hanging around their necks or shoulders and wound them up and tied them around their waists, since it was considered disrespectful to be so gaily garbed in front of *his* grandchildren.

Both Uncle Ratna and Uncle Aru wanted to be the person to introduce all the other inhabitants to visiting dignitaries, as my grandfather and his father before him had been. When Uncle Ratna announced that all bands in processions, whether for funerals or weddings, were to stop playing a hundred yards from his house, Uncle Aru immediately issued the same order. When Uncle Aru went on to appropriate another of Grandfather's privileges, asking all *nagasinnam* orchestras (two Indian clarinets, a drone, and a *mridangam*, or many-voiced drum) to pay their first call on New Year's Day at his house, Uncle Ratna, in a rage, broke off relations with Uncle Aru and his family for several weeks. Uncle Aru thoughtfully sent him a leg of wild boar, as he often did after a shoot, and the rift was mended.

When our two uncles quarrelled over privileges in this manner, the repercussions were felt in every thatched cottage and red-tiled house in Atchuvely. The village was rigidly orthodox, and men had guarded their privileges very jealously for generations. The laundrymen supplied the white cloth to put on the dusty roads for wedding or funeral processions; if the local draper had dared to do this, he might have been beaten up, or even killed, in a surge of popular feeling. And only the women of a certain subcaste of the untouchables had the right to sing and carry terracotta pots in wedding processions; they blew into the pots, making a very deep, resonant sound, and every few yards the women stopped the procession and would not go on until silver coins had been dropped into their pots. The profession of goldsmith belonged to a special caste, the tapping of palmyra and coconut trees for toddy to another. There was a strict order of precedence in most matters; for instance, two families in the village, through long tradition, thought it was their privilege to sing first at social gatherings, one and then the other, no matter who else was



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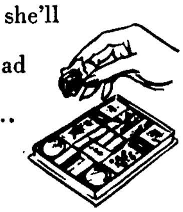
Occasions that mean a touch of something sweet to eat are usually the gayest of all ...parties for children, holiday open-house, that extra special snack with dessert, or just a tid-bit when friends drop around. And what a world of difference it makes to have a really fine candy or sweet such as the Lindt chocolates and Jacob's biscuits which Cresca imports. For instance, I recently spent a casual afternoon with a very old friend who made the day quite perfect with a divine cup of Kardomah's Darjeeling Tea served with Jacob's delicious sweet biscuits . . . right from England. Such luscious cream fillings and jam fillings, some chocolate covered, others iced . . . and all in a most colorful tin I'm sure she'll use later for a cookie box. What's more, she had on hand those heavenly Lindt Swiss Chocolates... The Lindt "Taster". I went quite mad for the wonderful bittersweets and the milk chocolates particularly . . . and all of them so prettily wrapped. I understand you can also get each of the assortments packed individually. They made such a delightfully festive occasion out of a few quiet hours . . . and another Cresca treat.



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present. One of the lowest branches of the untouchables had the right to claim the remnants of all wedding and funeral feasts. If cattle died, the *nallavan*, a subcaste, had a right to the carcasses. Only certain of the higher castes had the right to wear sandals or shoes. All these unwritten laws were strictly observed, and it was against this convention-ridden background, rather than from innate contentiousness, that Uncle Ratna and Uncle Aru, who were both kindly, lovable men, quarrelled over privileges. Their sense of tradition and orthodoxy was strong, and which family was going to take precedence over the other was a matter that had to be settled for the future.

At the same time, there was talk of a permanent union of the two rival families. Although I was only eight the summer this talk circulated, I knew, like everyone else, of the tension that existed between them. I was standing in the courtyard of Uncle Ratna's house one day when the fishwife arrived with her palm-leaf basket. She placed the basket on the ground and tipped it, and, as usual, fish of all shapes and sizes came tumbling out of it—tuna and swordfish, jumbo shrimps, lobster, crab, cuttlefish, whitebait, sprats. The sea sand of nearby Valalai or Point Pedro still clung to them like diamond chips. The neighbors hurried over to join my aunt and her two cooks. The cooks had the last word in the buying of fish, but did their haggling in the presence of my aunt, who nodded her approval when the cooks had given theirs. The chatter rose and fell as the fish changed hands in the bright morning light.

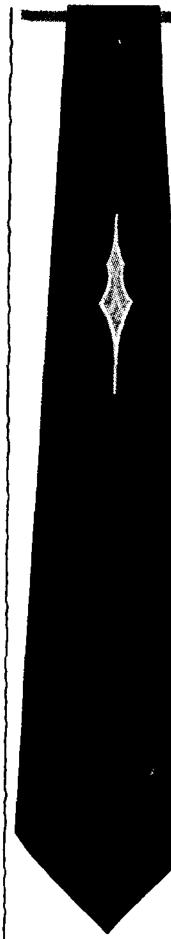
"The goldsmith tells me Miss Sundari has been proposed to Aru *aiyyah's* son," the fishwife suddenly said to my aunt during a lull in the conversation. She was speaking of our cousin Rajah, and I pricked up my ears. Uncle Ratna had no sons, and Sundari was his only daughter. Within earshot in the *salai*, the open pavilion in which visitors were received, Sundari lowered her eyes modestly. She was sixteen years old. This was perhaps the hundredth time that she had heard of a new proposal for her. The first could have been when she was three years old, or even one.

My aunt was silent.

"He is very handsome," the fishwife continued, turning to Sundari and speaking in the coaxing voice one used when talking of marriage to young girls. "And, I hear, very good at his studies."

Sundari giggled nervously, and adjusted her sari with a clatter of bangles.

"The astrologer is casting their horo-



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scopes," my aunt admitted. "It will all depend on whether their horoscopes agree."

"I hear you are giving a hundred thousand rupees for dowry! He is well worth it. He may end up as a government agent," the fishwife continued, with a sly look at Sundari.

Again my aunt did not reply, and the fishwife put her basket on her head and glided away.

The village goldsmith was the traditional marriage broker of the propertied class. The goldsmith who was trying to arrange a marriage between Rajah and Sundari was a small, fair-complexioned man with a vermilion spot on his forehead, and he was vain and boastful. His rhetoric and powers of persuasion were celebrated even outside Atchuvely, and he had carried out commissions for people in faraway Trincomalee and Colombo.

On his trips around the island with his designs for jewelry, done in pencil on fine tissue paper, he carried a wad of photographs of eligible girls and young men. And he had an open mind about his function; he was just as willing to arrange to marry off a plain girl for a large dowry—perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand rupees—as a pretty one for a few thousand. Mixing the two arts of marriage-brokering and goldsmithing, he had grown rich, for he collected ten per cent on all dowries. He advertised his opulence by the gold bracelet on his wrist, his diamond ring, and the white European jacket he wore with his *verti*, or white nether garment, on his trips to Colombo and Trincomalee. If he could get Uncle Ratna to promise his daughter to Uncle Aru's son, it would be the high point of his career.

That evening, after the last flight of crows had settled in the murunga and neem trees, and the bats had begun to hunt for bassia fruit, every house in Atchuvely must have been full of the news that Uncle Ratna had sent half a dozen pomegranates from the tree by the well to Uncle Aru (I have often wondered whether this event had anything to do with what subsequently happened), and that, with the goldsmith acting as intermediary, a day had been set for the wedding. On the evening before the wedding, the dowry would be arranged and given to the bridegroom.

As the wedding day drew near, Uncle Ratna's household seethed with activity. Pavilions were built of green-and-yellow palm thatch and would be gaily decorated with flowers—cycas, flamboyant, casuarina, frangipani, pale-

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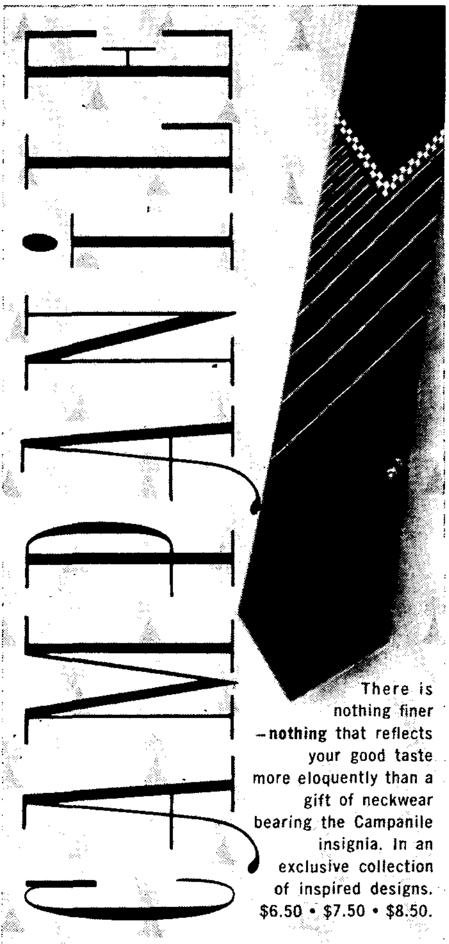
pink and white oleander, and orange coconut flowers. The ceilings would be covered with white cloth, and the floors with Indian carpets. On a raised platform under an ornate canopy, the bridegroom would sit, with his men friends, in front of the traditional brass water vessel, which would have betel leaves and flowers and yellow lime fruit, symbols of fertility, arranged on it.

Uncle Ratna had ordered the wedding sari from Benares. It was a hand-woven brocade piece of traditional bright vermilion, and it cost three thousand rupees—about nine hundred and fifty dollars in those days. Besides the five local drummers, who would be posted at the entrance to the estate, he had booked two bands of musicians from Tanjore to play indoors. As each new guest arrived on the day of the wedding, the drummers would signal from the distance, the children would rush out lighting packets of Chinese firecrackers, one of the bands inside the house would start playing, and people would let off their shotguns, muzzle-loaders, and every other kind of firearm.

Day after day, there was a steady flow of gifts into the house—bunches of bananas hanging from a pole carried on the shoulders of two men, jars of sesamum and sweet bassia oil, livestock and poultry, sacks of rice, bottles of arrack, boxes of cheroots, such vegetables as brinjal, jack, and drumstick, and a profusion of tropical fruits, such as mangoes, rose apples and papayas. The poorer people sent a few coconuts to be used for savoring the wedding curries.

On the day before the wedding, a man squatted for hours under a mango tree grinding a log of sandalwood to paste for making the *pottus*, or caste marks, for the forehead. The paste would be put into silver bowls and offered to all arriving guests after they had been perfumed with *pani* from silver sprinklers. Out in the open, in the mango grove, enormous iron caldrons for cooking the rice and the curries were being placed on tripods of stones. Three hundred guests, at least, would come to the wedding lunch, besides the many low-caste workers, who would be fed on the remains afterward—for that was the unchanging custom at all feasts. The men ate first, waited on by the women; the women and servants ate next; and then the low-caste workers were fed in the mango or tamarind grove, low-caste workers not being allowed inside the house.

A prize steer was slaughtered. The pavilions were all decorated. The laundrymen arrived with bales of white



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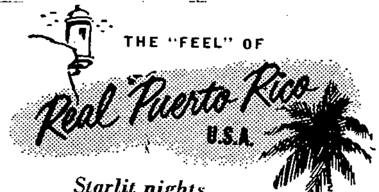

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cloth for the procession to walk on. And then the two elephants arrived, with mahouts, to carry the bride and bridegroom to church and back. Strolling players and musicians from outlying villages were setting up camps nearby. The astrologer, the lawyer, the goldsmith, and Uncle Aru were expected toward the end of the afternoon, and then the amount of the dowry would be fixed.

My five brothers and I crowded around Uncle Ratna, who was seated at a table in the courtyard with a dish of pomegranate seeds and a bottle of arrack in front of him. He had put on a scarlet-and-gold turban, and a knee-length black coat that buttoned all the way up to his neck. From time to time, he chewed pomegranate seeds or drank arrack.

The goldsmith arrived, with the astrologer. "Sit down," Uncle Ratna said. "Where is that damned Aru? He is late."

"He will be along soon," the goldsmith replied.

Uncle Ratna drummed on the table with his fingers. He helped himself to more arrack. He did not offer the goldsmith or the astrologer a drink; they were high enough in the caste hierarchy to sit down but not to take food or drink. Uncle Ratna looked very thoughtful. This day, he was going to part with the greater portion of his wealth. All he would keep for himself would be the house he lived in and a bit of agricultural land to bring him a small income. The occasion would not have been so sobering for him if he had had sons to bring in dowries.

Uncle Aru now arrived, looking very lean and distinguished, with his white hair tied into a small knot at the back, and gold earrings hanging from his exquisitely molded ears. He, too, was wearing a black knee-length coat.

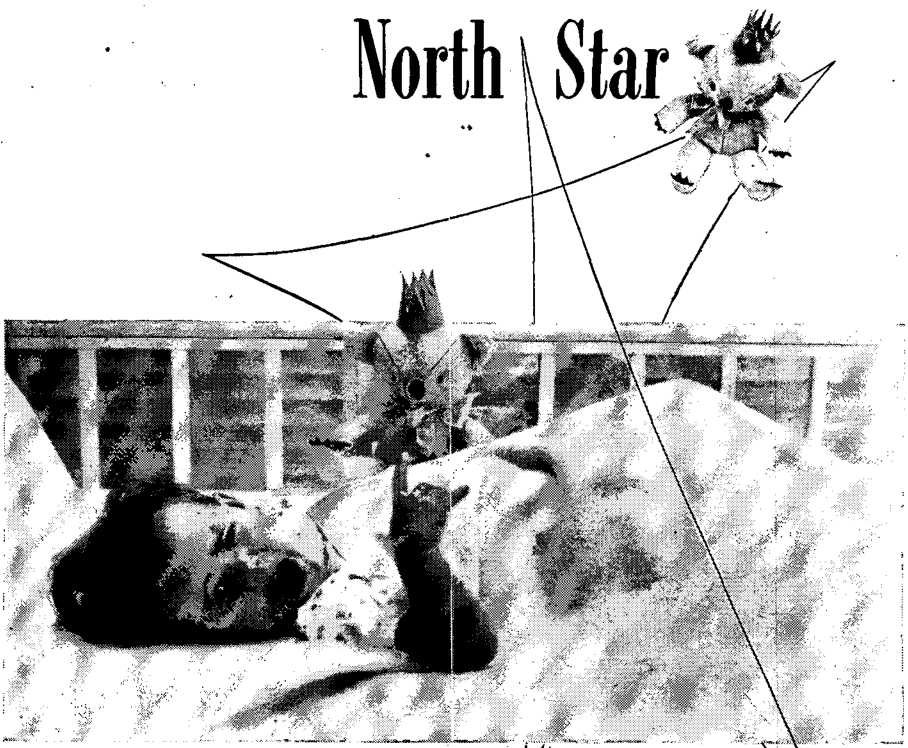
"Let's get through this quickly," Uncle Ratna said.

"*Chari, chari* [All right, all right]," Uncle Aru said, sitting down at the table and producing a silver mortar and pestle. He put some betel-leaf mixture into the mortar, and pounded away at it, getting it ready to chew.

"The astrologer says the omens are good. The horoscopes agree," Uncle Ratna whispered. I could feel my heart beating. The word "omens" conjured up things mysterious and fearful.

"So I hear," Uncle Aru replied, pounding.

I could see Sundari in the visitors' building, surrounded by the womenfolk and as excited as anyone else, though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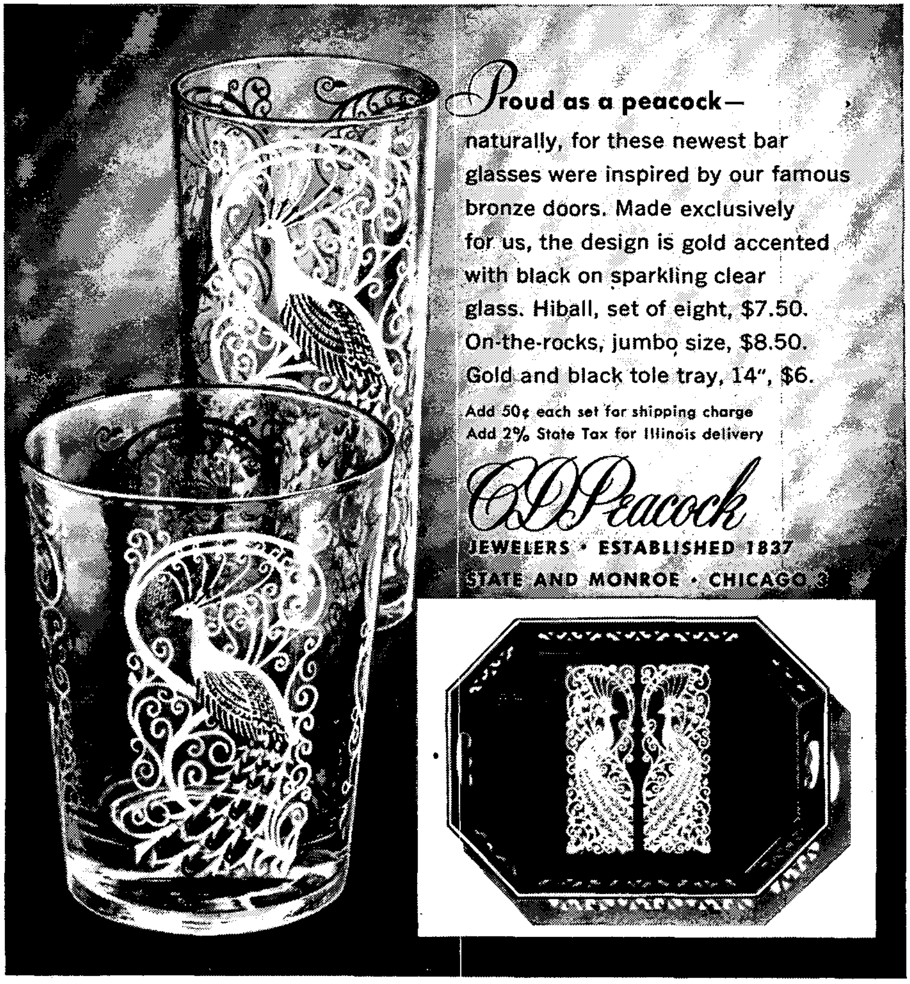
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naturally, for these newest bar glasses were inspired by our famous bronze doors. Made exclusively for us, the design is gold accented with black on sparkling clear glass. Hiball, set of eight, $7.50. On-the-rocks, jumbo size, $8.50. Gold and black tole tray, 14", $6.

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she managed to affect the coy look that was proper to the occasion.

The lawyer came into the courtyard then, with a big bundle of land deeds, which Uncle Ratna took from him.

"I have decided to settle the rice fields at Chunnakam on my daughter," Uncle Ratna told Uncle Aru.

"How about the tobacco land behind the tavern?" Uncle Aru asked.

"I am giving her that also," Uncle Ratna said.

Uncle Aru pounded away at the betel-leaf mixture.

"The two of them are valued at twenty-five thousand rupees," Uncle Ratna continued. "Fifty thousand will be in cash. For the rest, I am throwing in part of this property, together with the house next door. Come, I will show you the boundary line."

With that, they rose and went in the direction of the well. My brothers and I followed, and so did the members of the household, who had crowded around. Uncle Ratna halted by the well and pointed beyond it to the mango tree that grew in the middle of the pomegranate orchard. "That will be the boundary," he said.

"Oh," said Uncle Aru. "What good is the next-door property without a well? I tell you what, Cousin Ratna—draw the boundary through the center of the well. Let that be the boundary line. Then the house next door won't be without water."

Uncle Ratna's face clouded. He looked anxiously at his favorite pomegranate tree. If half the well was given as part of the dowry, the tree would no longer be his.

"You *can* have the use of the well," he said. "But let the boundary remain at that mango tree!"

"Don't be unreasonable," Uncle Aru replied. "Draw the boundary through the well. It is simpler."

"No! No! No!" Uncle Ratna said, screwing up his face stubbornly.

The goldsmith whispered something to Uncle Ratna, who got very agitated. Then the goldsmith appealed to Uncle Aru.

"I am sorry, Ratna," Uncle Aru said, "but the well, or at least half of the well, must be on the property that will be my son's."

The goldsmith again whispered to Uncle Ratna, who said, "No!"

The goldsmith turned to Uncle Aru and, salaaming, said, "What is a well? You can always dig another, can't you?"

"Unless the boundary is drawn as I ask," Uncle Aru said, his voice full of

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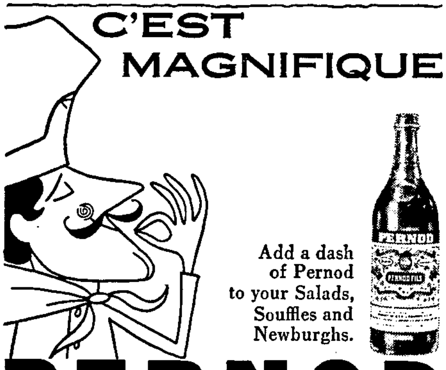

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jealous concern for his rights and privileges, "there will be no marriage!"

"*Aiyyah! Aiyyah!*" the goldsmith protested, wringing his hands.

"Fool!" Uncle Ratna muttered, and Uncle Aru looked amazed; in Ceylon "fool" is a grave insult. "Fool! Fool!" Uncle Ratna exclaimed again. Then he shouted "Damn the wedding!" and strode back across the orchard to the house.

THE dowry-arranging having fallen through, the wedding was called off. The pavilions and all the decorations were taken down.

At dinner that night, Uncle Ratna burst out, "The devil! He wanted Pomegranate-Tree-by-the-Well!" The next day, he wrote to a planter cousin in Malaya, suggesting a marriage between the planter's son and Sundari. The youth arrived within two weeks, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp and ceremony, including a rented electricity generator from Jaffna, which made it possible to spangle the house and treetops with colored bulbs. The grandeur of the proceedings was no doubt meant to impress Uncle Aru, who did not attend the wedding. Soon afterward, however, he resumed sending Uncle Ratna jungle fowl and legs of wild boar and venison.

Cousin Rajah, who had fallen in love with Sundari during the marriage negotiations, refused to marry for several years, until he met a Colombo girl with vast coconut estates at Puttalam. She played tennis and even drove a car. Though she shocked the village with her lipstick and short-sleeved blouses, she was the delight of Uncle Aru's old age. He built her a tennis court beside his house, but she lost all interest in the game after the birth of her first son.

I was barely ten when Uncle Ratna died, but after all these years I can still see the look of pleasure on his round, unwrinkled face as the servant girl would appear with bowls of pomegranate seeds from the tree by his well, which was famous throughout Atchuvely for its fruit, and, for that matter, still is.

—T. TAMBIMUTTU

•

Duke Washington is the star of the backfield. He is a breakaway runner and the leading rusher in the Pacific Coast Conference. He had touchdown runs of 45, 73 and 60 yards. Frank Sarno and Bob Iverson are the quarterbacks, who throw the quarterbacks, who throw the ball. —*Sacramento Bee.*

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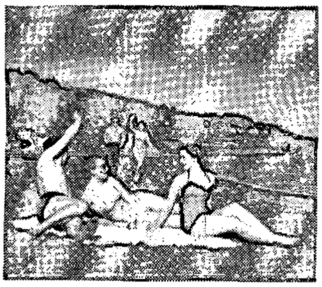

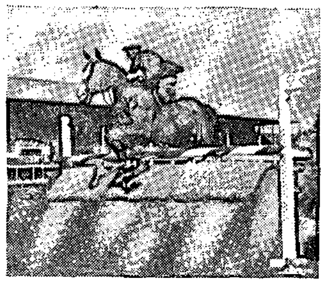

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

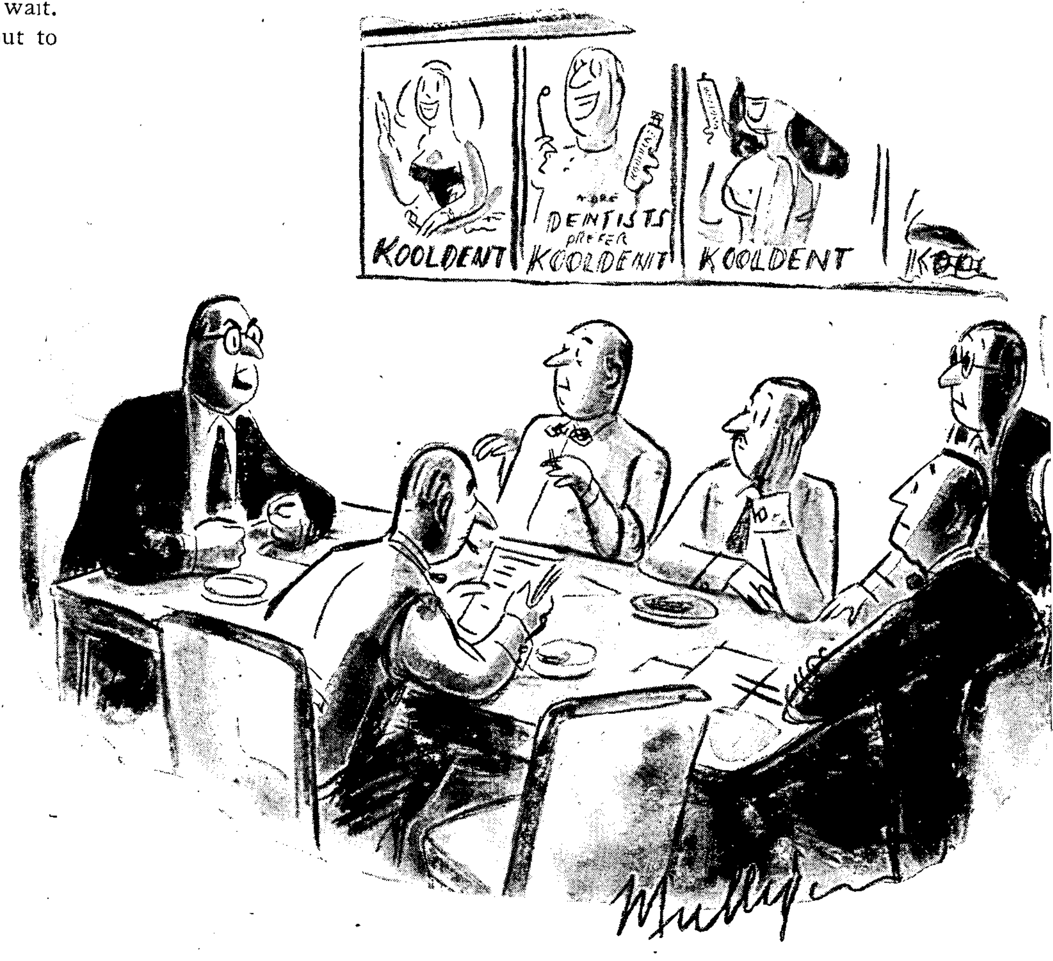
· INTIMATIONS OF CHRISTMAS

WE know it's hard to face the Christmas realities so early—after all, Thanksgiving is still ahead of us, and it'll be weeks before the elevator man hangs up the eloquent wreath in his car—but what about the inspired presents you want to have made to order? There's barely time for them as it is, which is one of the reasons we are herewith declaring the holiday shopping season open. This week, we'll start our annual survey of the Christmas markets by visiting the custom stores (you'd be wise to be prepared with the precise measurements of the friends you're shopping for, and notes on their color preferences, and so on, and a swatch of material if you want to match something), and, in addition, we'll scratch around among the glittering trays in the big jewelry houses, because settling on a keystone emerald takes time, too. Next week we'll devote to presents for the householder and his house, and the week after that— well, just wait. As for the suggestions we're about to submit, you can count on delivery in two weeks or less if we don't specify a longer time. The prices we mention include whatever luxury taxes apply. Here goes.

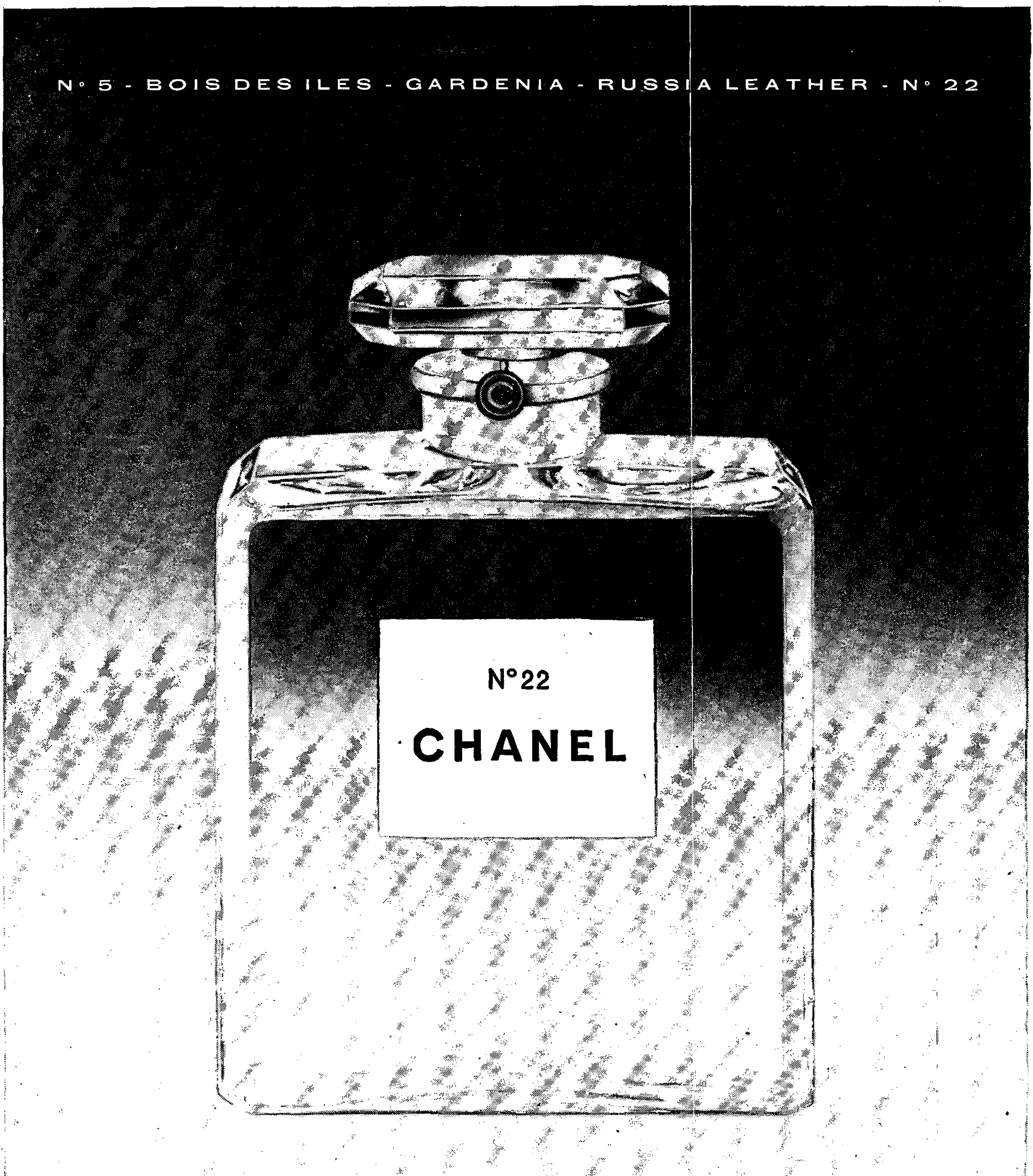
Custom Gifts for Women

WHAT we propose to do in this arena is take each store as it comes, inspect the trophies our scouts have lined up for us, and then be off to the next place. The first stop is D. D. & Leslie Tillett, 72 East 56th Street, which has a new assortment of its frivolous and eye-catching hand-printed fabrics waiting to be made up into blouses, skirts, or peignoirs. Cotton broadcloth striped in cherry red and pink red, with olive-green fish swimming calmly over the stripes, makes a softly tailored shirt for $18; or, for the same price, you can order a poplin sports shirt in a print that shows enormous (twenty-four-inch) white carp cavorting on a black ground. Carp are no good to eat. Another poplin print, in which black-and-white antique cake molds are superimposed on vivid-pink shadow stripes, makes a peignoir with a drawstring neck and kimono sleeves; $35. . . . Next stop: Valia's Boutique, 532 Madison Avenue (54th). This is a gold mine of blouses. A wraparound style, which is a safe bet if you have no exact measurements to go on, can be ordered in anything from French lace to corduroy. Most of the blouses are $32.50. And there are skirts here, too. One, done in a velvet that feels almost as thick and silky as fur, is made in panels of rich red, blue, and green; $125. . . . And, speaking of skirts, Zita, 755 Madison Avenue (65th), makes handsome and unusual one-of-a-kind examples out of patchwork quilts, some of which are more than a hundred years old; $55.

We'll bet that our old friend the woman-who-has-everything doesn't own a Hungarian sleigh coat. Well, Sig Buchmayr, 16 East 50th Street, will have one run up for her in Austria in about four weeks, during which time you can be looking for a sleigh to go with it. The coat is full length and made of red, black, green, or brown suède sheepskin, with the woolly side underneath; it fastens with three brocade frogs, and has a snug, standup collar and is fitted at the waist. It costs $175, and is so durable that it should take care of its owner's sleigh-riding needs until about 1990. (It would also be very useful for football games, skijoring, and winter walks around the Reservoir.) Wool gabardine ski pants, in almost any color you can think of, cost $55. Ballet-style after-skiing slippers made of white, turquoise, or rust elk skin by Navajo craftsmen from an old Spanish design, which seems an improbable chain of circumstances, costs $11.95, and there's a three-week wait. . . . If any ladies on your list have been dropping hints about their need for a leopard box jacket or a Russian broadtail bolero, the chances are that they have been looking around at Furs by Henry, 899 Madison Avenue (72nd), a store that opened about a year ago. The leopard jacket is a



"If only there was some way we could force them to buy Kooldent."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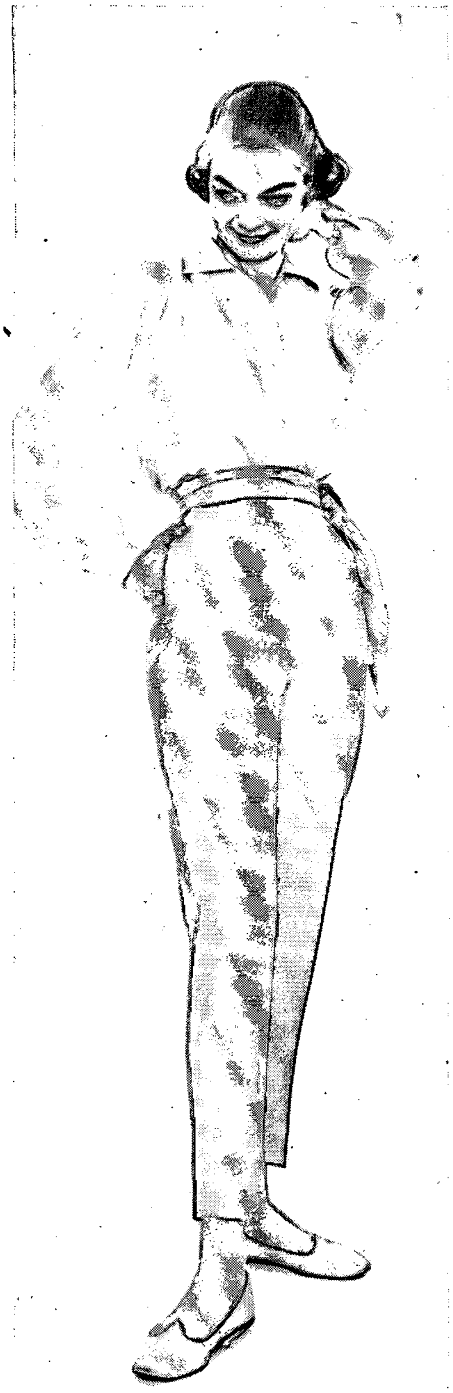

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straight box affair, twenty-four inches long, with patch pockets, kobuk-mink trim, and a low belt in back; $700. A Russian broadtail bolero with a cerulean-mink roll collar is $475. You have to wait only a week for orders here. . . . A woman who is planning a winter holiday will welcome a packable present, and what could be more packable than a hand-knit dress or sweater? Martha West, 444 Madison Avenue (49th), takes orders for hand-knit dresses and hand-loomed sweaters with hand-crocheted ornamentations; a silk ribbon dress, say, costs $225, and sweaters start at $29. There are cashmere sweaters here that are dressed up with ribbon or velvet—a refreshing change from the jewelled kind. A beige one, for instance, has wide bands of beige grosgrain ribbon running around the sleeves (which are three-quarter length) and down the seams at each side, gradually curving toward the front. Tiny brown beads, arranged to look like frog fastenings, dress up the ribbon; $55, and from two to three weeks.

Distributed about the premises of the Lexington Shirt Company, 987 Lexington Avenue (71st), are bolts and bolts of shirting material and a tiny colony of talented shirtmakers with but a single thought—how to get along in the shirt business. You can have the fabric of your choice made up by hand in any style shirt or blouse, male or female, you have in mind. To give you an idea of prices, a sleeveless cotton blouse is $8.50 and a double-chiffon blouse with a tucked front is $30. . . . Anyone who has a tailor-made cloth coat on his or her Christmas docket would do well to look in at Macdougalls of Inverness, 775 Madison Avenue (66th), where there is a stock of magnificent back-to-back cashmeres—blue on one side and red on the other, or brown and beige, or gray and oxford gray, or blue and another shade of blue. The practitioners here, who are old hands at the classic coat (and suit), will make it up into a reversible coat for $325 (this takes four weeks or more), or you can buy the material, for $45 a yard, and have it made up elsewhere. Sixty-five authentic tartans are on the shelves here, too, available for any Yuletide purpose you have in mind—a suit, say, at $245. . . . All sorts of cheerful and original custom clothes for women can be ordered at Evonne, 830 Lexington Avenue (64th). A floor-length dinner skirt, for instance, is made of yards of Italian silk gauze in muted Roman stripes over taffeta. This costs $185, and if you add a strapless wool jersey

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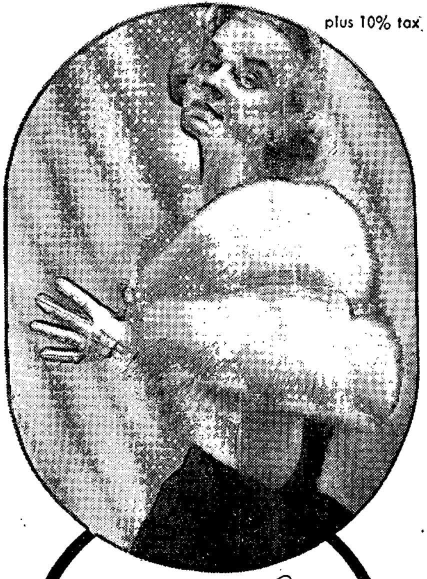

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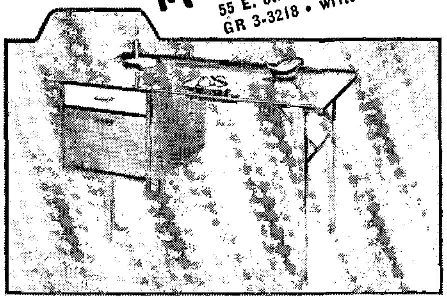

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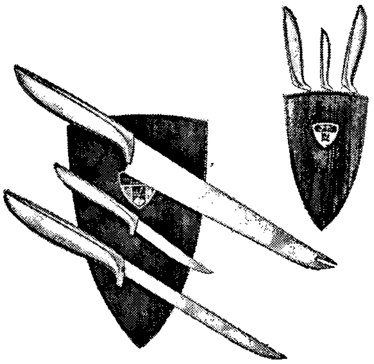

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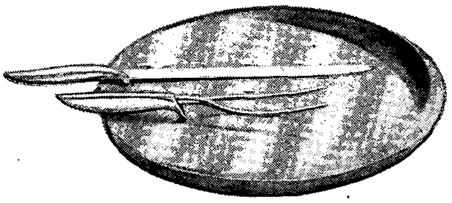

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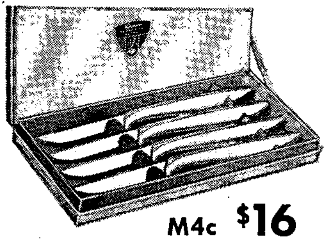

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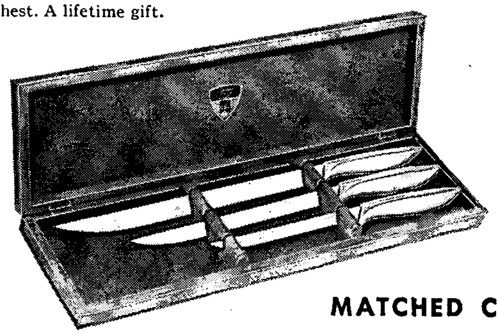

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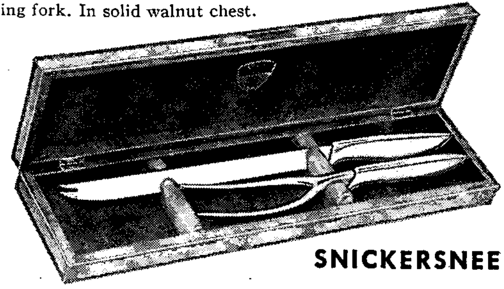

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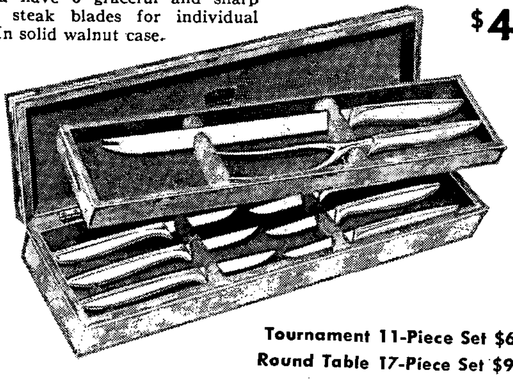

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top, aflutter with butterfly bows of the same gauze, the total tariff will be $255. Everything here takes from two to three weeks.

If a handmade nightgown is what's wanted, it's hard to go wrong at Emma Maloof, 444 Madison Avenue (49th). One of her prettiest has wide shoulder straps, and embroidered crêpe or satin flowers appliquéd at the waistline (Empire) and down the front of the skirt; $45 in silk and $37.50 in nylon, and the flowers can be any kind you name. A matching slip costs $35 in silk and $27.50 in nylon. Allow three weeks. . . . To fill a need that is doubtless desperate in some quarters, Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (57th), has devised a rayon-velvet-padded hanger with a twenty-inch base, specifically for supporting a straight-cut stole; $7.50. A standby at this shop is a hand-quilted chaise-longue throw, rayon velvet on one side and rayon satin on the other, in any number of colors. It costs $40, and a matching quilted velvet pillow is $17.50. (One week for the hanger, three to four weeks for the throw and pillow.) . . . On the chance that somebody on your Christmas list expects you to take notice of the new Dior silhouette, we will report that Charlotte, 20 West 57th Street, is turning out slips with a long torso line, and that a rayon taffeta one, fitted from bodice to hipbone, and with a crinoline skirt inserted between layers of rayon taffeta, costs $19.95. Handmade nightgowns of crêpe or satin, and copied from French originals, start at $75, and similar slips at $35.

This brings us to handbags, and handbags brings us to Gucci, 7 East 58th Street, a firm owned by an Italian family that has been working with leather for three generations and has developed a way of treating calf that makes it wonderfully soft and at the same time practically impossible to scratch. There's a good collection of calf bags to choose from, all hand-stitched and fitted with hand-wrought clasps, but any style, in any color, can be made in the Gucci workrooms in Italy. Pigskin that would surprise a pig—it's purple, green, or Italian red, as well as natural—is used for an accordion-sided handbag eight and a half inches long and seven inches deep; $38. Baby Indian crocodile, which is naturally softer than adult Indian crocodile, comes in brown, black, or Burgundy, and goes into a bag that has sterling-silver mountings and a sterling-silver clasp; $97.95 and up, depending on size. . . . Renée Montague, 667 Madison Avenue (61st), turns out a suède pannier bag with a tweed or

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crocheted-wool insert on each side ($65.40); if you can provide the material, you might like to have the tweed match its recipient's tweed suit. The same goes for the tweed palms of short suède gloves; $19.50. Bags and gloves can be had in a variety of colors, and if you feel like it, you can—for $12.50—throw in a matching chiffon scarf twenty-two inches square with hand-embroidered French knots on two corners. An envelope evening bag of cornflower-blue taffeta scattered with handmade taffeta cornflowers, which in turn are scattered with rhinestones, is $54.45. An impressive ten-inch-square envelope bag of Somali leopard lined with bengaline and equipped with a gold-plated clasp that has an insert of leopard skin comes to $170.50. . . . Everybody seems to be clamoring for a fur bag this season, a state of affairs that is perfectly all right with the French Bag Shop, 23 East 48th Street. It stands ready to construct, for example, an ocelot carryall, about a foot long, with a leather base, a leather or satin lining, and double leather handles, for $125. (Or you can have any size you fancy, with a commensurate price tag.) The same thing in leopard, Alaska seal, or beaver, costs $200 and up, depending on not only the size of the bag but the quality of the fur. Incidentally, if you bring in a usable slice of an old fur coat or muff, and about $35, this shop will turn it into a handsome leather-lined bag. . . . Out of a maze of sample bags at Milton Hefling, 997 Lexington Avenue (72nd), the one that caught most of our attention was a sort of double portfolio of llama or calf. One side, a foot square, is just a big open pocket, and the other side is the same size except that it's folded over on the diagonal and latches by means of a pretty wooden horn and a brass eyelet; the horn is of rosewood, ebony, zebrawood, or manzanita, and the price is $27.12. This is another place that is handy at converting superannuated fur muffs and coats into leather-lined bags; prices for the operation start at $30. . . . Thea, 333 East 79th Street, is a belt specialist—contour or straight. Leather-lined jobs of leopard, Alaska seal, zebra, or pony skin run from $10 to $20, and you can order them in any width, shape, or fashion. Like so many other places, this shop is happy to make belts out of coat or muff remnants; $4 to $7. . . . A. L. Workman, 424 Madison Avenue (49th), will make a handbag out of any piece of needlepoint or embroidery you bring in, and according to your specifi-

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cations. A carpetbag, ten inches by thirteen and a half, with a base and handles of calf or morocco, is an attractive vehicle for any such needlepoint or embroidery; $45. This shop will also undertake to reline and generally rejuvenate somebody's favorite petit-point purse—a job that may take as much as three weeks. . . . Among a number of good-looking bag-and-belt combinations at Phelps, 27 East 37th Street, a place that has long been famous for them, there's a canvas-lined capeskin pouch—a sort of beanbag, really—nine and a half inches deep ($19), with a matching capeskin contour belt that fastens in front with two leather ties ($17.50). A lingerie pouch, to be packed in a suitcase, is made of washable chamois and costs $21. In addition, Phelps, as you probably know, makes blouses and skirts designed for women who lead an active, deep-country life. The styles are simple and practical and the materials sturdy enough to withstand gardening, dogs, jeeps, and the rest of it. An Indian-head cotton blouse costs $12.95, in a wide range of colors, and wraparound skirts, with or without patch pockets, can be had in cotton tweed for $14.95, in cotton twill for $17.50, or in corduroy for $19.50. . . . Fred Braun, 189 West 4th Street, makes leather belts, shoes, and handbags—all to order—and also designs unusual brass fittings to adorn them. To give you a notion, the fastening of a narrow saddle-leather contour belt ($10.95) looks like a huge hairpin with bent-back ends; it's patterned after a ham hook. A shoehorn-shaped brass ornament appears on another contour belt ($9.95) and also adorns the wide instep strap of a backless sandal ($15.95).

Before we proceed any further, we might give a thought to the children, and a good place to do some thinking is in the shop of Julia Marshall, 435 Park Avenue (56th), who turns out children's clothes that are just about as fine as they come, many of them made entirely by hand, and all of them with hems that make them still wearable when the owner is six or seven inches taller. For a random start, there's a linen afternoon dress—blue, lavender, yellow, or pink—with a skirt of unpressed pleats and a white handkerchief-linen Peter Pan collar striped with rows of entredeux and scattered with embroidered pin dots the color of the dress. And that's not all. The collar also has an edging of French Val-type lace, and so have the short puffed sleeves; $26.75 for sizes 2

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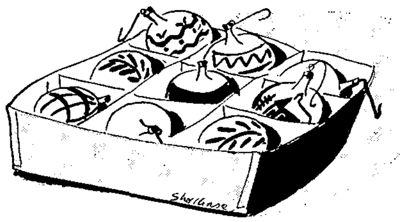
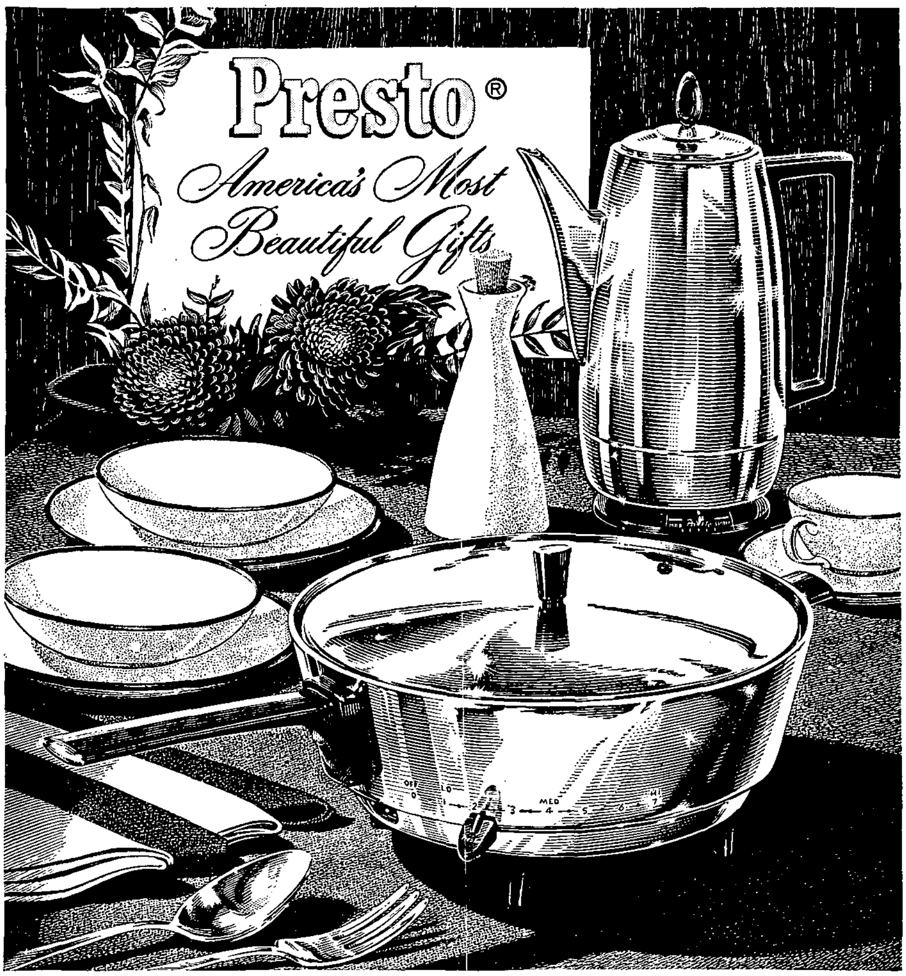
through 6, and $32.50 for sizes 7 through 10. A birthday-party dress of frosty-white organdie has three deep horizontal tucks on the bodice, three more around the middle of the skirt, which is full, and a wide sash of pink or blue ribbon; accompanied by an ivory-white taffeta slip with a five-inch ruffle topped by a big ribbon bow, it costs $45 in sizes 2 through 6, and $49.75 in sizes 7 through 10. The best way to remove an ice-cream spot is to put a piece of brown paper under it, and then iron. Chocolate makes a terrible mess. The lingerie here for tots up to age three includes white batiste slips decorated with embroidered flowers, threaded with pink or blue ribbons, and edged with French Val-type lace; $11.75. Matching pants are $6.75. Among some enchanting getups for babies is a long robe of pale-blue, white, or shell-pink albatross, lined with white China silk. Practically everything—the turnover collar, the bishop sleeves, the hem, and the pearl-button closing—is outlined with lace ruffles; $21.75. A two-piece suit that might well be a young man's first has an overblouse embroidered down the front with scallops and polka dots, and very brief pants that button down the side and are cut big enough to be worn over a diaper; in blue, yellow, pink, or white Egyptian cotton, this outfit ranges in size from infants' to one year, and in price from $10.75 to $14.75, depending chiefly on how much embroidery is lavished on it. . . . At Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), we were particularly taken with a little girl's party dress that looks as if it came out of a Renoir portrait. It's a pearl-gray velveteen jumper, piped and lined with pink organdie, to be worn over a pink organdie blouse that has an embroidered spray of wild roses and forget-me-nots on the chest. The collar and short, puffed sleeves are edged with real Cluny lace, and the velveteen sash has a pink organdie lining; $36.95 in sizes 3 to 6, and $41.95 in sizes 7 through 12. . . . Babies who have trouble keeping their bootees on, or at least the mothers of such babies, would be grateful for a pair of the perfectly charming baby shoes made by Mrs. John D. Rudd, of State Line Road, West Stockbridge, Massachusetts. These shoes, shaped like Mary





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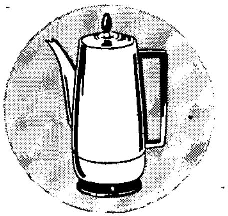

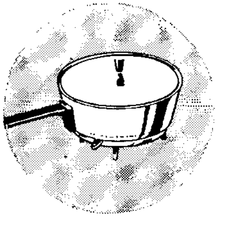

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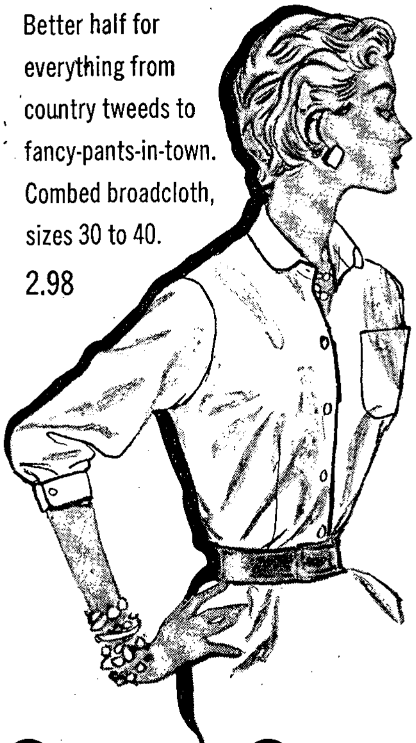
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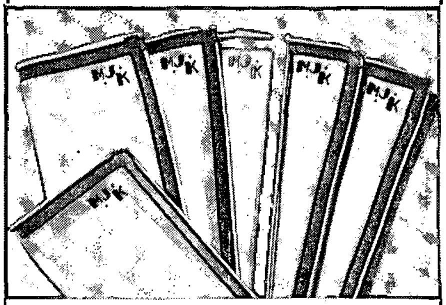
Janes, are anchored on by means of a buttoned strap or twisted-yarn ballet ties, and hand-sewn from two piped pieces of chintz, gingham (checks or plaids), calico, or your own fabric. Shoes in solid colors have bright print linings; $5. Mail orders placed now will be delivered within two weeks.

At this point, let's drop in on some of the artisans who tinker with precious and semiprecious stones and metals and will transmute any idea you leave with them into pins, earrings, rings, and the like. Charles Dell'Amore, at 665 Fifth Avenue (53rd), is such an artisan, but he doesn't sit around waiting for ideas; he has quite a few of his own. For instance, a pair of earrings that blaze away like diamonds but are really made of nine synthetic marquise white sapphires and four round white zircons, set in white gold. Each earring consists of three separate floral sections (the basic one is added to as the wearer pleases), and when it is assembled in all its glory, it is two and a half inches long. The price: $325. An expressive contribution to someone's charm bracelet would be a fourteen-carat-gold heart that is only an inch and a quarter long but says "I love you" in fourteen languages and the Morse code; the price tag says $57 in English. . . . Ed Wiener, who has shops at 27 West 55th Street and 61 Christopher Street, hammers silver into abstract jewelry. Silver earrings shaped vaguely like fish (each with a cultured pearl for an eye) cost $19, and earrings that form a jagged line along the lobe (they look like slightly squashed stars) cost $11.50. . . . Another abstractionist, Henry Steig, 590 Lexington Avenue (52nd), is a great hand at pendant necklaces. A silver one has a polished-ebony pendant that is wrapped in silver wire at the top and has a silver eye near the bottom and a silver fin on one side. This is $35, and matching pendant earrings are $10.50. Another necklace is made of flat silver spirals and has as its pendant a five-hundred-year-old Mexican jade carving bordered with the same spirals; $90. Bold and swirly cuff bracelets, also of silver, start at $12.50. . . . Art Smith, 140 West 4th Street, offers massive bracelets in silver (from $25) or in gold (from $200). He also makes a striking silver collar of six narrow links decorated with three-inch upright prongs; $49.50, and a matching bracelet is $22. . . . J. Partridge of London, 50 East 56th Street, seems to have cornered the market in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century buttons—Sèvres, Wedgwood, rock crystal, enamel, semi-

For him —
for Christmas —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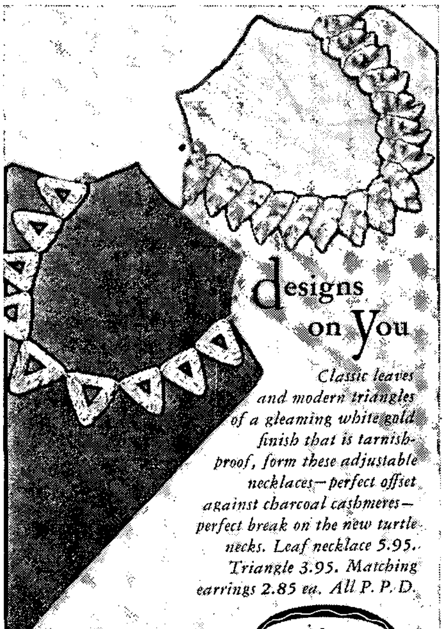
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precious stones, and so on—and he will make them up to order into cuff links, earrings, pins, and bracelets. French enamel buttons adorned with flowers or musical notes cost $3.30 when they are made into earrings. Brass hunt buttons start at $2.50 and go to $6, and earrings made of them start at $6.60 and go to $14.30. Cuff links made of small Wedgwood plaques, one a silhouette of Washington, the other of Lafayette, cost $80.80. . . . A restrained antique finish—dull and satin-textured—is a characteristic of the jewelry of Mario Buccellati, 40 East 51st Street. It shows up well in an inch-wide gold cuff bracelet with three emeralds across the front and ten rose-cut diamonds, each set in a minute frame of delicate engraving, trimming the edges; $517. Mr. Buccellati has his work done in Italy, so he needs at least three weeks. . . . Adda Husted-Andersen, 887 First Avenue (49th), designs enamel jewelry in any color scheme you choose. A pair of earrings we liked involve bunches of tiny enamel balloons perched on silver triangles; $20. A silver link bracelet with a balloon inside each link costs $48.

If you'd prefer to make your own custom presents for Christmas, Alice Maynard, 558 Madison Avenue (55th), has some small pieces of needlepoint that a diligent worker could finish between now and then. A seat for a child's chair, bearing the likeness of Little Bopeep or Mary Quite Contrary, costs $8.50, including the yarn. (A twenty-two-inch chair to put it on is available here, too; in beechwood with a mahogany stain, a straight one is $13.95 and a rocker is $15.95.) To make a hooked rug for a nursery—it measures twenty-two by thirty-one inches and depicts three sedate pussycats, or two slap-happy lambs, or, growing in one corner, a large flower—you will need $16 (for canvas, yarn, latch hook, and cutter) and thirty working hours. If, however, it is the recipient who is to do the needlework, there is still time—but you'd better hurry—to order a small needlepoint canvas hand-painted with any design you say. A picture of somebody's country house, perhaps, to decorate a brick doorstop, costs $8.50, including yarn and brick. An eyeglass case, monogrammed on one side and decorated on the other with a representation of a hobby—a stamp, a bird, or whatever—comes to about the same price. . . . Knit jackets are very popular right now, and Alice Taylor, 556 Madison Avenue (55th), has the makings—the patterns and the

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yarn—of some beauties. One of them, semi-fitted and coming to just below the waist, has a hood that folds into a graceful cowl collar; the directions and the yarn for this, of two-tone imported brushed mohair, which looks like fuzzy wool but doesn't shed (black shot with red; gray shot with black or gold; white shot with pastels), will cost about $24. The jacket is also available already knitted, but in that case the price is $55. Counting all those stitches. . . . If a friend of yours has become disenchanted with the forthright plaid design on her Scotch cooler, the thing for you to do is borrow it, think up a design that will please her, and take everything to Americraft, 903 First Avenue (51st), where you can have the design executed, in waterproof colors, for $5 and up, depending, of course, on how complicated it is. The same goes for trays, cigarette boxes, lampshades, wastebaskets, and so on. If no designs spring to mind, the artists here can help; they have made up some animal, mineral (gold leaf, anyway), and vegetable patterns, not to mention a Siamese panorama and a vista of a Second Avenue saloon. If no trays, wastebaskets, or Scotch coolers spring to hand, Americraft can provide them, too, and, as a matter of fact, the shop prefers it that way, because their artists can't work on worn or battered surfaces. (You can get an idea of prices from the fact that their redecorated Scotch cooler costs $15.) Jobs here take from ten days to three weeks.

Jewelry for Women

AS we squint our eyes and look around us at the jewellers' shops, we note that flexible bracelets and necklaces, and domed rings and earrings, are still with us; that craftsmanship has seldom been more crafty in setting lesser stones to give them dignity and importance; and that the rarest of stones have the simplest of settings—such as a dazzling square-cut alexandrite, which is dark green by day and a bed of coals in artificial light, at Ross-Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (55th); a cat's-eye that's as big as a tiger's-eye at Raymond C. Yard, 607 Fifth Avenue (49th); and Tiffany's bluest of blue-white diamonds and Yard's yellowest of canary ones. The new note this year is unusual combinations of color and novel juxtapositions of precious and semiprecious stones. For example, Lambert Brothers, Lexington Avenue and Sixtieth Street, combines the green of cabochon emeralds and the blue of sapphires in a dome-shaped ring, for $875, and in

jade . . .
from our famous collection,
these gump originals
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jade . . . mounted in gold
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Spray brooch, a delicate flower that may be worn as a pin or pendant 20.00
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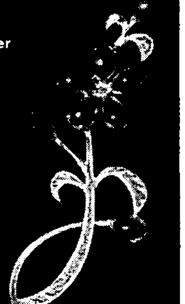

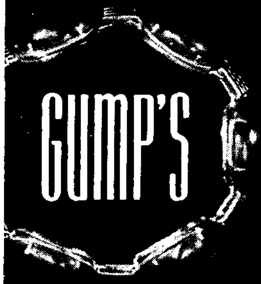

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$3.95

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earrings, for $530. Verdura, 712 Fifth Avenue (56th), shows earrings in which a pear-shaped emerald, almost an inch long, dangles from a sapphire button bound around with a band of paved diamonds; $7,500. There is a sudden craze for Persian turquoises, which are a much more brilliant (and more lasting) blue than Navajo turquoises, and for pale-pastel stones, like pink coral. Van Cleef & Arpels has contrived a flexible bracelet, an inch wide at the center and tapered at the ends, in which alternating Persian turquoises and small round diamonds are interspersed in a row of pale-pink coral buttons, the whole edged in twisted gold cord; $3,800 is the tab for this, and, at $1,400, there are matching earrings, which have paved turquoises on the lobe and three pale corals dangling below.

The design department of solid old Tiffany has apparently taken some deep, invigorating breaths lately and set its blood tingling. One particular triumph mapped out this year is a pair of earrings in which a curl of diamond baguettes comes forward on the ear while three baguette stems tipped with pear-shaped diamonds seem to spray out from under the lobe. A necklace suitable for any empress you may know consists of thirteen pendant diamonds, alternately pear-shaped and marquise, dangling between diamond bowknots from a chain of baguette and round diamonds. (Throughout this exercise, you may assume that any price we don't mention is not too *trivial* to mention.) A high-domed ring here consists of an archway of five baguette diamonds spanning a field of round diamonds. Another domed ring looks like a gold beehive and has diamonds spilling downward from its top. To descend a little closer to earth, Tiffany has Arizona garnets, almost Chinese red in color and usually small and square-cut; an inch-and-a-half square gold clip has these

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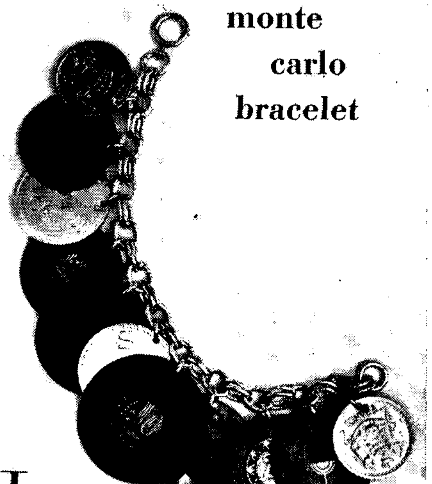

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garnets massed at the center and at the outside rim, and carved gold in between; $365, with matching earrings at $130. A necklace of openwork gold hearts, each with a square garnet inside it, costs $370, and there are earrings to go with this one, too ($70). Among a group of clips in the form of figurines, a gold Cupid, just over an inch high, has diamond-edged wings, wears a ruby crown, and carries arrows tipped with gold hearts; $625. Ovals of rutilated quartz (it looks like splintered glass, only much nicer) are set in gold rims and linked with gold to make a handsome bracelet; $98. English crystals display cats, in addition to the more English sort of animals, and are set in engine-turned heart-shaped brooches; $125. Among many large flat gold charms, there's an octagonal spider web inhabited by a jade-bodied spider ($70) and a three-quarter-inch gold kangaroo with ruby eyes ($31).

Cartier, to no one's great astonishment, has one of the most magnificent necklaces imaginable—a three-inch bib of small round diamonds in a latticework formation, with faceted round rubies punctuating the crossbars of the lattice. The band from which the bib is suspended is made of rubies and marquise and round diamonds. It's all washable. Another necklace, this one entirely diamonds, is a tailored half-inch-wide choker consisting of a row of baguettes flanked by two bands of round diamonds, and nobody can say it isn't a *practical* present, because it splits in two and can be worn as twin bracelets. A pair of earrings has a square-cut emerald on each lobe, with baguette diamonds pinwheeling around it and a substantial pear-shaped emerald dangling below. Diamonds and emeralds also appear in a four-leaf-clover clip; an inch and a half across, it has four pear-shaped emeralds surrounding a central round diamond. Another stunner of a clip consists of a double circle of baguettes and marquise diamonds from which five flexible stems of baguettes, splattered with round and oblong rubies, descend like a waterfall. Among an attractive group of small watches, we took especially to a little gold one with a candid round half-inch face, on a narrow gold strap woven in a herringbone pattern ($385); another watch, whose face is concealed under bands of round diamonds, is mounted on a gold band that's half an inch wide and looks as if it were purled ($1,500).

At Van Cleef & Arpels, the most spectacular entry is a necklace of big, graduated, pear-shaped cabochon emer-

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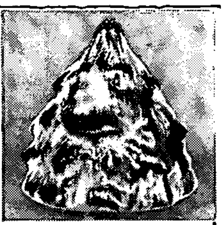

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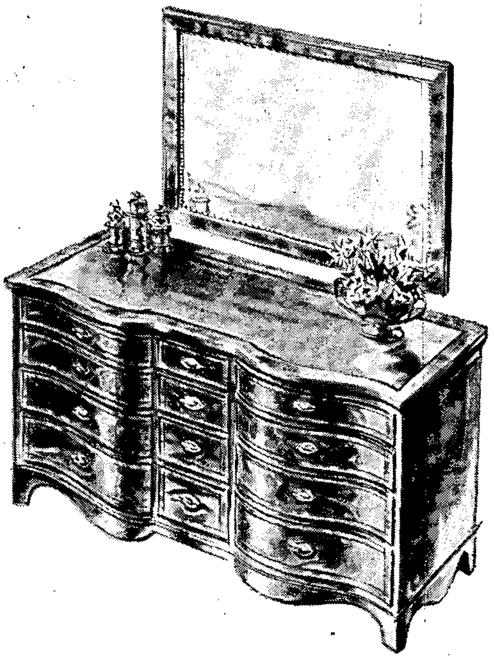
alds, dangling from a choker of diamonds set in open ovals. A bracelet is constructed of overlapping daisies made of gold wire with three small round diamonds in the center of each; $3,600. There is also a gold carryall vanity case, six and a half inches long and two and a half inches wide, with a basketweave surface. It's banded at each end with small diamonds, and inside is a gold lipstick case, a powder compartment, and space for a few cigarettes; $5,900 and a lot of deep-down smoking pleasure. One of the nicest big gold rings in town—a flat, wide one, with gold thread tracing a pattern of two leaves placed side by side—is here, and costs $100. If the veins of the leaves are outlined with small round diamonds, the price goes up to $300. There are clips and ear clips to match this. Free-form clips of heavy gold thread cost $115, or, when dusted with a few sapphires, $250.

Among the floral clips that Schlumberger, 21 East 63rd Street, delights in making is a representation of a rock garden; the ground cover is faceted sapphires clustered around an amethyst rock, and a rowdy diamond daisy grows up among them; $4,250. A stately pleasure dome of a ring is a diamond pincushion topped with a lot of gold pinheads ($2,350), while another ring, more massive, consists of gold daisies with ruby centers surrounding a big round diamond ($1,900). A gold compact shaped to resemble a zinnia is studded with variously colored sapphires; $2,400. Hatpins of oxidized silver topped with gold hearts or moons and stars are $32, and hatpins topped with a knot of woven gold are $33.50.

Verdura is strong for pastel colors, but there is nothing Crayola about his approach. Huge drops of golden topazes (the antique, Siberian kind, which ranks close to sapphires and rubies in value) dangle from chunky ear buttons of wrapped gold-and-diamond ribbons; $3,500. Graduated ovals of deep-pink topazes, another very rare species of stone, are interspersed with lacy sprays of diamond leaves in a beautiful necklace. The price is $15,000, which shows you how very rare the species is. Another unfamiliar combination of colors—and of jewels—shows up in a necklace of large turquoise ovals, connected by crossed bands paved with diamonds and sapphire baguettes; $11,000. There are lots of corsage clips here, too. One, of massed square-cut sapphires, set helter-skelter with little round diamonds among them, has a frill of Persian tur-



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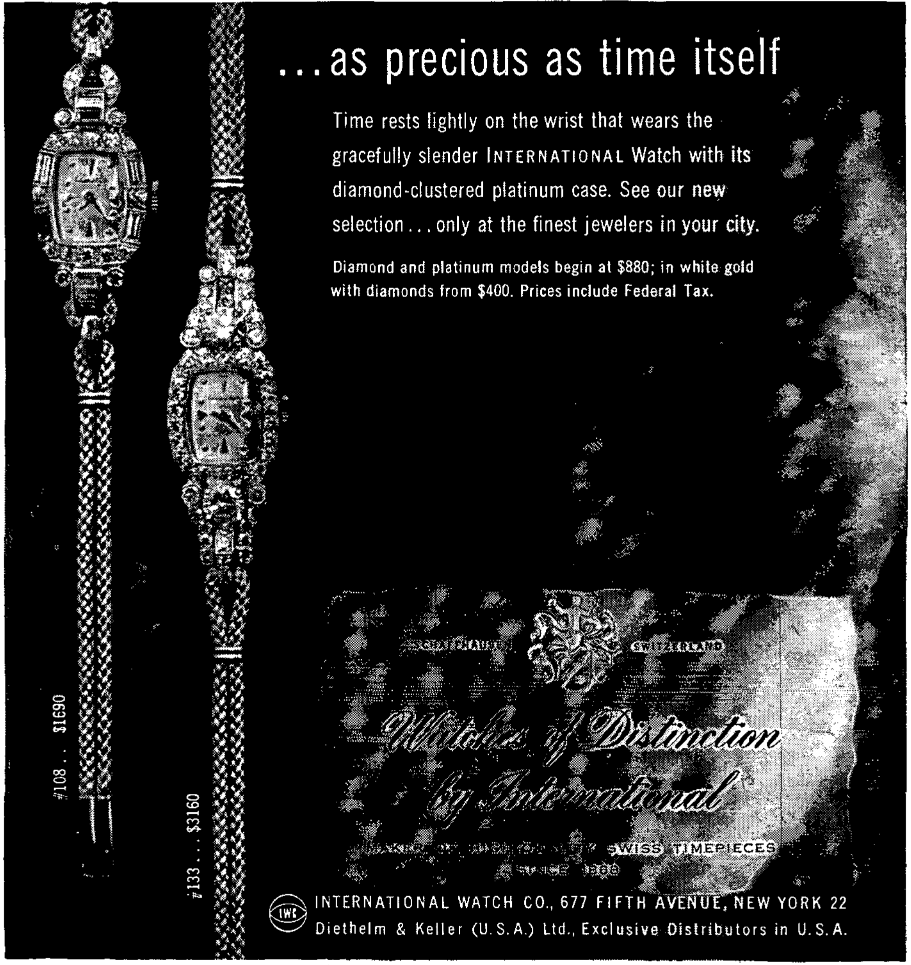

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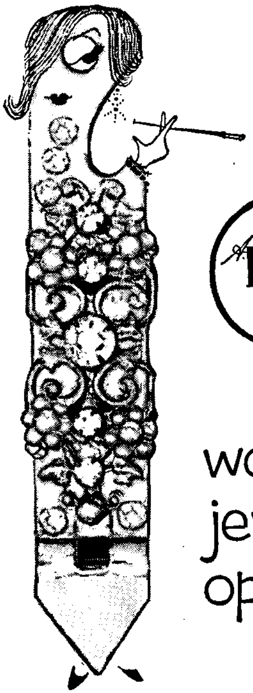

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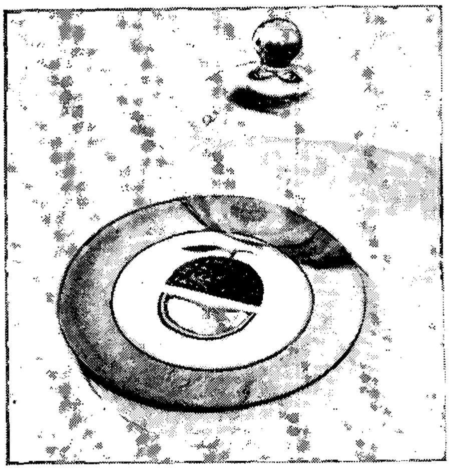
quoises at the bottom, and the flower stems are of diamond-tipped platinum; $4,000. Another is a carved coral rose, with turquoise ovals and minute diamonds around the base; $1,375. Among Verdura's clip figurines, a new one is a tiny gold mermaid riding sidesaddle on an inch-long white snail shell, which is real. Gold reins go around the snail's paved-diamond neck, which isn't real, and diamond bands encircle his tail; $1,850. And, finally, there's a gold compact, nearly three inches across, that is shaped like a looking glass. It has a mirror set in the top, and a gold-tasselled handle; $1,250.

Olga Tritt, 18 East 57th Street, is, and should be, proud of some new and delicate items of eighteen-carat gold, worked out for her in Paris. Three graceful gold-thread leaves with round diamonds dotted along the veins make earrings that are a good inch and a half across but not at all bulky-looking; $895. Gold threads, braided together to look like ribbon, are looped and twisted in a ribbonlike manner to make bracelets, clips, and earrings. A fresh-looking flexible bracelet has a ridged herringbone pattern along each edge and a procession of gold squares down the middle; the gold is eighteen-carat and the price is $300. Among the bracelet discs that abound here are swirls of wirework with a pair of hearts, a horseshoe, or a dangling bell set in the open center; these cost about $120 in plain gold and get rapidly more expensive when they are studded with jewels. And, just to remind you, necklaces of ruby and sapphire beads have been an Olga Tritt standby since long before the current renaissance of the Chanel bead rope.

At Ross-Pennell, we advise a look at the wristwatches. A very narrow white-gold mesh band holds a round-faced watch, half an inch across, that has a band of diamonds at each side of it ($550), and a narrow, chunky band of interlocking gold links holds a watch whose face has a diamond-veined gold leaf for a lid ($693). There are a great many English crystals here—as, indeed, there have always been. Two of them are set in a tubular gold bangle bracelet that is hollow, very light, and has overlapping ends; it has enough spring to allow it to be slipped over the hand. A crystal with a horse's head is at one end and a crystal with a horse and rider at the other; $198. An enchanting small diamond brooch that is nothing more than a snail-shaped swirl of round and baguette diamonds costs nothing more than $1,980. Palladium, a lightweight, shiny white metal that



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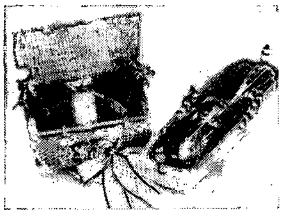

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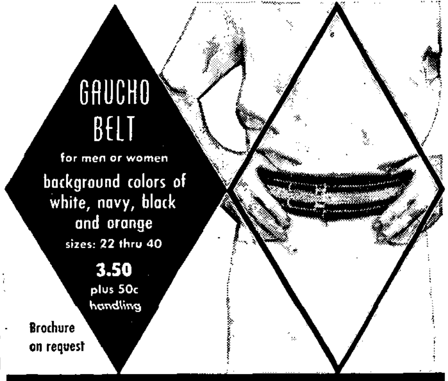

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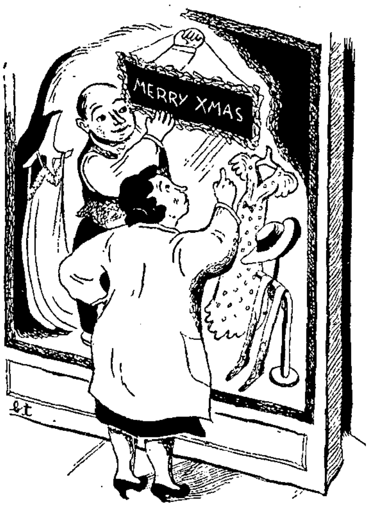
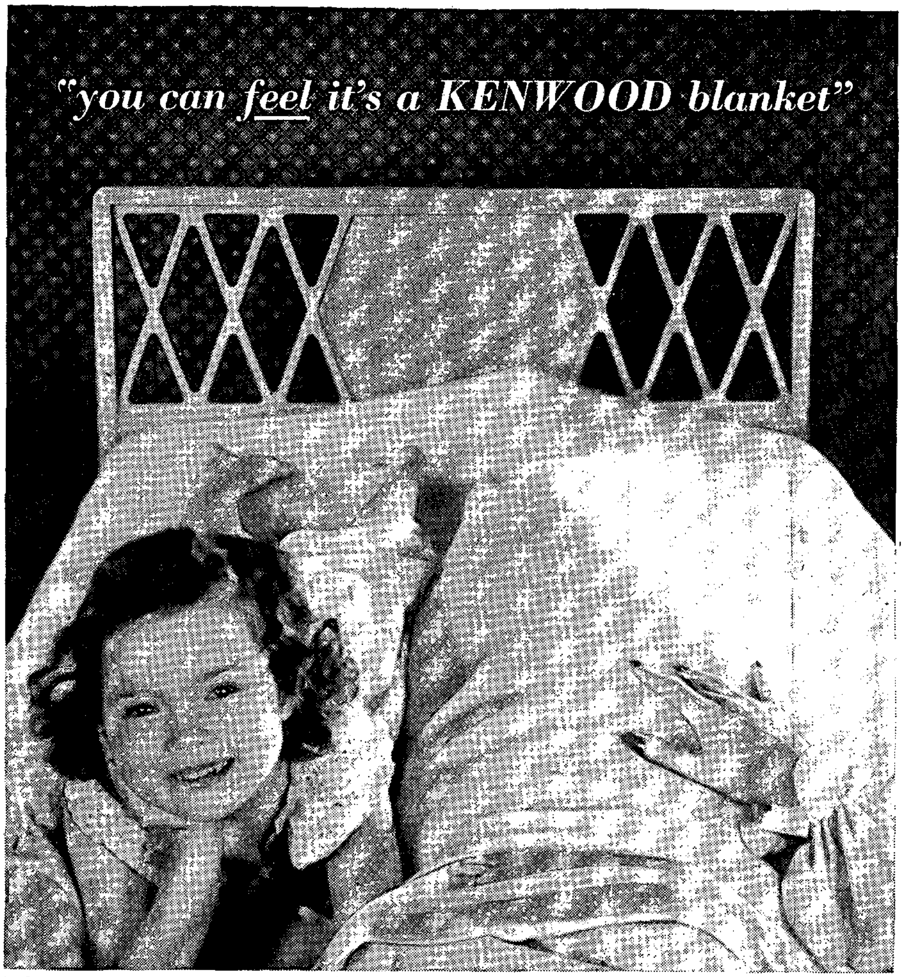
doesn't scratch easily (and is not often fiddled with by jewellers, because it's so hard), has been very successfully used here for flat, oblong compacts with little diamond bowknot clasps; $825.

Nadja Buckley has ended a year's exile in Texas and is holding forth in her new shop at 30 East 54th Street, where she has devised, out of approximately a shoeboxful of diamonds, a lifelike carnation pin, every petal of which is flexible. There's a business at the back that enables the owner to close it up into a bud or open it out into full bloom. The price is $38,500, but, then, the opening-and-closing machinery is built to last. A sumptuous ring that reflects a subtle Texas influence consists of a platinum lasso paved with round and baguette diamonds; dangling from the noose is a five-carat heart-shaped diamond. This one costs $13,750. Blocky rings made entirely of round sapphires or emeralds separated by tiny gold beads are $990 and $1,100, respectively. A gold-mesh necklace half an inch wide, with a saw-tooth edge, could be turned upside down and worn as a coronet by a young princess; $495. A beautifully carved gold eagle, in flight and set on a pin, costs $192.50. The newest lapel pins here are hummingbirds with ruby eyes ($77) or full-blown roses an inch high and carved in gold ($110). Matching rose earrings are $220.

One of the chief triumphs of Lambert Brothers this season is a four-strand cultured-pearl bracelet punctuated by crossbars made of three round diamonds. In the middle is an enormous asymmetrical twist of round, marquise, and baguette diamonds, which is detachable and can be worn separately as a clip. Its removal leaves the bracelet simple enough for occasions when the owner has no ball to go to; $8,525. This shop's version of the popular waterfall

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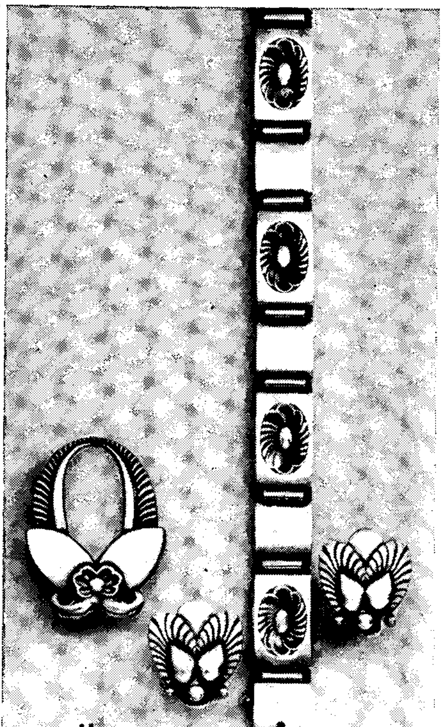
motif for clips is a pinwheel of baguette diamonds from which pear-shaped diamonds cascade downward; the whole business is three inches long. Another clip consists of a big gold knot, sprinkled with rubies and sapphires, which has a fat tassel of cultured pearls dangling from it; $290, and matching earrings are the same price. And now for charms: An openwork heart, studded with rubies or sapphires, has a small, solid heart dangling inside it ($105); an openwork disc has the signs of the zodiac engraved all around it, and the wearer's individual sign engraved on a solid disc that hangs inside ($44). A miniature gold Ferris wheel that really goes around has a couple of cultured pearls huddled together in each seat, and tiny rubies and sapphires hither and yon; $100. Gold earrings, each an overlapping circle whose ends miss each other by the width of an ear lobe, have a cultured pearl set in one end of each circle and can be worn as a pair of rings; $65.

Harry Winston, who, as you may have heard, admires diamonds, has assembled in his headquarters at 7 East 51st Street a hatful of the marquise and pear-shaped variety, any one of which would make quite a headlight of an engagement ring. He prefers, however, to do tricks with them, such as using them as the petals in irregularly shaped floral brooches and clips that, except for the price tag, have an almost understated and casual look.

David Webb, 666 Fifth Avenue (53rd), is a fast-rising jeweller who has only recently decided to offer his wares entirely to retail customers in the city. He succeeds in making gold spattered with small, round diamonds look like a new idea, which, of course, it isn't. For example, he uses clusters of wrapped-gold-wire acorns with diamond tips and diamonds studded here and there to make a massive hinged bracelet ($1,920); the same acorns in clusters or in a hoop formation make earrings to match ($815 and $865). Also diamond-studded is a gold bracelet that looks like crushed cloth and is caught in by heavy gold rope, so that it undulates around the wrist; $1,900. Then, there's a choker consisting of three strands of twisted gold chain; through a lariat loop at the side of the throat spills a tinkling mass of gold pistachio nuts, whose slightly opened shells reveal little diamonds glittering inside. (But why pistachios?) This firm likes irregular edges and striking combinations of color for its bracelets. One flexible bracelet combines Ceylon sap-



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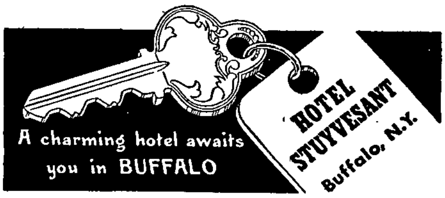

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HOTEL STUYVESANT Buffalo, N.Y.

phires, dark sapphires, and pale cabochon emeralds in various sizes and shapes, mounted with no metal visible across their backs and quite visible diamond rosettes scattered over them; $3,225. A flexible gold bracelet is strewn all over with rubies surrounded by diamond petals, so that it looks like a field of spring flowers.

The current Oriental influence in fashion has brought Chinese jade back into style, and Wedderien, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd), is one place to find it. Among the more moderately priced confections is a six-strand bracelet of spinach-colored jade beads. Spinach is a nice color, when you think about it. An inch and a half wide, it fastens with a big, square, tailored gold buckle and costs $325. Wedderien has a method of inserting baguettes of apple-green jade, oxblood coral, or Persian turquoise crosswise into plain golden bands, even when the ring is no more than an eighth of an inch wide. The price for such a ring starts at $175. Also on the premises are horses' heads, two inches high, one of carnelian with a gold bridle, another of pale opal with canary-diamond eyes and a ruby bridle, and still another of falconeye, a dark-green, satiny-looking stone, all of them ready to be made up into pins that start at $200 and ascend swiftly.

For a siren on your list, Black, Starr & Gorham has a cultured-pearl bracelet in the form of a snake, which wraps three times around the wrist and has a diamond-pavèd head and tail; $5,700. For a brook-and-river girl, consider a delicate and graceful clip consisting of a diamond bowknot from which platinum branches curve downward and sprout pearl berries and small, round diamond berries; $780. Half-circle earrings that look as if they pierced the ear have an inner row of round diamonds and an outer one of cultured pearls; $1,375. Among the figurine clips, there's a dashing flamingo with a pink pearl for a body, an arching neck of round diamonds, and baguette-diamond legs; $2,400. And in a good collection of simple gold necklaces are chokers of three twisted gold strands that look like grandfather's watch chain. These are $295. A single, thickish gold strand is $110.

Custom Gifts for Men

UNDER this heading we consider not only items, from kites to dressing gowns, that are made to order in the strict sense of the term but also a few ready-made things, like canoes, that take a relatively long time to deliver. And since we've mentioned canoes, let's

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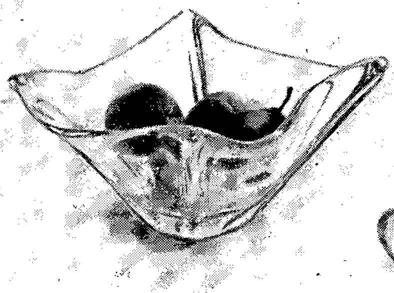
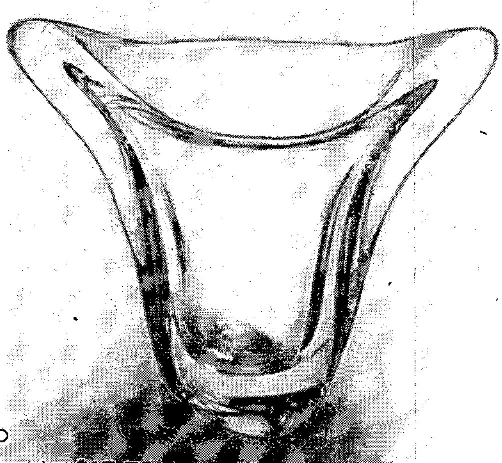
lead crystal





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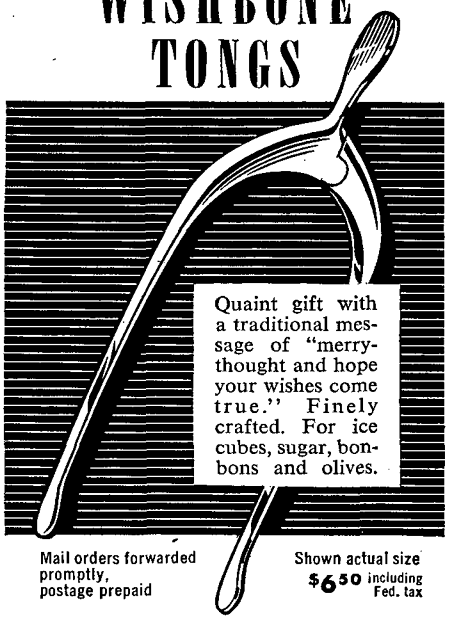

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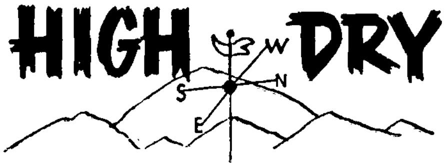

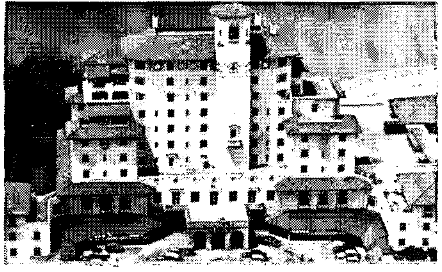

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BROADMOOR hotel

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

start with them. (Now, now—a canoe makes a perfectly splendid Christmas present for a man who wants a canoe.) The Grumman aircraft people put out a light aluminum canoe that is not only strong and durable but safe, for the flotation compartments at stem and stern are stuffed with sufficient quantities of a buoyant substance called Styrofoam to keep a fair-size crew afloat if the craft tips over. This canoe comes in various lengths—an eighteen-footer costs $217, to give you an idea—and may be ordered from Abercrombie & Fitch, or direct from the Metal Boat Company, Marathon, New York, a Grumman subsidiary. In either case, delivery in three weeks. If your man already has his vessel, there's a new device, called Canoe Control, that enables him to steer a drifting canoe with his feet, which, in turn, enables him to fish, instead of paddling, with his hands. It consists of a rudder connected by cables running over the gunwales to two foot pedals (to turn right the canoeist steps on the left pedal, and to turn left—oh, he probably can figure that out himself), and it is said to work not only in streams but in lakes, as long as there's even a suspicion of a current. The inventor, W. L. Jones, 222 Glen Road, Webster Groves 19, Missouri, puts up the contraption for $37.50, and, at the moment, delivers it in ten days.

As for fishing rods, the Charles F. Orvis Company, Manchester, Vermont, has a great many in stock, and if none of these will do, it will construct one to your specifications, for any kind of fish in any kind of water. The Battenkill bamboo rods, for grilse and full-grown salmon, have detachable grips, and are impregnated, by some recondite process, with bakelite, which strengthens the bamboo without adding any weight to speak of. One of these costs $104.50. Then, there are some really light six-foot bamboo rods—they weigh less than two ounces—with anodized gold fittings and stainless-tungsten-steel guides; these cost $100, and though they're meant for trout, they can, by all accounts, handle such husky specimens as bass and bonefish. A number of ready-made Orvis rods are available at Abercrombie, which, being well stocked with the fur of buck, squirrel, moose, muskrat, and possum, and the feathers of jungle cock, duck, and peacock, is also an excellent place to have an angler's favorite fly assembled. Of course, the Coachman, the Parmachenee Belle, the Black Ghost, and dozens of others are on hand already, but A. & F. is prepared to duplicate an

Rien ne remplace un vrai

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The ONE and ONLY King of the Sea

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Your Host, ADOLPH FLASHNER

3rd Ave., near 53rd St.

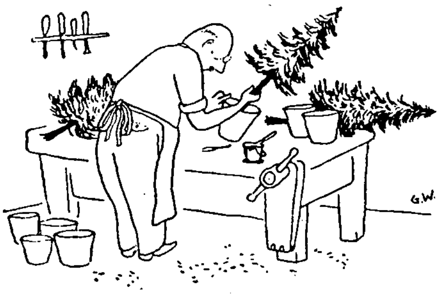
Air Conditioned

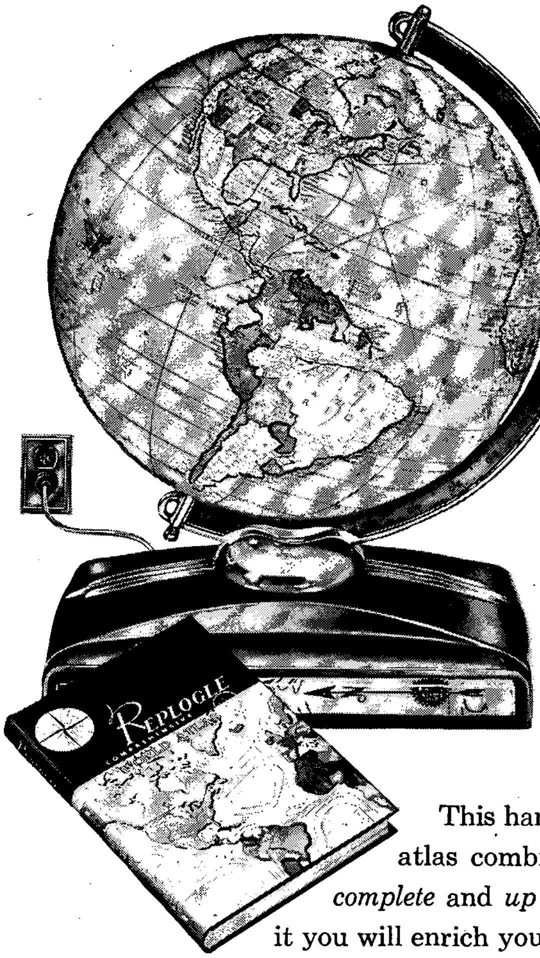
original fly—even one requiring hair from the ear of a cocker spaniel, as one recently did require. A sample helps, but a sketch or a description is usually enough for the store to go on; the finished product will cost anywhere from thirty cents to a couple of dollars.

The gun room at Abercrombie has made an arrangement—one that will interest only those who can take a long view and focus on Christmas of 1955—with a small band of watchmakers in the Italian town of Torette di Ancona; on command, these fellows will turn out, within a year, a made-to-measure automatic 12-gauge shotgun, called the Cosmi, that has a stock of beautifully finished Italian walnut, superb works, and magnificent finishing inside and out. It is intended to hold eight shells but, in deference to American laws on the shooting of migratory birds, has a plug to prevent anyone from firing more than three shots at a time. It costs about $1,000.

The number of kite fliers in America seems to be on the increase, and so does their median age, which is why we include kites in this adult report. Abercrombie has a line on several specimens of English kites and, given a few weeks and ten dollars, will have one sent over here for you—a pilot kite, for example, or a signal kite, or the Sporting Hawk, a menacing-looking object that would make a falcon turn tail. For a Japanese kite, made of split bamboo and *unryu* paper or mulberry paper, George J. Ikari, 45 West 8th Street, is your man—and a thoroughgoing man, too, who likes to know, though he doesn't insist on knowing, the height of the person the kite is intended for before he goes to work on it. Every kite is decorated with a Japanese character (perhaps a symbol for longevity or good luck) or with an avian painting (perhaps a flight of cranes). These kites run from $35 to $50, and Mr. Ikari requires anywhere from a couple of weeks to a month.

A mild attack of inventiveness seems to have seized our shirterers this year, and although they have come up with nothing that seems as momentous as





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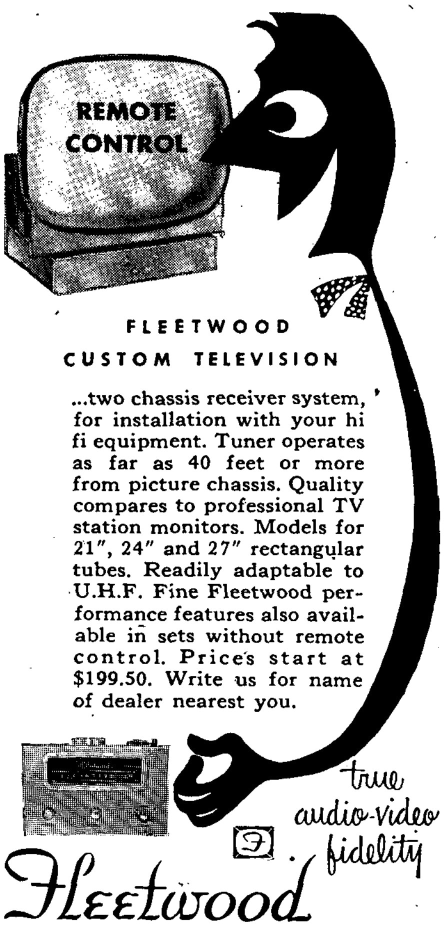

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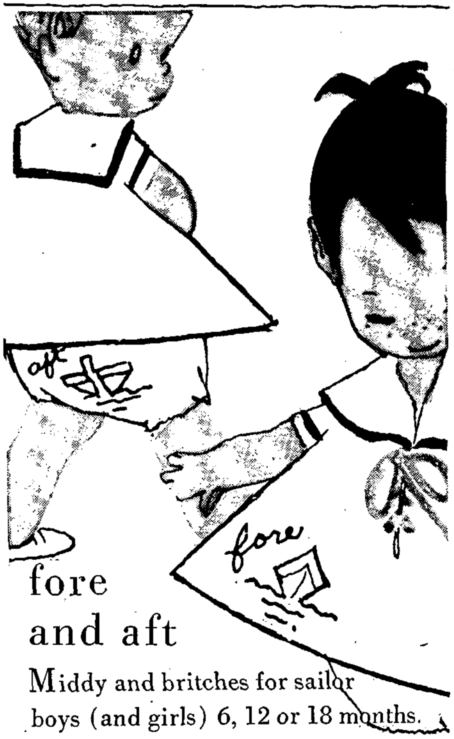
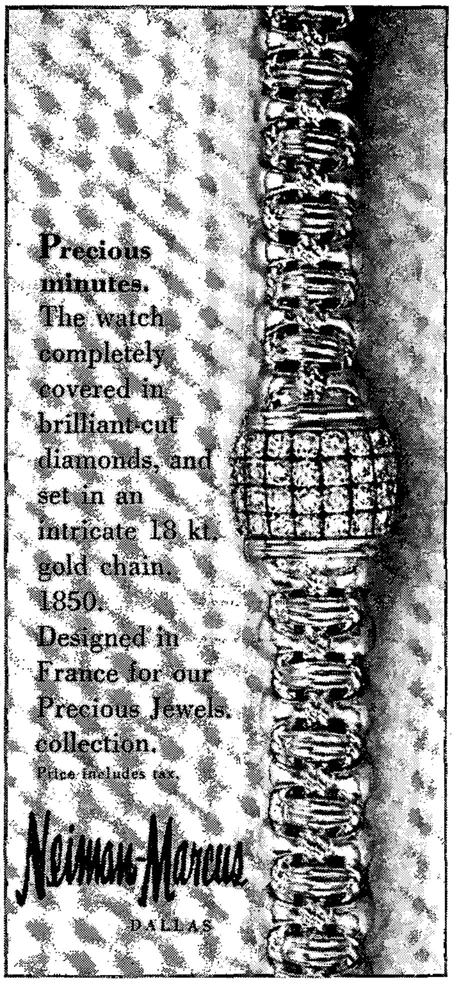


fore
and aft

Middy and britches for sailor boys (and girls) 6, 12 or 18 months. Designed for N-M by Florence Eiseman, in white English broadcloth with red and navy trim 16.95.
Enclose .35 mailing cost

Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

the attached collar must have seemed around 1915, some of their innovations may turn out to be fairly lasting—tucks in the cuffs and collars, for instance, and new fastening devices for both the front and the cuffs. But before we go into that, we had better warn you that if you plan to buy a man custom-made shirts, it's best to investigate not only his neck size, sleeve length, and chest measurement but also his prejudices about such matters as pockets, collars, cuffs, and colors. Well, to begin with, Charvet, 18 East 53rd Street, does up a moderately revolutionary shirt in a superlative blue, pink, yellow, or gray French chambray, with four or five tucks around the collar and cuffs, a fly front, and French cuffs that don't need cuff links, the secret being that the inner part of the cuff has a tab that goes through a slot in the outer part; $25. An oxford shirt, with or without this sort of cuff and with, if you wish, a long, narrow pocket designed to hold a pair of glasses, is $21. . . . Brooks has also devised a linkless French cuff, but the mechanics of this one are no secret at all: a mother-of-pearl button. A shirt with the new cuff costs from $14 to $28, depending upon the fabric, and the fabric may be any of several fine cottons and silks from this country or overseas. Shirts of Brookscloth—two parts dacron and one part cotton, which combine into a silky-looking broadcloth much like any other broadcloth except that it's easier to wash—cost $23. . . . Now for an idea from Milan, put forth here by Battaglia, 45 East 50th Street—a white English broadcloth shirt with a colored bosom (a blue or black hairline stripe, say, or checks the size of bird shot), which, of course, calls for a waistcoat. This one is made either with collar and cuffs to match the bosom or with a white collar and cuffs, takes two weeks, and costs $17.50. . . . Sulka has laid in some flamboyant Sea Island voile and a lashing of other thin cottons from France, Switzerland, and Italy. The variety of colors and patterns is profuse, the material being intended primarily for sports shirts ($35 to $40) and pajamas (around $55). An authentically Victorian nightshirt, made of white English longcloth and trimmed at the sleeves and pocket with the traditional red-and-white woven braid, is $22 here. . . . Newell, 290 Park Avenue (49th), has a quantity of imported broadcloth, madras, and voile, in a range of patterns that runs into the hundreds and includes all kinds of stripes, from hairline to broad-pencil, as well as figured



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Price includes tax.

Neiman-Marcus
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The friends of Christopher Robin designed by Shepard for the Milne books, exactly reproduced in cloth. These irresistible toys are:
POOH BEAR $6, KANGA & ROO $8, EEYORE $5, PIGLET $3.50, TIGGER $5, OWL $5.

The A. A. Milne books in fine English bindings with the tiny Shepard characters tooled in gold. WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG, NOW WE ARE SIX, WINNIE THE POOH, THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER. Each book $15.00. The set boxed $55.00.
Please add 50¢ for postage.

WAKEFIELD-YOUNG BOOKS
746 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

IN PHILADELPHIA, IT'S
Helen Sigel's
1523 WALNUT ST.
RESTAURANT BAR

patterns and solid colors. Prices for shirts—all the tucks you want and anywhere you want—start at $20. . . . A specialty at Dudley G. Eldridge, 11 West 50th Street, is a shirt with a lightly starched pleated bosom, made from a Scotch madras in various colors—a clear, fresh gray, say, or one of the pink or lavender shades favored by dandies half a century ago. With a white linen collar and cuffs, $22. . . . Knize, 24 East 56th Street, has a silky thin Sea Island broadcloth in a number of colors, including a fine gray. Shirts of this material are $32. *Point de gauze*, a species of gossamer imported from France, is used here in dress shirts that are notable for both their coolness and their freshness; $39. . . . Turnbull & Asser, the shirtmakers of Jermyn Street, now have a perch on the main floor at De Pinna, where they exhibit five hundred shirtings, with nine collar patterns and five cuff patterns. If you're not bewildered by this abundance, you can order a shirt, which will be made in their workrooms in England, for from $13.50 to $39.50. Four weeks.

A custom-made hat is a thoughtful notion, and with the proper information—such as contour of head, height, fullness of face, and a few other matters, including hat size—Cavanagh, 247 Park Avenue (47th), will make one. Among the models is one of forest green with a black band and binding, and a tapered crown that is remotely Tyrolian, but not so Tyrolian that it can't be worn in town, and another, in blackish green, charcoal gray, or charcoal brown, with a hand-welted edge around the brim and a low, tapered crown. Either of these takes four weeks and $20. . . . M. Fluegelman, 848 Sixth Avenue (30th), will turn out a silk hat for $35, or, for $30, an opera hat, with the correct pitch to the crown, the correct curl to the brim, and the correct snap when it's opened.

A comparatively easy fellow to cope with come Christmas is the skier. Andre, 49 East 47th Street, has decided that it is high time skiers switched to knickers. Oddly enough, he has just the material to make them of—practically indestructible, waterproof, double-twist, two-ply gabardine from Switzerland. This is cut into knickers that hug the leg and are guaranteed to be comfortable skiing, falling down, sitting, or, for that matter, sleeping; $55, and a week's notice. To go with the knickers, which are black or dark red with a bluish tinge, Andre has long wool stock-

The "man" from Cunningham & Walsh

Here's the LADY from Cunningham & Walsh, completing a sale at the check-out counter of the Rand Market, Jackson Heights.

The lady is Barbara Land. She worked a week at this super market. The rest of the year, she works in our advertising agency.

It's a fixed habit of all our art directors, copy writers and account executives to get behind retail counters at least one week a year.

Because—we know—if you've sold to Mr. and Mrs. Public in person, you're bound to do a better job of selling to them in advertising.

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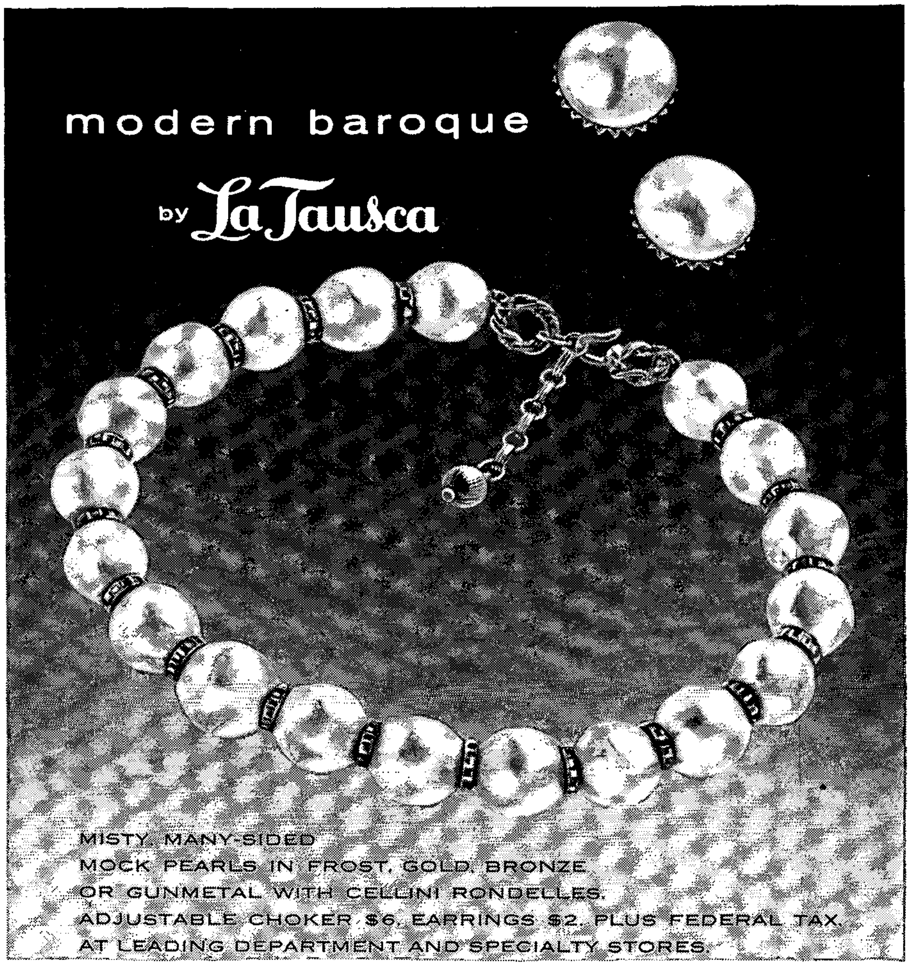

MISTY, MANY-SIDED
MOCK PEARLS IN FROST, GOLD, BRONZE
OR GUNMETAL WITH CELLINI RONDELLES.
ADJUSTABLE CHOKER $6. EARRINGS $2. PLUS FEDERAL TAX.
AT LEADING DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES.

FOR STORE NEAREST YOU WRITE HELLER-DELTAH CO. INC., 411 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16

Another Harvey "Bristol" Sherry that you will *Serve Proudly*

BY APPOINTMENT
WINE MERCHANTS TO
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HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S VERY SUPERIOR BRISTOL DRY SHERRY
HARVEY'S
"BRISTOL DRY"

Harvey's "Bristol Cream" and "Bristol Milk" Sherries have set a standard of quality that, throughout the world, brings special significance to the name BRISTOL.

That is why today knowing hosts and hostesses serve Harvey's "Bristol *Dry*" as the supreme *aperitif* Sherry ... and also as the Sherry for *all* occasions that demand *Bristol* prestige and excellence.

Imported by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK

ings, either black with a white design or white with a black design, hand-knit in Norway, and waterproof, or nearly so; $12.75 a pair. . . . Knize makes rugged and severely classical ski pants of water-repellent sixteen-ounce Gagniere whipcord from England; $100.

Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has engaged the services of Barney Lehane, who has made field and dress coats for any number of hunts, and who, in his present assignment, makes riding jackets—informal ones—of Scottish or Donegal tweeds. A jacket with a center vent and four buttons, or a hacking coat with side vents and slanted flap pockets, is from $125 to $135. If you have a length of tweed from the Shetland Isles, or anywhere else, George will turn it into a jacket—at, of course, a lower price. Riding shirts of Viyella flannel or light wool, with extra pockets and a matching stock cut any way you specify, are $37.50. . . . Brooks offers to do up a Norfolk jacket, that eminently practical warm country coat, from Shetland or Harris tweeds, and except for the fact that these have more comfortable shoulders, they are the real thing—with stitched pleats back and front, a belt all around, patch pockets with flaps, and a couple of breast pockets hidden under the front pleats; $165.

Alexander Shields, 15 East 60th Street, produces a big, bulky bathrobe of Turkish towelling, a lineal descendant of the white peignoirs that used to be de rigueur at European watering places, though not quite so long, and in such rakish colors as brown, navy blue, light tan, red, and deep yellow; a week, and $35. . . . The Hatton-Case Shop, which is a corner of the Gourielli establishment at 16 East 55th Street, takes ten days to make a featherweight wool dressing gown, in natural, black, or red, for $57.50, including a monogram. . . . The dressing gowns at Charvet—of thin French wool challis, lined with Charvet tie silk, which is decorated with badminton cocks, cobblestones, an enlarged honeycomb, or something of the sort—are as resplendent as ever, and so is their price: $95.

E. Vogel, Inc., 21 Warren Street, has a far from inexhaustible supply of all but scuffproof French calf that takes a high and permanent polish after it is boned, and from this he will make riding boots for $110; lesser boots start at $65. . . . The leather currently in favor at Phelps, 27 East 37th Street, is made from the hides of Andean llamas, and this is used in, among other things, a big carryall bag, with two zipper

Made in France

exclusively for
Hattie Carnegie—
divinely warm
Pyrenees brushed
wool robe, with
booties to match,
striped blue with
pink, pink with blue,
royal with white.
Small, medium and
large. 95.
Also bedjacket in
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Booties...12.75.

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Hattie Carnegie
42 East 49th Street

Old-Fashioned Cheddar
A Heart-Warming Gift

DAIRYLEA
CHEDDAR CHEESE

N. Y. STATE'S FINEST

A gourmet's delight—*our finest in years*. Rare, old-fashioned, natural cheddar, selected from the choicest cheese made during the lush grass season in upper New York State. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Enclose list with check. Your gift card (or ours) sent with each cheese. *Be sure to order a supply for yourself.*

Gift Wrapped by Postpaid Mail
5 lb. wheel $4.50
($5.00 *west of Rockies*)
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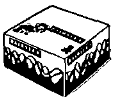
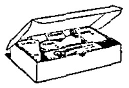
($2.15 *west of Rockies*)

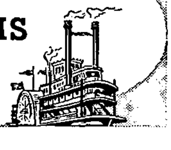


Special 6-Piece Holiday Assortment



Sharp Cheddar, Mild Cheddar, Pineapple, Process American, Natural Cheddar Cheese Spread, Sharp Cheese Food—Approx. 4½ lbs. net—$3.50 ($4.00 *west of Rockies*).

DAIRYLEA®
100 Park Ave.: Room 48, New York 17, N. Y.

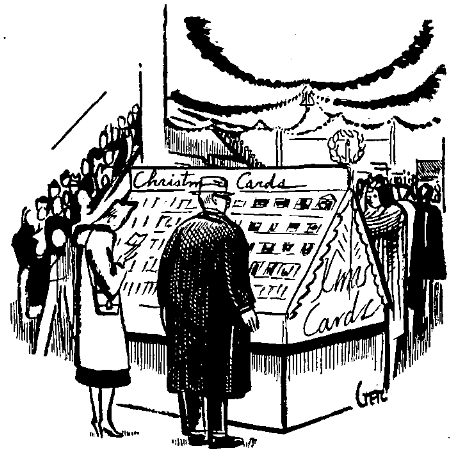


JAZZ IN TIMES SQUARE
CONRAD JANIS
Childs
PARAMOUNT

pockets outside, that takes two weeks to make and sells for $137.50. Llama leather, in case you are not acquainted with it, is strong, durable, and altogether prepossessing.

Burgess Ship Models, 223 East 32nd Street, will put together a model of practically any ship that is, or ever was, afloat, but the specialty of the house this year seems to be the small fast schooners of the old Revenue Cutter Service, which used to frustrate smugglers in Alexander Hamilton's day. A twenty-four-inch version of the Alert, a two-masted schooner built about 1785, or a nineteen-and-a-half-inch version of the Roger B. Taney, a topsail schooner built in 1815, each with the proper complement of brass guns on wooden carriages, costs $85. If a privateer of the late eighteenth century strikes you as more appropriate, Burgess will rig up a twenty-four-inch model of the Fair American, a brig with fourteen guns, for $125. This establishment also goes in for ship models in bottles, the price depending largely on the size of the bottle, which you may, if you like, furnish yourself; $5, for a ship in a bottle an inch long, up to $50, or more, for a ship in a magnum or a jeroboam.

If you have a man on your list who just hasn't a thing in the world to do, you might consult Par Picture Puzzles, 18 East 53rd Street, which would very likely advise a ten-thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle, nine feet long and four feet wide, or about the area of a billiard table. The price: $3,000. Smaller puzzles are, of course, correspondingly cheaper—$50, say, for one about eighteen inches square. Par has a fine collection of colored prints waiting to be sliced up into irregular pieces, but if you prefer to bring your own picture, or theatrical poster, no objections will be raised. . . . The PEM Bookbindery, 65 West 56th Street, is quite adept at the sort of small book that stamp col-



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West of the Mississippi
GENSE OF THE WEST, LTD.
278 Post St., San Francisco, Calif.

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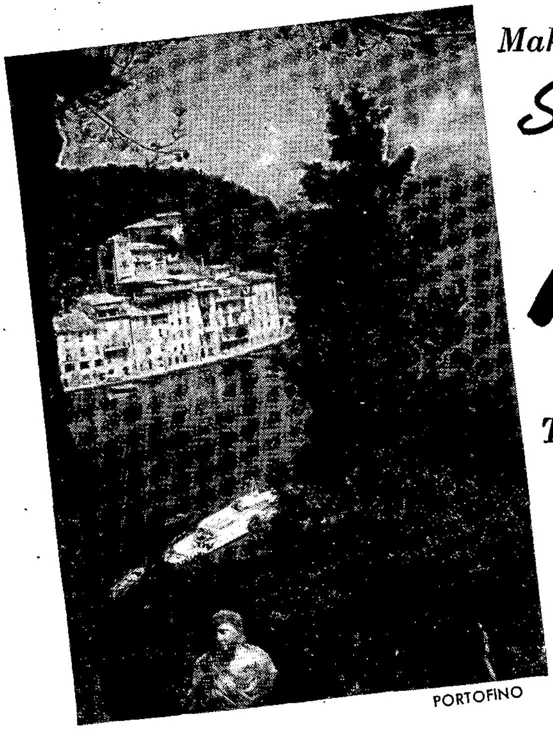

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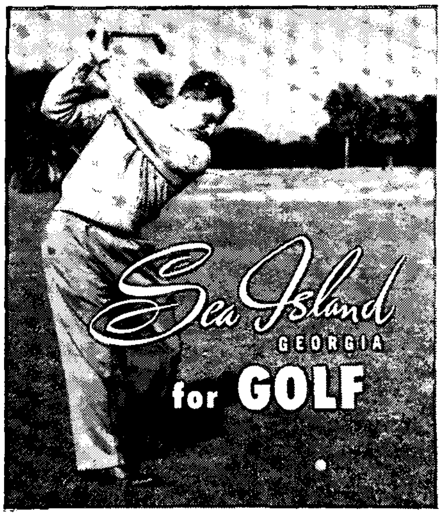
Jewelry for Men

THERE'S one thing sure—you don't have to wear sunglasses when you go shopping for men's jewelry. What diamonds you'll see are mostly tiny things, used to add a pinpoint of sparkle to a watch face (marking the



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quarter hours, say) or to reinforce soberer and larger stones set in cuff links or studs. And while most jewellers are increasing the specific gravity (and the price) of their masculine wares by using lustrous eighteen-carat gold instead of common fourteen-carat gold, a lot of them are also toning down the flash by weaving the stuff into a fine mesh or engine-turning it into something resembling silk moiré; it shows up in these forms in watches, pillboxes, cigarette cases and lighters, and the like. As for platinum, the Russians seem to have something like a corner on that commodity at present, and the chances are that Christmas shoppers won't encounter a lot of it in the stores, except in extremely formal cuff links and studs, perhaps, and now and again encasing a watch. Tiffany has a round pocket watch with a platinum case and a Patek-Philippe repeater movement (the sort that tinkles off the hours when you push a button); it's such a little wisp of a thing that it would slip into the pocket of the tightest waistcoat without causing a bulge. The price is $1,375. . . . But if thinness is what you're looking for in a watch (and Lord knows the watchmakers have been outdoing themselves for the past twenty-five years in their efforts to get the most watch in the thinnest case), the champ this year is an Audemars-Piguet pocket watch, at Cartier, that is a scant three millimetres, or .11811 of an inch, thick. This lops a whole millimetre off the record set last year by the same people. In a plain, round gold case, it is $900. . . . Van Cleef & Arpels has a Movado pocket watch in one of those boxlike, pull-apart cases, about the size of a domino and made of that gold mesh we were talking about except that this mesh is even finer and less wiry. It has a sort of easel in back, so that it can be propped up on a bedside table, and it costs $700.

Automatic—that is, self-winding—timepieces usually aren't noticeably thin, but Black, Starr & Gorham has one that is, a Movado wristwatch that is gold all over—back, front, and hands; it costs $225. . . . Audemars-Piguet has an automatic wristwatch, too—the first the firm has ever produced; it has a clear, round dial, a severe gold case, and twenty-one jewels, and it costs $620, at Tiffany. . . . Raymond C. Yard, 607 Fifth Avenue (49th), offers a waterproof automatic gold wristwatch into which Patek-Philippe has crowded thirty waterproof jewels; this one is $800. . . . Juvenia turns out an automatic wristwatch and calls it Mystere, which seems odd, because the back is clear plastic and

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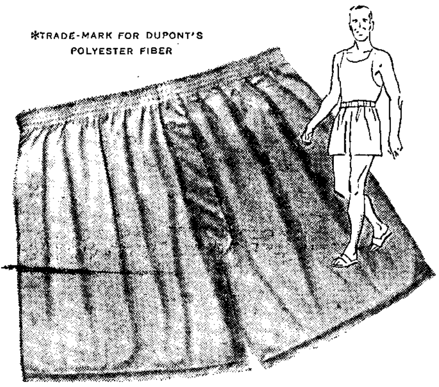

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the machinery is perfectly visible. The front *is* sort of mysterious, at that, because most of the dial is covered by a black disc, and only the tips of the hands show; $100, at Time Mart, 425 Madison Avenue (49th), and other places. . . . Then, there's an Omega wristwatch at Lambert Brothers, Lexington Avenue and Sixtieth Street, that is not only automatic but waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, and inedible. It has a rectangular gold case, and a strap of heavy woven gold; $775. . . . And you may be happy to hear that Cartier makes a fine stainless-steel wristwatch, with a sweep second hand and a radium dial, that sells for $62.

If a watch won't do, then how about cuff links? There's a new trend in cuff links. There's *always* a new trend in cuff links. In past seasons, as you may have noticed, the idea was to make them as massive as possible, and it got so that some men could barely lift their arms, but now a reaction has set in, and a neater, trimmer lot of cuff links you've seldom seen. Ross-Pennell, 698 Fifth Avenue (55th), has made a meticulous copy, in gold, of a pair of coffee beans; $165, and no wonder. . . . Botanists' cuff links at Schlumberger, 21 East 63rd Street, are acorns in hematite and gold; $110. . . . And Van Cleef & Arpels seems to have copied mock oranges; these are much smaller than life-size, though, and are studded with gold nodes and tiny cabochon rubies. The price is $225. This house also offers a pair of cuff links with elegant small shields of woven gold at the ends; $110. . . . At Olga Tritt, 18 East 57th Street, the botanical idea is embodied in a small pair of cuff links with oblong ends that resemble slabs of grained oak; $52. Here, too, are rather nautical cuff links made to resemble neat coils of rope; they're in gold and cost $54. . . . At Wedderien, you can have cuff links made of small bars of hematite, jade, red-moss agate, tigereye (a yellowish stone), falconeye (a greenish one), ivory, crystal, tortoise shell, onyx, or plain old gold. Lapis-lazuli links run to $265, and Australian-opal links to $485. . . . A nice pair of cuff links at Tiffany consists of perfectly matched rubies set in circles of gold; $2,850.

Let's see now. Watches, cuff links, and— oh, yes, cigarette cases! Van Cleef & Arpels uses its favorite woven gold to make a slim case that holds twenty. It sports a wide band of ridged gold that runs the length of the case, and has a sapphire catch; $1,600. If you give this firm two weeks and a thousand dollars, more or less, they'll make

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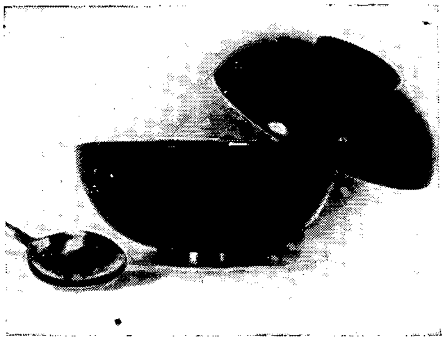

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a case of the same woven gold large enough to hold a couple of perfectos or coronas. . . . Black, Starr & Gorham has a gold cigarette case with a heavily ribbed pattern for $505.

We come now to cigarette lighters, and find that jewellers are *still* thinking up ways to glorify the sturdy old Zippo, which costs $3.50 in unadorned chrome. Tiffany puts it in an engine-turned gold jacket (either ridged or with a moiré finish) and mounts an English sporting crystal on one side. If the crystal depicts a dog's head, the price is $225; if it depicts a horse's head, the price is $215. The horse is man's best friend. . . . Ross-Pennell camouflages a Zippo so that it looks pretty much as it used to, except that its color is gold and its price is $126.50. (Initials are free.) . . . There's a neat little lighter at Schlumberger that will fit into any king-size cigarette case, because it's actually a copy of a king-size cigarette, done in white enamel with a gold tip; it holds a seven-day supply of juice and costs $70.

Pillboxes seem to have established themselves permanently as an adjunct of life. A fat miniature eighteen-carat-gold coffer with a rounded top and stunning chasing costs $165 at Olga Tritt. . . . A largish box of golden basketwork at Tiffany is $160, and a gold copy of the sort of silver box in which Victorian gentlemen used to house the vestas they lit their cigars with is $77 at Ross-Pennell. . . . Cartier offers a sleek and capacious rectangular box for $230, and Van Cleef & Arpels offers a pillbox with a fifty-peso Mexican gold piece as a lid for $390. Inflation.

The various slides and clips that replaced the tiepin of yesteryear are in turn being replaced, we're told, by a new sort of dingus adapted from Army insignia, or at least that part of the insignia that holds it to a shirt collar. In its civilian adaptation, there's a metal point that pierces the tie and the shirt, and a button that grips the point, so that the tie can't flap. These devices are called tie tacks, and all sorts of things are used to decorate them. Olga Tritt employs a realistic red-enamel ladybug ($9), a not-so-realistic housefly, with a cultured-pearl body ($12), a fourteen-carat-gold elephant ($13), and a fourteen-carat-gold turtle ($16). At Ross-Pennell, the tie tacks are topped with English crystals depicting trout, a horse's head, an Angus bull's head, and a number of dogs, including a hot dog; they range in price from $45 to $55. A cultured-pearl job at Lambert Broth-

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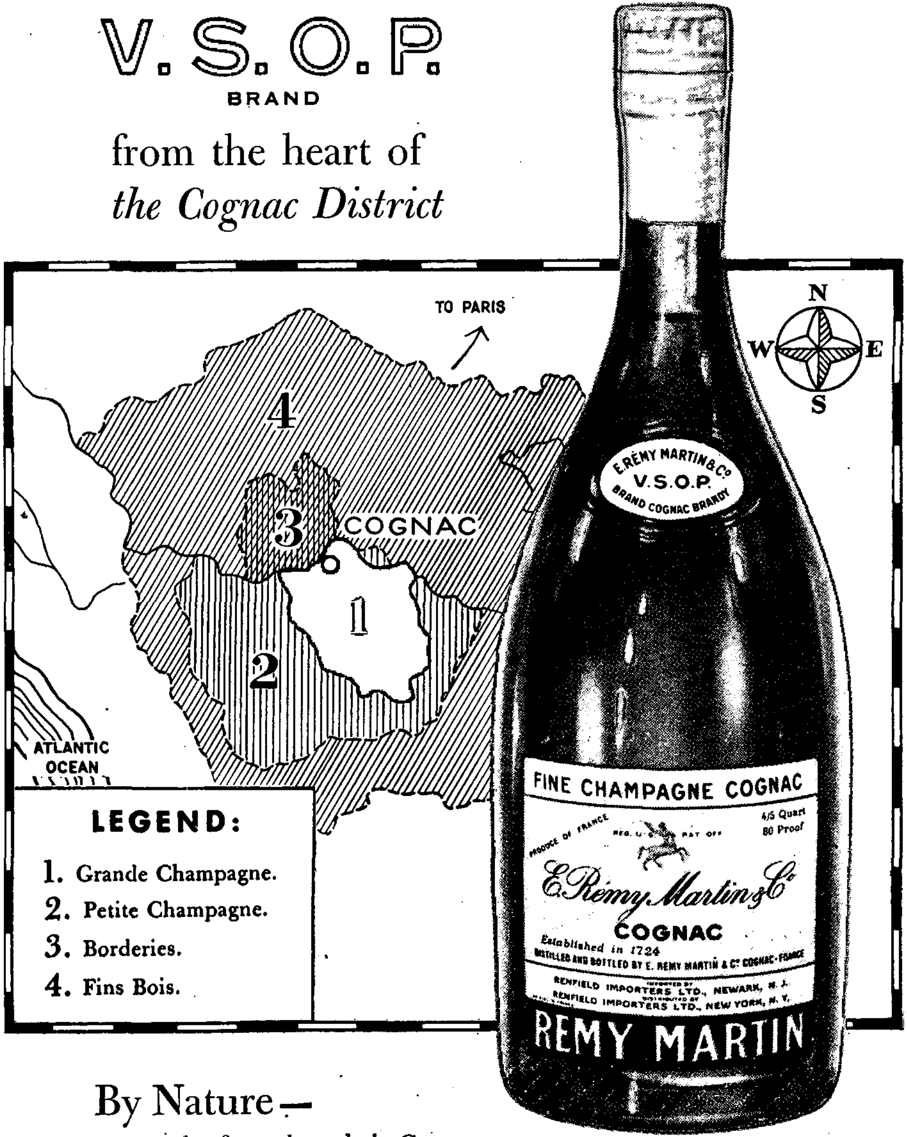
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ers runs to $50. Wedderien will make you one of cabochon-cut apple-green jade, mounted in gold, for around $75. . . . For that matter, the old-fashioned tiepin itself is still a good Christmas idea, especially for a man who attends a lot of weddings and needs something fresh for his ascot. Oriental-pearl tiepins at Black, Starr & Gorham start at $250, and go up to around $3,000.

Something practical, you say? Well, there's a nice, stubby gold pencil with a perpetual calendar set into the side of the barrel at Cartier for $47; a small notebook (two and a half by four inches), with gold covers and a built-in telescope pencil, at Tiffany for $255; a ball-point pen wrapped in woven gold at Van Cleef & Arpels, for $290; a gold case concealing a wafer-thin address book and a gold pencil at Schlumberger for $210; and a cylindrical gold case, with a beautifully incised barleycorn pattern, and big enough to hold a Gillette safety razor and a toothbrush, at Verdura for $325. . . . Ashtrays made of hollowed-out hunks of jade, agate, hematite, onyx, and any of a number of other semiprecious stones turn up at Wedderien, at prices ranging from around $30 to around $150. A ten-inch paper knife of green-moss agate is $90. A sixteen-inch dagger meant to slit very first-class mail has a spinach-jade hilt, which is fastened to the blade by a gold collar studded with three cabochon rubies; $350. Finally, at Cartier, there is a nine-inch-tall clock for a desk or mantel, all its visible parts made of solid gold except for the numerals on the dial. They are rubies. It chimes the hours and quarter hours (in a golden tone, of course), and the key that winds it is gold, too. The price, payable in silver certificates, is $5,310.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Cymbals and Drums

DIMITRI MITROPOULOS, whose striking appearance on the podium often suggests a Byzantine monk frantically engaged in shaking Martinis, is, I think, a conductor of considerable stature. His virtues lie in the way he is able to make an orchestra play exactly as he wants it to and in the enthusiasm he seems able to generate in presenting music of a passionate or exuberant character. He is, however, a conductor of the inspirational, rather than the methodical, type, and the quality of his performances appears to depend to a great extent on impulses of the moment. I have heard him do things by Strauss, Rachmaninoff, and certain contemporary composers with unforgettable brilliance; I have also heard him bludgeon his way through a composition, throwing its most delicate nuances out of kilter and drawing about as rough a sound from his orchestra as I have ever encountered. The latter phenomenon is, I am afraid, most apt to occur when he undertakes music of a serene, formal variety—music that depends for its effect not so much on energy and vigor as on elegance and poise.

Last Thursday evening's concert by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in Carnegie Hall provided an unusually good example of both his virtues and his defects. In presenting Schumann's familiar Symphony No. 2 in C Major, Mr. Mitropoulos seemed to be at his worst. Exaggerated accents and eccentric tempos made the symphony sound more like some particularly boisterous Slavic rhapsody than the masterpiece of German Romanticism that it is. I looked in vain for the limpid and sensuous tone in the strings that this symphony requires to assert its full magic. Its rapid passages struck me as generally indistinct and muddy, and I thought its adagio—perhaps the greatest single movement Schumann ever wrote—was done with remarkable disregard for the subtleties of its soaring melodic line. After the Schumann work was over, however, Mr. Mitropoulos turned his attention to what were apparently more

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congenial tasks, and succeeded in finishing off his program with quite a demonstration of virtuosity.

The compositions that called forth this demonstration were Prokofieff's Second Piano Concerto, which is not often performed and which I believe I was hearing for the first time, and a new suite of Greek dances by a countryman of Mr. Mitropoulos's named Nicholas Skalkotas. The soloist in the former work was the Italian artist Pietro Scarpini, who was making his American début and who proved to be a pianist of prodigious muscular and technical powers. The concerto is an early work, antedating the "Scythian Suite" and the "Classical Symphony," and I found its rather bumptious and primitive idiom—what we think of as the typical Prokofieff style had not yet congealed—fairly exhilarating. Mr. Mitropoulos and Mr. Scarpini evidently found the concerto exhilarating, too, for they performed it with enormous dedication and an incredible display of pyrotechnics. I wish it hadn't been followed by Mr. Skalkotas's "Greek Dances," for by the time they arrived I was pretty well worn out by the sound of bass drums and cymbals. But Mr. Mitropoulos was not worn out at all, and he gave this score, which to my mind was a moderately interesting and somewhat explosive essay in transcribed folk music, a generally thundering interpretation.

•

THE week was not a particularly good one for recitals. A violinist named Harry Shub appeared in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening and succeeded in doing little more than emphasizing something that I have always felt to be true of most violin concerts; namely, that they are apt to be exhibitions of athletic prowess, only indirectly related to the art of music. Moreover, Mr. Shub's athletics were far from first-rate. He played Max Bruch's uninteresting Concerto No. 2 with an air of dramatic frenzy, crouching, and hurling his bow at the strings, in a manner that seemed to me more appropriate to other surroundings—possibly a Hungarian restaurant.

I had a somewhat better time at Tuesday evening's concert by the tenor Cesare Valletti, in Town Hall. Mr. Valletti, as he has frequently proved on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, is a singer of notable grace who can spin a fine melodic line in the best Italian *bel-canto* tradition. His voice did not have the variety of color, nor did he himself give the impression of having the emotional perception, necessary to make

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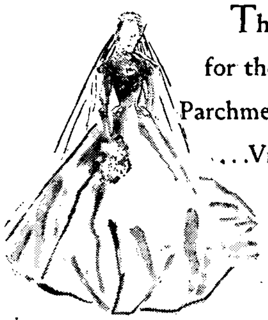

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the group of Schumann lieder on his program anything more than an exercise in beautiful tone. But his singing of the popular "Lamento di Federico" from Cilèa's "L'Arlesiana" was as near perfection as anything I expect to come across for a long time in music of this spectacular sort.

ON Friday evening, I dropped in at the Mark Hellinger Theatre to see the show known as the Ballets Espagnols, which has been running there for some time, and I was rewarded with some pleasant entertainment. I wish, though, that what I saw had been more consistently true to the severe and passionate style of the finest Spanish dancing. A good deal of the evening was taken up with mere vaudeville. But the second half of the program, which in my opinion was the better one, contained some very effective items—particularly a scene called "El Prisionero," in which a dancer named Teresa managed a really evocative performance with a pair of castanets; a jota that involved some spirited dancing on the part of most of the troupe; and a grand finale in which the company's star, Luisillo, approached the sharp, aggressive magnificence I remember in the work of dancers like Escudero. To me, one of the most agreeable items on the bill was the singing of a flamenco artist called El Niño de Almadén, who is evidently a master of his difficult and arresting art. I should have liked to listen to him at greater length.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

CONCERT RECORDS

The Pleasures of Brahms

I HAVE found no other recent recordings as deeply satisfying as those in a new Brahms album, released by Columbia, in which the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, under the direction of Bruno Walter, plays the four symphonies, the two overtures (the "Tragic" and the "Academic Festival"), the Variations on a Theme by Haydn, and the three Hungarian dances (Nos. 1, 3, and 10) that were arranged for orchestra by Brahms himself, along with "Hungarian Dance No. 17," which was arranged by Dvořák—in short, practically all of Brahms' purely orchestral music except the concertos. By some technical miracle, these works take up only four records. The present version of Symphony No. 4, by the way, was issued on a single record a couple of years back, but the other readings are new, or at

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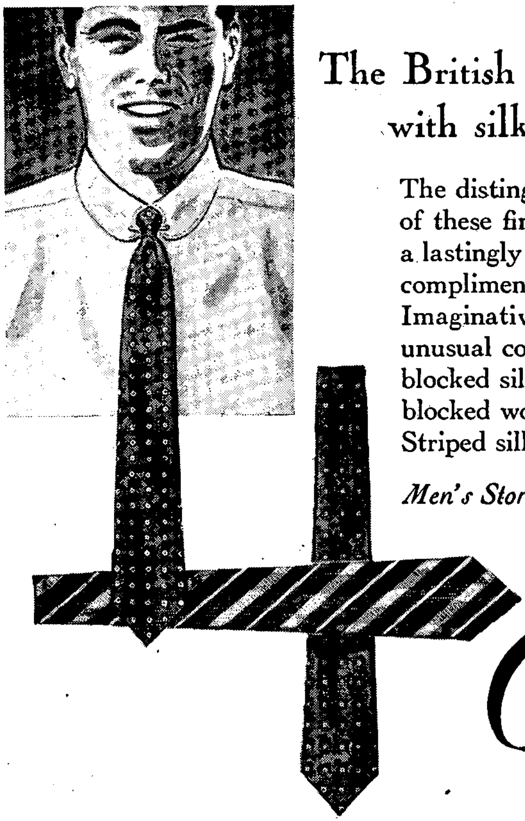

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Walter is an ideal interpreter of Brahms, and these are searching performances. The secret of Walter's skill over the years not only with Brahms but with Schubert, Mahler, and other expounders of romanticism is his remarkable combination of gentleness and authority; he is at one with the music, and in his painstaking efforts to make an orchestra do it justice it is always the composer's will, and never his own, that he seeks to impose. In recent years, Toscanini has also recorded a good deal of the material in this album, but his way with Brahms, penetrating as it is, does not have the radiant warmth of Walter's. In Brahms, it seems to me, Walter finds his heart's desire. He develops the composer's strong and surpassingly beautiful themes with admirable logic and a rare ethical sense, and although the treatment is a bit obvious now and then, it is also supremely graceful and resourceful. I think it is something more than a measure of my own attachment to Brahms' music that I was able to hear this long concert through with no slackening of interest or enjoyment until the Hungarian dances came along, at the end. (They have their attractions, of course, but they are in the wrong company here.) As I listened to this well-wrought music, so ingratiatingly played, it occurred to me that Brahms is one of the very few composers whom I would like to have known. Well, these records are the next best thing, and I can think of no single-album collection of romantic orchestral music that can match them.

While we're on the subject of Brahms, I might as well mention several other new recordings of works of his that have come along in recent weeks. The best of the bunch (a Capitol release) is a glowing rendition of the Violin Concerto by Nathan Milstein, with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of William Steinberg. Angel has brought out the same composition played by Johanna Martzy, a young Hungarian violinist, and the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Paul Kletzki, but while Miss Martzy is undeniably gifted, her solo work lacks vitality and assurance, and as for the recording, it cannot touch the live tone of the Capitol record. Capitol also offers a fairly persuasive performance of the Quintet in F Minor, by the Hollywood String Quartet, with Victor Aller as pianist. And Columbia has put together in an album the three

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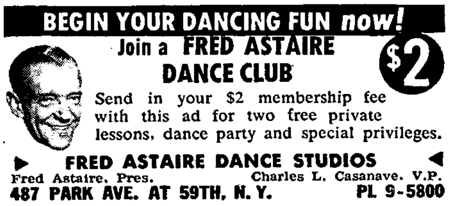
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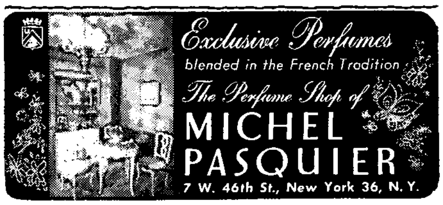
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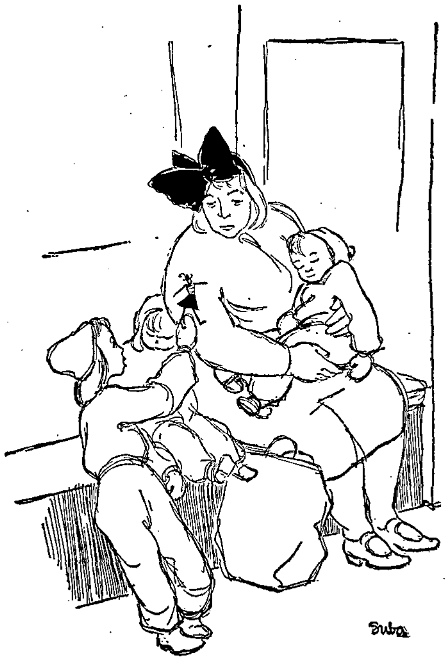
sonatas for violin and piano, along with the "F.A.E. Sonata," which was written in honor of the Hungarian violinist Joseph Joachim (whose motto was "Freiaber Einsam," or "Free but Lonely") by a team of three composers—Brahms, who wrote the third movement, Schumann, and one Albert Dietrich. The violinist Isaac Stern and the pianist Alexander Zakin provide fluent renditions of all four sonatas.

I WOULD say that Toscanini's "Falstaff" (Victor) and Maria Meneghini Callas's "Norma" (Angel) are the two most noteworthy operatic recordings that have appeared so far this season. The Toscanini performance of Verdi's comic masterpiece dates back to the spring of 1950, when he presented it in two broadcasts, from which the present recording was made. The orchestra is, of course, the old N.B.C. Symphony, now known as the Symphony of the Air, and Victor has seen fit, apparently for sentimental reasons, to retain the applause—which was generous—at the end of each act. Well, applause, if not *recorded* applause, is justified, for this is an incandescent orchestral reading of the lovely and constantly surprising score, which Verdi wrote when he was eighty. The singing is something else again. Although it is, generally speaking, quite adequate (as a matter of fact, Frank Guarrera's astute portrayal of Ford and Cloe Elmo's brusque delineation of Mistress Quickly are better than adequate), Giuseppe Valdengo is, unfortunately, unable to bring sufficient conviction to the title role; it is not that Valdengo sings badly,



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or even unenthusiastically, but merely that his voice doesn't have the right color (there is something boyishly appealing about it) for the tubby, aging, dissolute knight.

As for the recording of Bellini's masterwork, it is distinguished only by the positively formidable singing of Miss Callas, as Norma. That's enough, heaven knows, for it is almost impossible these days to find a soprano who is even up to executing—let alone interpreting—the practically uninterrupted dizzying flight of this cruel but exquisite vocal part. Miss Callas accomplishes the feat—not without a bit of strain here and there, but always effectively and usually with something left over for vocal characterization. To judge not only from this but from other recent records of hers, young Miss Callas is by no means a perfect technician, for she occasionally tends to stray from pitch and to scoop up tones. Curiously, these faults almost always show up during the less demanding parts of the score; in "Norma," anyway, she invariably rises to the big moments. Her singing has authority in the grand style, along with a rather engaging personal quality. Of the other principal singers, it is Ebe Stignani who does the most compelling work, in the part of Adalgisa. She sings expertly and often beautifully, but the years have had their effect on her voice, and now and then it loses its lustre and is inclined to become breathy. In the tenor part of Pollione and the bass part of Oroveso, Mario Filippeschi and Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, respectively, are decidedly routine. The orchestra and the chorus of La Scala also participate, and the performance is conducted competently by Tullio Serafin. —D. W.

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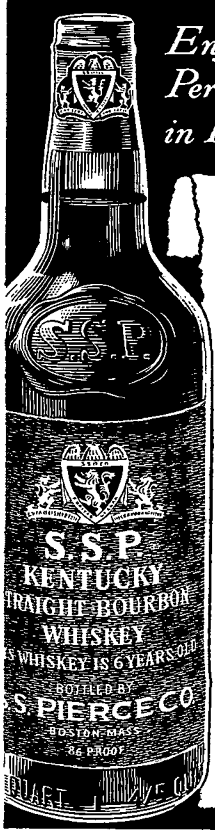

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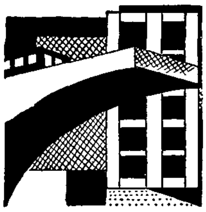

THE Manufacturers Trust Company's new Fifth Avenue office, at the southwest corner of Forty-third Street, revives the dream of building a whole city of glass that haunted the Victorian imagination. Most of the big cities of Europe perpetuated that dream to the extent of building at least one glass-covered shopping arcade; George Pullman, in projecting his ill-fated town of Pullman, Illinois, built a great glass-covered market and community hall; even Ebenezer Howard, most practical of idealists, conceived an enormous under-glass shopping avenue as one of the spectacular features of his proposed Garden City near London; and the dream of sparkling crystalline cities, all glass and metal, figured in more than one of H. G. Wells' many utopias. But only in our time has this dream begun to come nearer to general realization, and among the architects who have done most to put the idea to practical use—Philip Johnson in his own house, in New Canaan; Mies van der Rohe in the Lake Shore Drive Apartments, in Chicago; Frank Lloyd Wright in the S. C. Johnson & Son's Laboratory, in Racine, Wisconsin—none has done more (in New York, anyway) than the firm of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. In the Manufacturers Trust, they have followed up their Lever House with a quite different mode of design, and in the course of executing it they have pointed up many of the possibilities of glass, both structurally and aesthetically.

While Lever House is, at most times of the day and the night, a dark-green, almost opaque building, in which the glass sheath seems stretched taut, like a film, over the frame it conceals, this new bank is a paradoxical combination of transparence and solidity—crystalline, yes, but not in the slightest frail or filmlike, for, if anything, it is both rugged and monumental. Lacking any vestige of classic Greek or Roman form, or anything to remind one of the conventional banking temple except its low, four-square form, it nevertheless expresses the classic qualities of dignity, serenity, and order. To the observer approaching it along Fifth Avenue, this structure, with its heavy vertical aluminum ribs and its massive glass wall pan-

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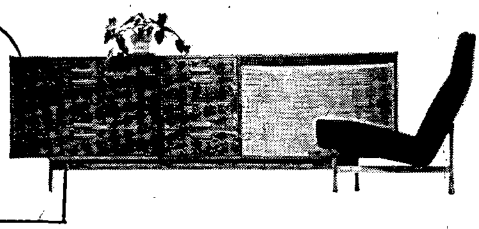

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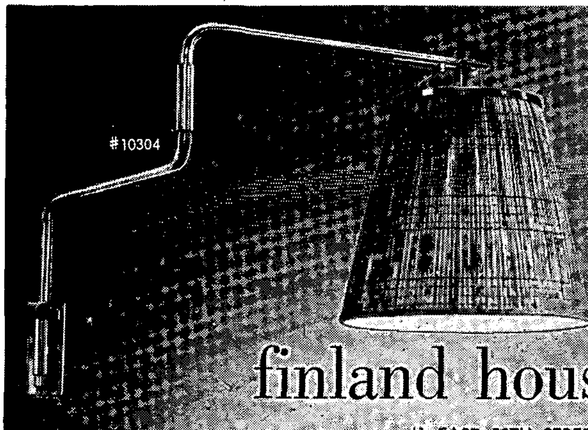

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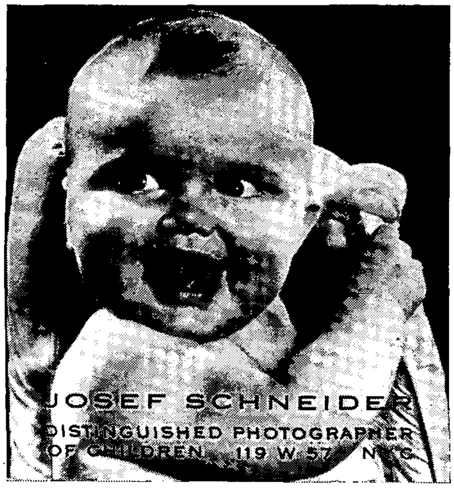
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els, conveys the feeling that it is there to stay. The over-all treatment of the façade actually says aloud what the engineers' calculations had indicated—that these glass walls could withstand a wind of up to a hundred miles an hour, a velocity that, because of its sheltered position, the building would never be subjected to.

The notion of designing a bank with an all-glass façade was first broached, I believe, in these columns in the nineteen-thirties, the theory being that exposure to public view was a much greater protection against assault and robbery than any number of stately Corinthian columns and bronze grille cages. As a matter of fact, the classic column, once the pat symbol of conservatism and financial solvency, did not, as a symbol, survive the awful financial revelations of the great depression, yet it was a long time after that before banks began to free themselves of this antique image. The move toward modern design in banks first manifested itself only in the interiors; the cold, chilly, railroad-station atmosphere was gradually warmed up with "homey" touches of the sticky kind associated with Georgian revivalism, and later with equally dubious attempts at mural painting in the genteel tradition of the eighteen-nineties. During the past ten years, though, many banks—there is a whole nest of them around Rockefeller Center—have adopted modern decoration of the sort one might expect to find in a fancy club. But nowhere have both interior and exterior been conceived more effectively as a whole, or treated in a more forthright manner, at once businesslike and elegant, than in this new structure. The great merit of the Manufacturers Trust's new quarters is that, being all of one piece, every part tells the same story, and to perfection. This is true of the little things as well as of the big ones; thus, the clock on the second floor, ignoring the foolish modern convention that requires blank dials and small, stubby hands that don't indicate more than a vague approximation of the time of day, actually tells the hour with pointed precision. Admittedly, part of the building's success is due to the very special advantages of its site, which I will more fully touch on later, but the fact that the architects made use of these advantages is no little part of their achievement.

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main shell contains four floors, counting the street-level one, and it is topped by a fifth floor, a penthouse that is set back to provide a terrace, which, like the Fifth Avenue frontage, is planted with trees, thus suggesting the natural landscape so many of us leave behind when we must do business in the Plutonian underworld of megalopolis. This landscaping makes the building an urban equivalent of Poe's "Domain of Arnheim." Indeed, the bank is as prodigal in the luxuriance of its vegetation as in the luxury of its working equipment, for the extensive greenery, planned and installed by Clarke & Rapuano, landscape architects, requires the services of a gardener two full days a week. The glass walls of this building—there are no windows—are set between tall, vertical ribs of aluminum that rise from a scuffle base of black granite. These walls are interrupted only by three emphatic spandrels of dark-gray glass that girdle the upper floors, while the second story, a mezzanine, is fringed by a thinner band of leafy plants, which offer a contrasting touch of green. The crystalline quality of the structure is further brought out by sheathing the ceilings in opaque plastic panels, ribbed like a washboard, behind which cold-cathode lamps evenly diffuse a pale-yellow light throughout every floor. The only screen of any kind against sunlight is provided by spun-glass curtains of neutral color and texture, which are probably more useful for insulation than for visual protection. The glass panels are really curtains themselves, for although they are firmly fixed in place, their crushing weight is actually suspended from the roof, which, like the floors, is cantilevered out from the columns that support the entire building. The suspending of these walls eliminates the need for heavy, clumsy supporting beams, and thus adds to the feeling of lightness in the structure. This is but one of the many costly technical feats that make this whole audacious enclosure of space seem so simple and so effortless. Another trick is using only eight of these columns, all of them freestanding and all of them set well back from the outer walls of glass, to support the building. This device, which opens up the interior space by eliminating the once mandatory row upon row of supporting columns, is one of the positive contributions of modern engineering to the luminous, lantern-like effect of this building.

To the passing spectator, there are two features that become striking only when he nears the building. One is

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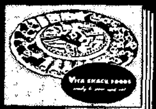

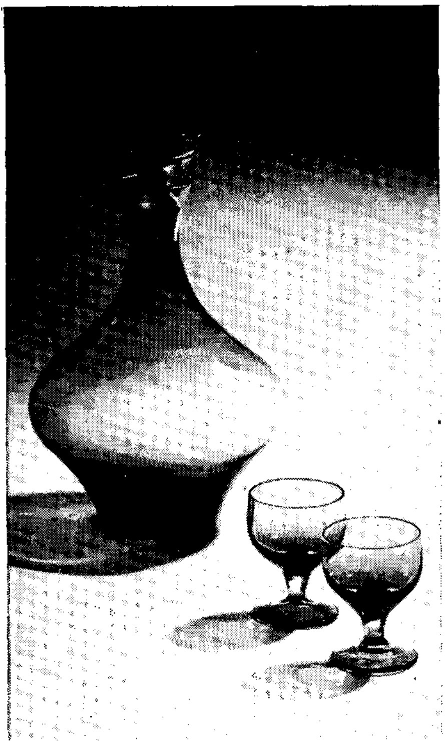

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the great horizontal banks of foliage in the huge boxes that serve as pedestals for the pair of rapidly moving escalators that rise from the main floor to the mezzanine on the Fifth Avenue side. The other is the vast round entrance, also on the Avenue side, to the vaults of the bank, with its massive door of shiny metal—the most impressive possible symbol of security. This thirty-ton door holds the eyes of a constant crowd on the sidewalk, as once upon a time the white-capped chef making hot cakes held people in front of Childs. (Customers with business in the safe-deposit vaults enter them through a series of less ostentatious but well-guarded portals from a small side door at the western end of the Forty-third Street façade.) By raising the most dramatic physical object in a bank from the cellar to the ground floor, the architects have made the most of a natural advertisement. This is what one might call inherent symbolism; it contrasts sharply with the more traditional kind, as old as Assyria—a symbolism that might be represented by two ferocious granite lions. This use of the bank's vaults as an expressive and visible feature was truly an inspiration.

The main entrance to the bank is on the Forty-third Street side, near the corner, and it is clearly indicated by a vertical slab of black granite in the middle of it and a horizontal siding of the same stone, with the bank's name, above it. There are two even more modest legends, in stainless-steel letters, at eye level on the glass of the Fifth Avenue façade. Remembering how one of Louis Sullivan's little banks in Iowa was bedevilled by no less than seven signs, all frantically proclaiming the name of the bank, one is grateful to the Manufacturers Trust for believing that this is enough; after all, the building has already become self-identifying.

AT last we are ready to enter the building. On the ground floor, the main aesthetic ingredients of the whole composition are on display—the ceiling of corrugated plastic exuding that even yellow light; the pale terrazzo floor; the open tellers' counters, minus the old grilles and cages, forming an ell against the back walls; i.e., the south and west ones. The first of these walls, which also serves as an outer wall of the bank vault, is of black granite up to the mezzanine, and then white, light-green, and blue plaster on successive floors; the other is of sky-blue plaster up as far as the mezzanine, and then gray marble. (The walls of the fifth, or penthouse,

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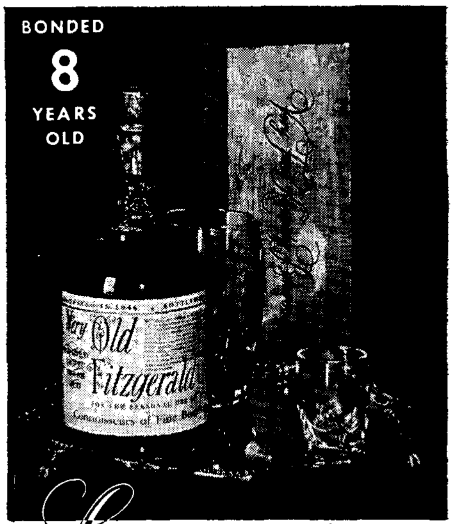

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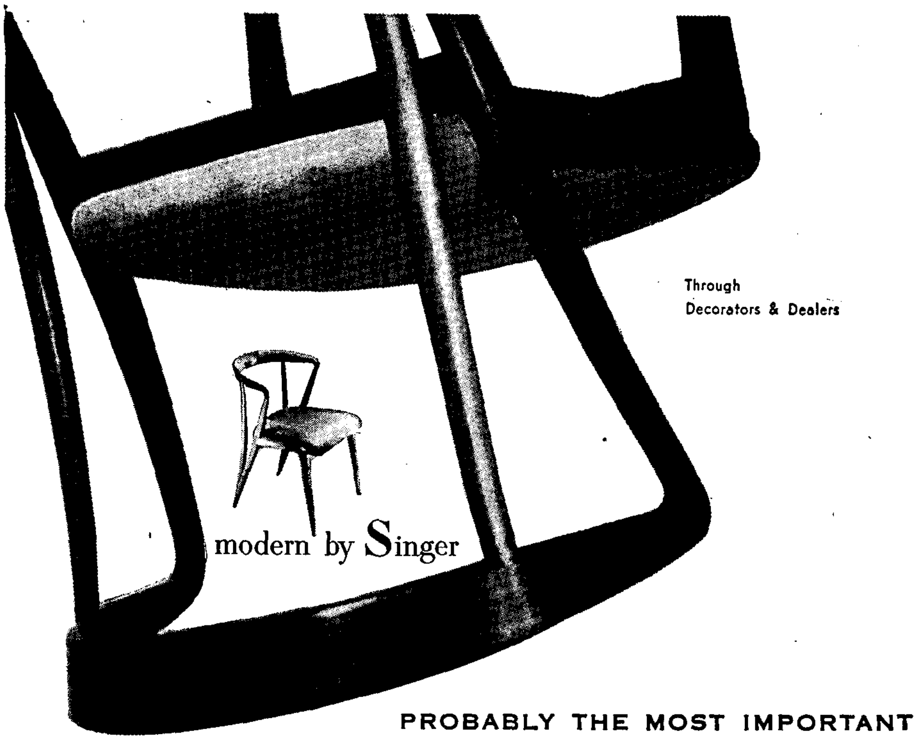
floor are all of glass.) Since the escalators go no higher than the mezzanine, there is a bank of elevators, with handsome red-lacquered doors, in this wall. The bases of the tellers' counters are of ebony wood set between vertical ribs of stainless steel. The tops of the counters are done in a beautiful, creamy Italian marble, with a light-tan figure weaving through it. The ebony of the counters is repeated in the long, bowed table in the directors' room on the top floor, and the marble of the counters is used again for the floor of the president's room, and as a wall panel on the fifth floor. This flow of materials and colors from one floor to another, now for one purpose, now for another, contributes powerfully to the unity of the building, while the basic palette used by the design consultant, Eleanor Le Maire, is sufficiently comprehensive—white, light yellow, tan, brown, blue, and black are her principal colors—to be capable of endless variations and combinations. Radically contrasting colors are introduced only in the powder room, on the fifth floor—where all sorts of lipstick pinks and reds dominate—and in the employees' lounge, in the basement, where, doubtless in an attempt to be gay and to put banking associations aside, the color scheme is somewhat distracting, if not incongruous. Apart from this lapse, and the fact that the sky blue of various wall spaces is not merely cold but is at odds with the indigo blue in some of the textiles and leathers, Miss Le Maire's decoration seems in admirable accord with the spirit of the whole structure, including its directness—one might also say its masculinity.

Aesthetically, the topmost floor and the main banking floor are almost without reproach. The first of these is the final word in quiet luxury, though it utilizes no materials or motifs that are not already at work on the other floors. The most notable part of its decoration is the perilously artful arrangement of potted tropical plants (such as philodendrons) whose waxen perfection rouses a suspicion of complete artificiality, and the series of modern prints, paintings, and sculptures that bring into this highly rationalized interior some of the more subjective emotional elements that are usually absent from the surface operations of a banker's mind, and certainly absent from the kind of art that banks have in general patronized. But the second floor, dedicated to the senior officers of this branch of the bank, and o the Trust and Foreign Departments, s the crown of the architects' and decorator's aesthetic achievement. The noble



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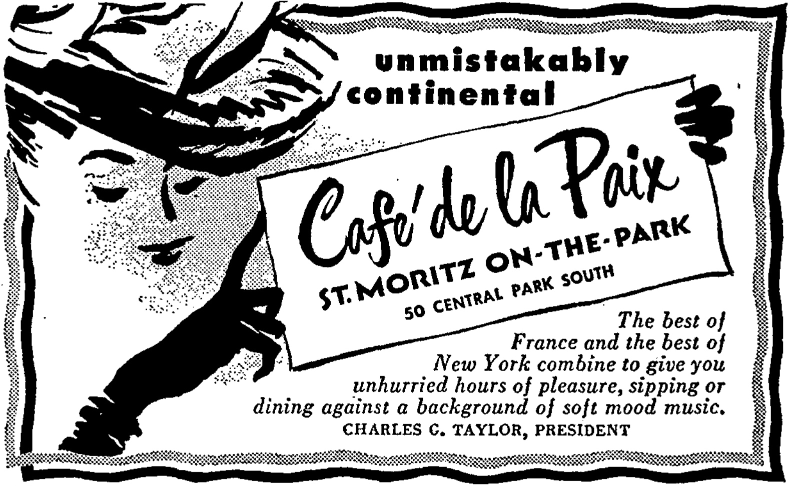

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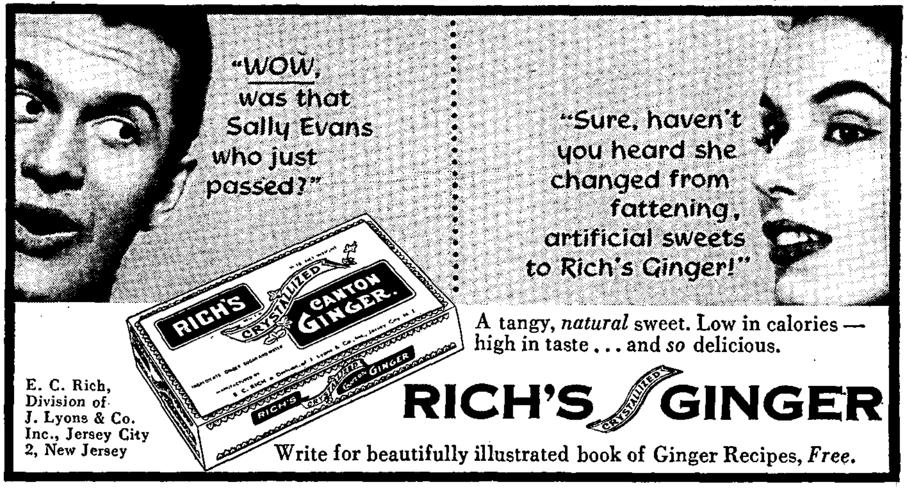

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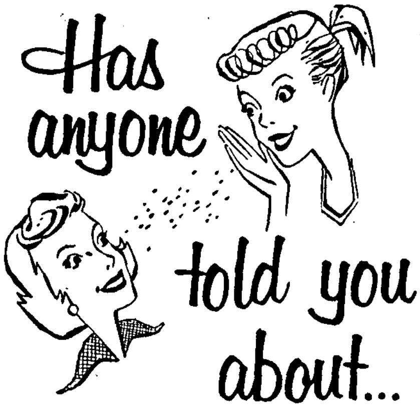
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height of this story, the tallest of the five, emphasizes its almost unbroken space, and the cold pallor of the white walls and the white marble-sheathed columns is softened by a splatter of vermilion chairs, in a reception area near the escalators, and the brilliance of a huge golden screen that is placed near the west end of this floor to separate the counter in front of it from the elevators behind. This screen is a feature that I gravely doubted when I saw the preliminary illustrations, but the truth is that it lifts the whole composition to a higher plane. It is a mass of loosely assembled and variously twisted oblong steel plaques, plated with bronze and gold and welded together, and it has just enough minor variations in texture and color, plus an occasional break into abstract shapes, to make it stand out from the glossy mechanical refinement of the rest of the structure. The screen is the work of Harry Bertoia, the Pennsylvania sculptor. Though it is purely abstract, making no effort at symbolic significance, it humanizes these quarters even more effectively than the living plants, mainly because it suggests something frail, incomplete, yet unexpected and defiant of rational statement, and thus lovable, a note that is not audible in most of the representative architectural expressions of our time. On this ground, one might also defend the tangled hair-net of wire that floats in the air above the escalators as they end, on the second floor, and that was meant to cast a complicated shadow on the south wall, but, frankly, this creation does not seem worthy of the sculptor and craftsmen who executed the screen. And the shadow has evaporated in the diffused glare of the overhead lights, since the spotlights that were to produce it were too strong for the tellers' eyes. (This problem, however, is being given further study.)

ALL in all, then, the Manufacturers Trust Building is perhaps as complete a fusion of rational thinking and humane imagination as we are capable of producing today. If you reject it, you reject many of the notable excellences of our age. As a symbol of the modern world, this structure is almost an ideal expression. The interpenetration of inner space and outer space, the fact that the principal functions of the building are as visible from the outside as those of a supermarket, that the same freedom of space and light has been provided in every part of the structure, thus giving the executive officers, the staff,

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the clients the same architectural background—this surely reflects the economic, the social, and the aesthetic principles of the modern business world at their best. This architecture is a formal expression of the culture that has explored the innermost recesses of the atom, that knows that visible boundaries and solid objects are only figments of the intellect, that looks with the aid of X-rays and radioactive isotopes at the innerness of any sort of object, from armor plate to human bodies. That architects and sculptors should seek to express this world of transparent forms and dynamic processes, that they should actually revel in this exposure, is natural, since it is the eternal business of the artist to express in new forms what would otherwise remain at the commonplace levels of daily perception.

But there is a catch to this method of symbolic interpretation that some of our best architects have too often overlooked. Achieving effective symbolic expression frequently demands a surrender of practical convenience to expressiveness, a sacrifice acceptable only for religious ends. An all-glass building, fully exposed to sunlight, is a hotbox in our climate, and then the penalty one usually must pay for symbolism is to cower a large part of the time behind a Venetian blind, which robs the form of its aesthetic significance. Happily for the architects of this bank, its location and its purpose greatly reduced the practical objections to an all-glass structure. Because it is surrounded by taller buildings, there is no need for screens or blinds or green heat-ray-resistant glass. In addition, the architects, instead of treating all the functions of the bank as public ones, because of a theoretic commitment to the open plan, have provided a series of snug rooms, with doors, on the third floor to insure privacy where privacy is desirable. In other words, the functional requirements of this building coincide remarkably well with the symbolic or expressive functions, and the result is a bold, straightforward design, consistent in every detail without being arbitrary or formalistic. But let novices take warning! An attempt to imitate this design under different physical conditions might easily result in lamentable sacrifices of pleasure and comfort.

AND this brings me to the last factor that insured the excellence of this structure: no expense was spared in its conception and execution. By making his building just large enough for its wn uses, instead of pushing it up to a

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height of ten or fifteen stories to provide pigeonholes for other tenants, the bank not only refrained from adding to the congested population of Fifth Avenue but enabled the architects to conceive a completely articulated and unified structure. Some of the best features of its design would have been forfeited if it had been necessary to build the usual steel skeleton with the usual number of columns. Again, the system of ceiling and cove lighting chosen was an expensive installation, but it may be that because of its unity, efficiency, and pleasantness it will turn out much cheaper in the long run. In other words, the richness and perfection of the interior are due largely to the fact that there was no penny-pinching about first costs. Perhaps the bank's president, Mr. H. C. Flanigan, took to heart the lesson of this bank's only architectural rival, the handsome P.S.F.S. Building, in Philadelphia, done by Howe & Lescaze in 1932. For there the costly materials and meticulous craftsmanship have, in the course of a quarter century, paid off in utility, low upkeep costs, and undatable beauty. What matters, really, is not first costs but final costs. Possibly the cheapest quarters in the world, as regards *total* cost, and the most profitable in the long run, are the group of buildings—originally residences—that frame the Place Vendôme in Paris. They are still spacious and sound enough to be serviceable (and bring high rents as offices) after two and a half centuries. By thinking in such long-range terms, more New York enterprises might produce buildings and even whole districts of comparable excellence.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

Charles F. Reynolds, former Pawtucket mayor, sat on his first case today as state liquor control administrator.—*Providence Bulletin.*

Getting the feel of the thing?

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"Infatuation: Can It Be Controlled?" . . . That was the subject of a talk Thursday before the UC advanced management class by Wilbur P. Calhoun, professor of finance.—*Cincinnati Post.*

Professor of finance, indeed!

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Mr. Cooper put up $15,000 of his own money for this show. Then in 1949 he appeared for two years as Ensign Pulver in the Chicago company of "Mister Roberts."

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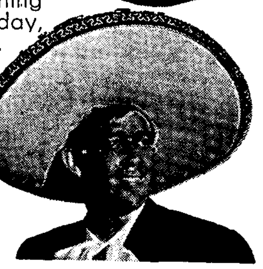

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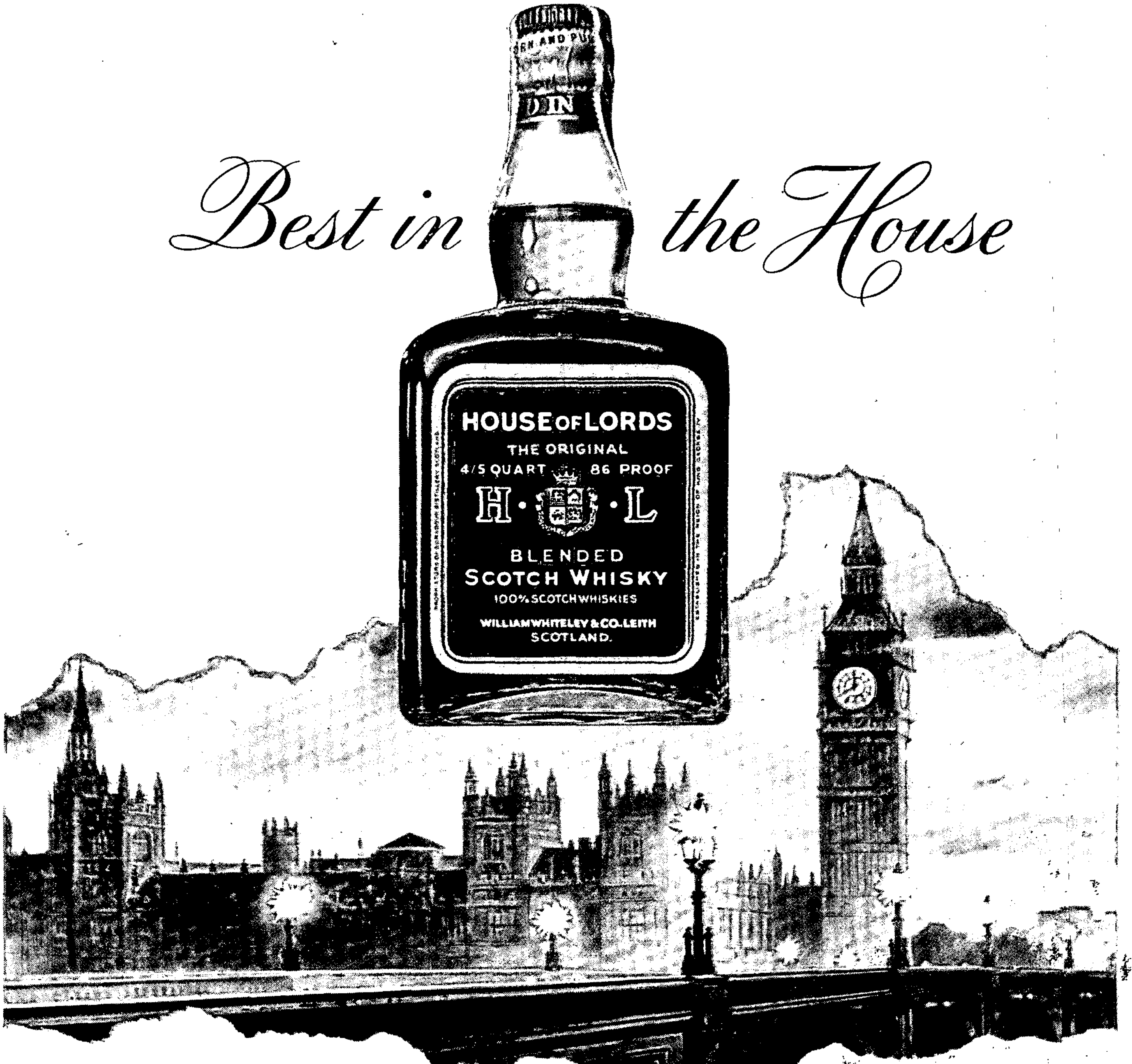
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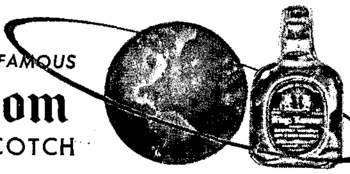

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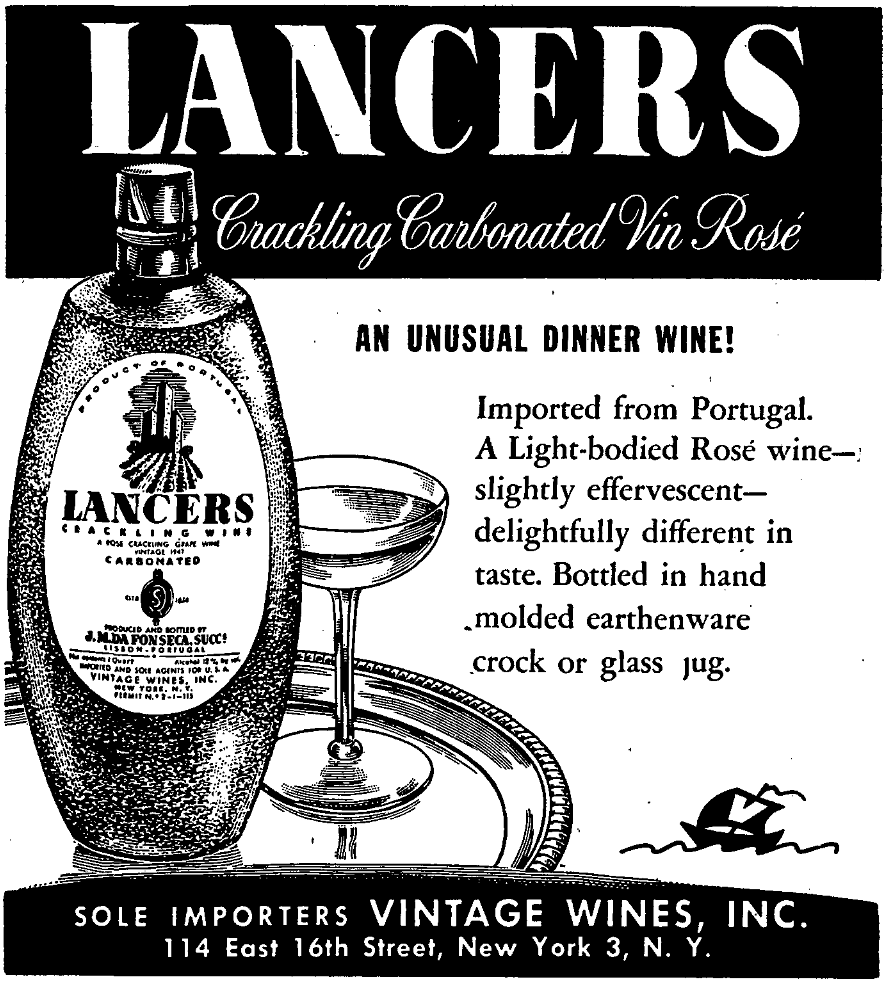
THE RACE TRACK

Third International

SINCE it was almost inevitable that someday an American horse would win the Washington, D. C., International, I was delighted that it was C. V. Whitney's Fisherman who turned the trick in Maryland on Wednesday of last week. In explanation of this outburst of sentiment, let me say that I'm a pushover for gallant little horses (the littler they are, and the more gallant, the harder I fall), and Fisherman, because of his size and courage, has been a pet of mine ever since he came out. To judge from the cheering, the like of which I haven't heard in years, nearly everybody else at Laurel that afternoon was pleased, too.

Fisherman was a last-minute substitute for the King Ranch's High Gun, who strained the muscles in one of his legs during his final workout for the race, and, if I may say so, it was pretty sporting of Fisherman's stable to send him to the post. Running a mile and a half on such short notice would have been a tough assignment for any of our three-year-olds, especially if it had to be run, as Fisherman ran it, over a completely unfamiliar course and footing. (Fisherman had never raced on the grass before.) I'm sure his smoothness of action was a great help to him, but it's only fair to say that his jockey, Arcaro, was also a great help to him. Arcaro, who has been going great guns for a couple of months now, invariably rises to the occasion when the big money is up, but I doubt whether he has ever ridden a better race. His judgment of pace, his timing, and his handling of his mount in the stretch were perfect. And that covers everything.

This International—the third—was as exciting to watch as its predecessors. Landau, Queen Elizabeth's colt, jumped off in front at the start and led for the first spin around the seven-furlong course, with Fisherman, Norman, and Brush Burn close behind. When Landau ran out of speed, Fisherman took the lead easily and held it, despite the efforts of the French filly Banassa, who came up in the stretch and finished second, lengths ahead of Brush Burn. A few grumblers insisted that Banassa should have won, and I daresay that



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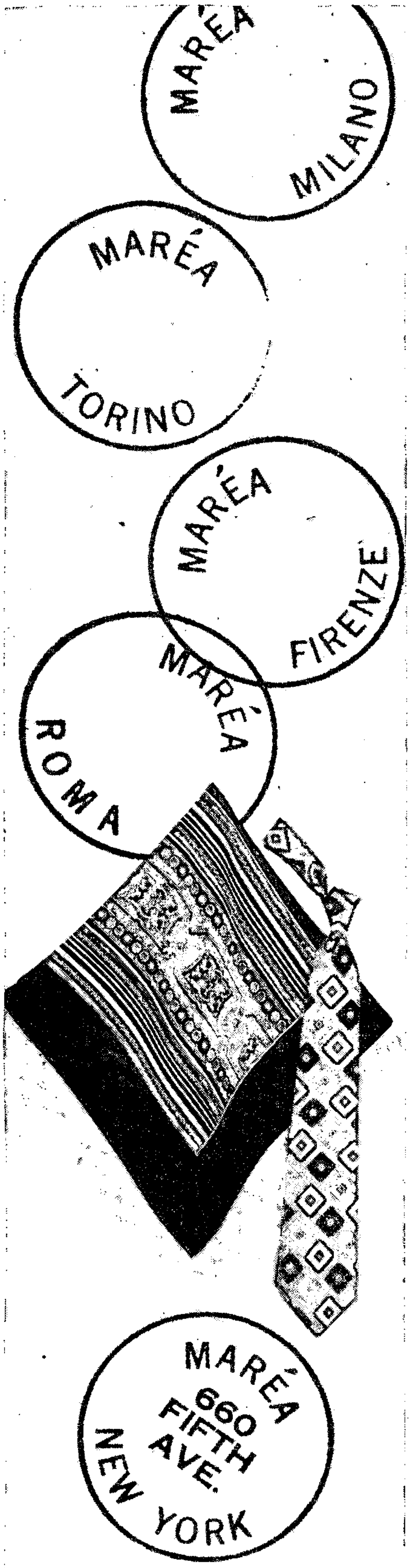

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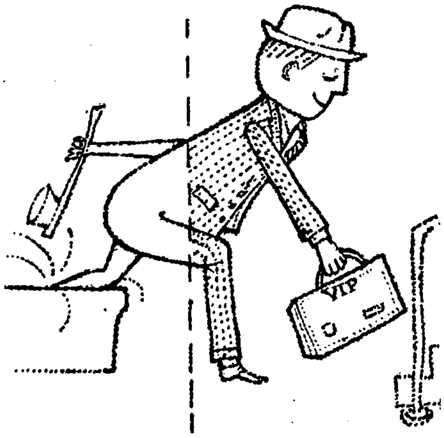
with Arcaro up she would have. Certainly, Lalanne, who handled her, didn't do a conspicuously good job, keeping her in the sticky going along the rails.

The horses who came over for the race this year were the best yet. I hardly need add that the one who attracted the most attention at saddling time was Landau, a lively, well-made black three-year-old—the first racer I ever heard of who went to a psychiatrist, or perhaps it was the other way around. Anyway, Charles Brook, the Harley Street psychiatrist, treated him for nervousness. (The beast still seems nervous to me.) Landau, who obviously can run fast, but not far, was handsomely turned out. In the paddock, he wore a rich dark-blue quarter blanket on which the letters "E. R. II" were embroidered in gold. Snaith, his jockey, wore a purple-and-scarlet racing jacket so fresh out of the box it came in that the creases were showing. The other English colt, King of the Tudors, whose best form might be compared to that of Rejected, did fairly well, but Northern Gleam, an Irish filly and a topnotcher in long races, seemed all at sea. Norman, a handicap horse from France, made a better showing, finishing fourth. In my book, however, Banassa was the best of the visiting lot. Once more, John Schapiro, the head man at Laurel, deserves full marks for putting on a splendid show.

There was such wide interest in the International that it's too bad it wasn't on television and radio. I'm told that the networks, and even the offices at the Jamaica track, were deluged with inquiries from people who wanted to tune in on it. Moreover, it was reported in the newspapers that at a luncheon on the day of the race the Queen Mother asked Mayor Wagner if there was going to be a broadcast. Which reminds me of a story Colonel Martingale got from an old Home Office man. It seems that one afternoon last summer Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip were driving through London—from Buckingham Palace to the airport, I believe. Now, as you may or may not know, the Queen never has a motorcycle escort, but Scotland Yard men are stationed here and there along the route she is to travel, and they report in when she goes by. Well, that afternoon Her Majesty passed six of the checking points on the dot. But she was five minutes behind schedule at the seventh, and the inspector there began to fidget. When there was no sign of her after another five minutes, all Scotland Yard was

step out of your bathtub



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just about as close to being in a dither as Scotland Yard ever gets. Presently, however, the royal Daimler came rolling along. What had happened was that the B.B.C. was broadcasting a race in which the Queen had a horse, and when she turned on the radio in her car the static was so bad (have you ever tried to catch the racing results while driving over the Triborough Bridge?) that she told the chauffeur to pull up at the side of the road at a place where the reception was clearer.

THE two races worth remembering at Jamaica last week were surprises, and, curiously, the winners came from the same stable—Maine Chance Farm. In the Frizette Stakes, for two-year-old fillies, on Election Day, Myrtle's Jet romped home an easy winner, while the Wheatley Stable's High Voltage, the odds-on favorite, got away slowly, had a rough trip in the muddy going, and finished out of the money. The stunner came on Saturday, when Jet Action outran Helioscope in the Roamer Handicap. Helioscope, who has been almost unbeatable on the Jersey tracks, carried a hundred and twenty-nine pounds to Jet Action's hundred and eighteen, and, as Diogenes Checkpoints says, weight is a great leveller. There are those, however, who think a little hex was hiding in Helioscope's lead pads. Maybe so, for Helioscope hasn't been able to win in New York this season.

I DON'T think Harry Guggenheim's Flying Fury could possibly have beaten Summer Tan in last month's Garden State Stakes (he finished third, you know), but on past performances he looked like a good thing for the Pimlico Futurity, in Maryland, last Saturday. Well, the best he could do was finish second to Thinking Cap, who had won only twice in ten tries. As for Summer Tan, no doubt you've heard that he developed an embolism last week, and that for several days it was touch and go whether he'd pull through. Now, I'm pleased to say, he has made a remarkable recovery. The last time I talked to the vets at Belmont about him, they said he was all right, or nearly so. But none of them would say when he would race again. I'm truly sorry, for Summer Tan has been such a promising colt.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Six per cent of all babies born in the U.S. are immature.—*Atlanta Journal.*

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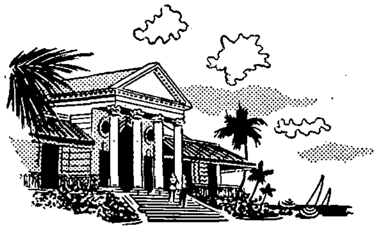

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IN "The Detective," Father Ignatius Loyola Brown, the whimsical sacerdotal sleuth invented by G. K. Chesterton, makes his first screen appearance, in the person of Alec Guinness. Mr. Guinness's resources as an actor are, of course, formidable, but the cleric he portrays here is so self-consciously mischievous that he presently gets a bit tedious. Chesterton advanced the notion in the Father Brown series that to do a great right one might well do a little wrong, and in "The Detective" our hero's peccadilloes are constantly landing him in hot water not only with his superiors in the Church but with the civil authorities. When, for instance, he breaks into an office to restore some money one of his parishioners has stolen, the police take a dim view of his conduct, and when he and another of his parishioners start practicing picking pockets, his monsignor is not amused. There is a regrettable archness about most of Mr. Guinness's activities, but that, I suppose, is almost inescapable in comedies dealing with priestly innocents addicted to a kind of schoolboy prankishness.

In "The Detective," Mr. Guinness is largely concerned with apprehending a thief in order to save his soul. The police are interested in apprehending this malefactor in order to toss him into jail. As it happens, the lad everybody's after is an impressive man of parts—a connoisseur of art, a master of disguise, a scion of a fine French family, and a thief who steals beautiful things simply to round out his collection of objets d'art. When this naughty trophy hunter makes off with a cross once owned by Saint Augustine and now the proudest possession of Father Brown's church, it becomes imperative for the priest to track him down—doubly imperative, in fact, for the cross is pinched while Father Brown is taking it to Rome, in defiance of the security plans of his bishop and of Scotland Yard. The methods by which Father Brown goes about capturing his man are not very suspenseful; indeed, the element of suspense is weak all the way through the picture. So is the element of romance,

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introduced by having the stylish crook take up with a pious, rich, and attractive widow, who helps set the stage for his surrender to Father Brown. In place of suspense and romance, there's a good deal of talk about the necessity of a man's getting right with God, but none of it is particularly penetrating. Still, it's always a pleasure to have Mr. Guinness around, even when his role doesn't permit him to function at the top of his game, and it's also pleasant to be in the company of Joan Greenwood, who plays the widow; Cecil Parker, who is Mr. Guinness's bishop; and Peter Finch, the noble wrongdoer.

"BLACK WIDOW," another mystery drama, which was written, directed, and produced by Nunnally Johnson, has none of the philosophical pretensions of "The Detective," but this negative virtue is about all that can be adduced in its favor. It has to do with a big theatrical producer who, after being kind to a minx from the South, finds himself accused of her murder. Van Heflin doesn't do much with the role of the producer—it's doubtful whether anybody could—and Peggy Ann Garner plays the ingénue as the typical corn-pone-and-chitling figure we've come to expect in the movies when a girl is said to be from the Scarlett O'Hara country. Ginger Rogers, Reginald Gardiner, and George Raft are visible along the way, and all of them seem to be tired. Miss Rogers is tired as a nasty actress, Mr. Gardiner is tired as a gentleman a lady is keeping, and Mr. Raft is tired as a detective. It's a fairly close race, but I'd say the apathy sweepstakes must go to Mr. Raft.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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President Truman, of Liberia, has found that in an election week politics reaches into every corner, hampering even his planned itinerary in the interest of non-partisanship.

It all began before Tubman's visit here.—*The Post.*

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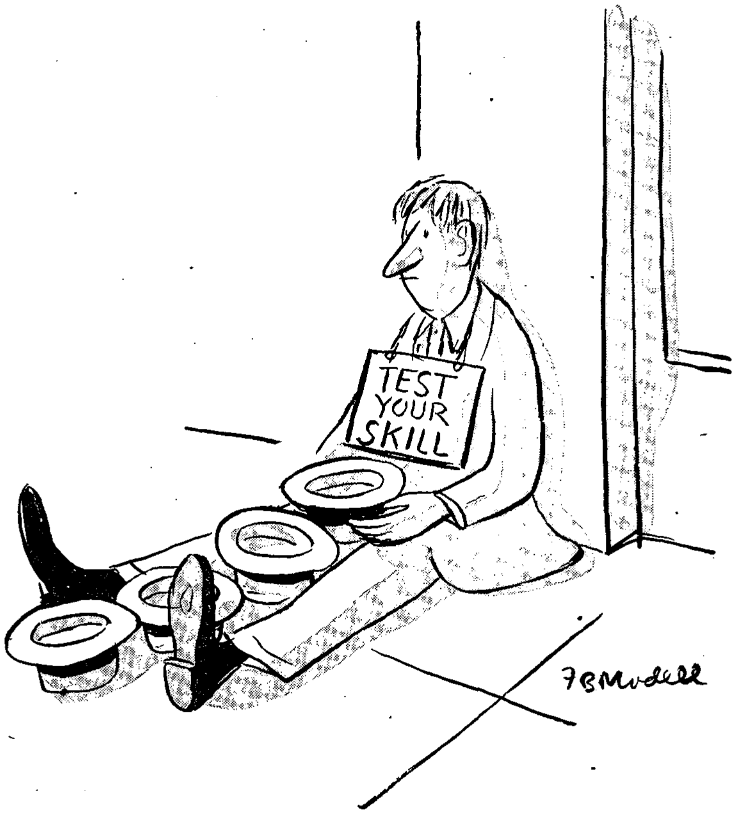
BOOKS

George Washington

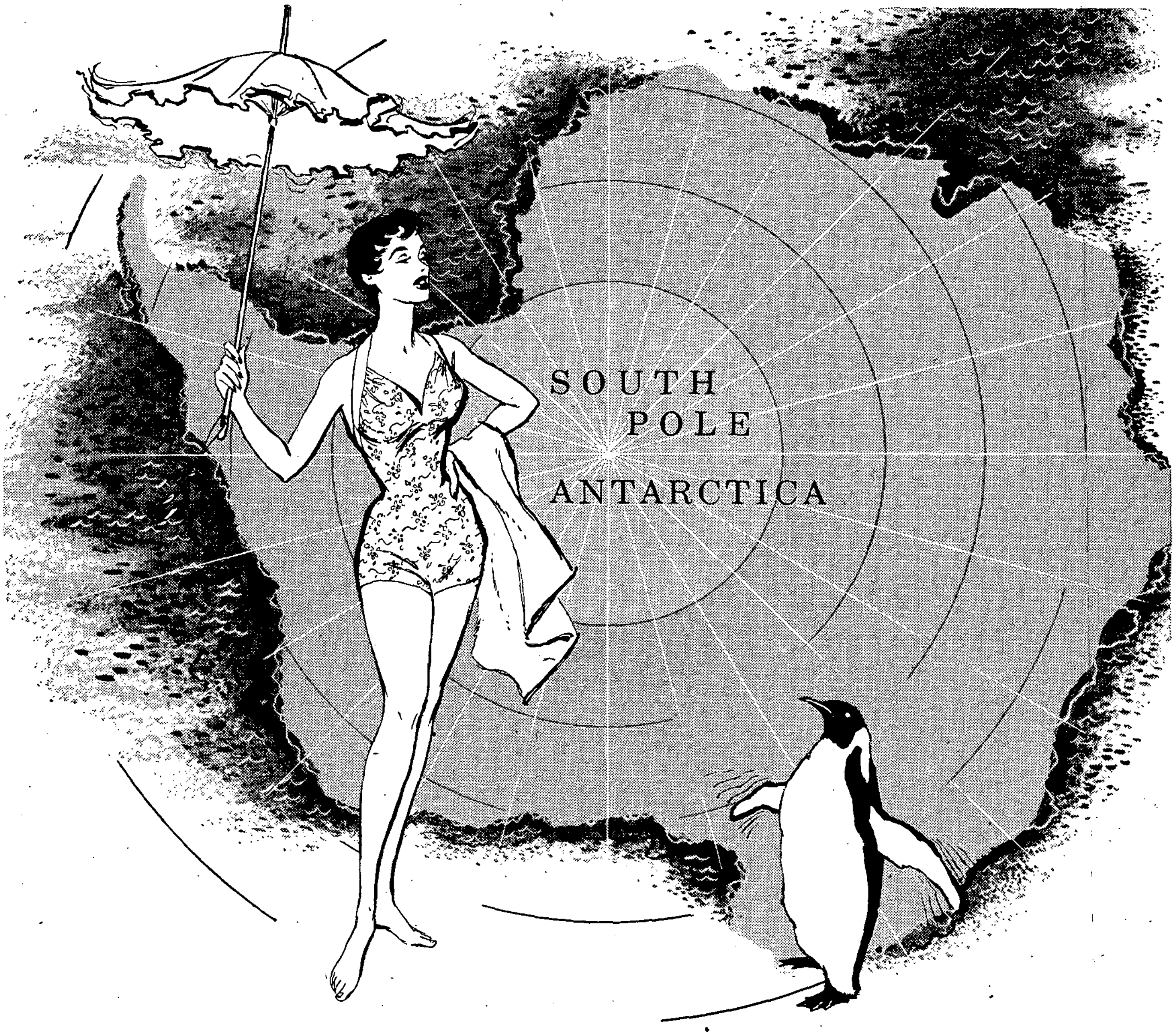
THE principal George Washington legend—the notion that he was a hero at least twice as large as life—was firmly established before the General was fifty years old. It was an awkward burden for him. At the end of the War of the Revolution, after eight years of exhausting responsibility, Washington really wanted to retire to Mount Vernon and to such private problems as his finances, repairs to his house, and reorganization of his plantation. Yet, because of the place he already occupied in his countrymen's hearts, his modest ambition was hopeless. He had hardly time to accustom himself to civilian clothes before public affairs began to draw him away from Mount Vernon. "Patriot and President" (Scribner), the sixth volume of the late Douglas Southall Freeman's biography, "George Washington," starts on December 24, 1783, the day Washington got home after turning back his military commission and resigning as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army. He was allowed seven weeks of privacy—and that only because the weather was so unusually cold until February that no one got through the snow on the roads to bother him. Then visitors started to arrive in batches of as many as ten, and they put an end to the old soldier's dream of peace and quiet. Some of the guests were invited and some came on legitimate business, but a great many were just sightseers who considered the General public property, and this seemed outrageous, especially since most of the uninvited visitors had to be put up at least overnight because there wasn't a nearby *inn. But though* they were thoughtless, the intruders were right. His reputation did make privacy a practical impossibility for him. For one thing, he belonged to the country in the sense that he could not stay out of public affairs; if he failed to take a stand on any serious controversy, or merely postponed saying how he felt, his non-action was as influential as the exertions of most of the partisans on both sides. His physical presence, or his absence, had political weight; he could give a meeting authority and endow its purpose with respectability without doing or saying anything in particular but just by being at it.



Washington soon saw that his reputation compelled him to join in the effort to keep the jealous states, which were drawing further and further apart, from breaking up the Union. By using his extraordinary prestige, he ran the risk of losing it, a thought that disturbed him as much as the evidence that his prestige and his privacy were incompatible. He decided to act in spite of all his good arguments against doing so. Washington agreed to attend the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia, in 1787, and the announcement automatically gave the enterprise the status it had lacked. He presided over the sessions but had few or no ideas to offer. Other men—James Madison, Gouverneur Morris, James Wilson, Rufus King, and Edmund Randolph, in particular—provided the Constitution's detailed shape. Yet during the ratification controversies, many Americans felt that one argument in the document's favor was decisive—the General was for it.

Volume VI goes as far as the end of Washington's first term as President, the task custom-tailored for him, and Dr. Freeman's appraisal of his administration is tremendously important to the biography as a whole. The four years were hard. The government's relations with England, France, the Indians, and the several states were trickily complicated; the Constitution needed amending; the wretched state of the nation's finances called for drastic fiscal reorganization. Perhaps as difficult a problem as any was the task of establishing the precedent-setting style of the Presidency—how the President should live and behave, handle appointments, deal with the other branches of the government, and all the rest. Despite an illness (he almost died of pneumonia in May of 1790) and despite his inability to keep the rivalry between Hamilton and Jefferson, on both of whom he leaned heavily, from becoming irreparably bitter, Washington did marvellously well. His dream of quiet retirement is considerably more remote at the end of Volume VI than it was at the beginning; on the last page of the book, the last page Dr. Freeman wrote, the electors' unanimous choice of Washington to succeed himself for a second term is announced. And Washington's legendary stature was even larger in 1793, the year he completed that term, than it was in 1783.

It had not diminished appreciably by 1945, when Dr. Freeman began his study. Since the biography of a great man always renews the battle between the provable and the probable, on one side, and public opinion on the other, Dr. Freeman acted boldly when he took George Washington as a subject. He hoped to have his hero come to life as a human being, but Washington's reputation made him seem too good to be human. If the reputation was deserved, Washington might



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appear unreal; if it was not deserved, a huge effort (15,693 hours of work, not counting the time of Dr. Freeman's assistants) would have been spent in making the dispiriting discovery that Washington's feet were of clay. Before he committed himself to the task, Dr. Freeman made certain that there was available a wealth of unused detailed information about Washington's personal life—a "glorious mass" of it, in Dr. Freeman's words—so that he could at least be sure the reader could see and hear the General in action. There was no possible hedge against the main gamble, the contest of the legend versus reality. Dr. Freeman had no one to ask about this. Of all the hundreds of Washington biographies, there had never been one that could be fully trusted.

There was another difficulty in the undertaking that was not Washington's fault, and certainly not Dr. Freeman's. This was a troublesome influence that no one writing American history could fail to notice, least of all a historian writing for the reading public rather than for other historians—the implicit emergency request that in a time of national peril the record of the past should look good, that it should offer hope and inspire courage. By absurd coincidence, George Washington was therefore an embarrassing study to start toward the end of the Second World War. A scholar simply cannot promise that plain old history will shape up as a heritage in the sense of a dowry. And at the same time, Dr. Freeman had to feel free to substantiate Washington's exalted reputation if the facts warranted it. He was compelled to lean over backward to avoid leaning over backward in reaching his conclusive estimate of the man.

Dr. Freeman planned nothing less than the definitive Washington biography, a work that, once done, would never need redoing. To hold it down to practical length would require compression and summary, because seven volumes are not much space for a report on a man of Washington's energies; his own writings, a small part of the basic raw material, fill thirty-nine volumes in the standard Fitzpatrick edition. Dr. Freeman's achievement was that he took a restricted view of his subject and then carefully stayed within the limits he had established. There is no doubt that this particular work, as far as Dr. Freeman got with it, will last indefinitely. The method is described by Dumas Malone in an excellent essay, "The Pen of Douglas Southall Freeman," which serves as the introductory comment in Volume VI. Dr. Freeman's technique is to get close to George

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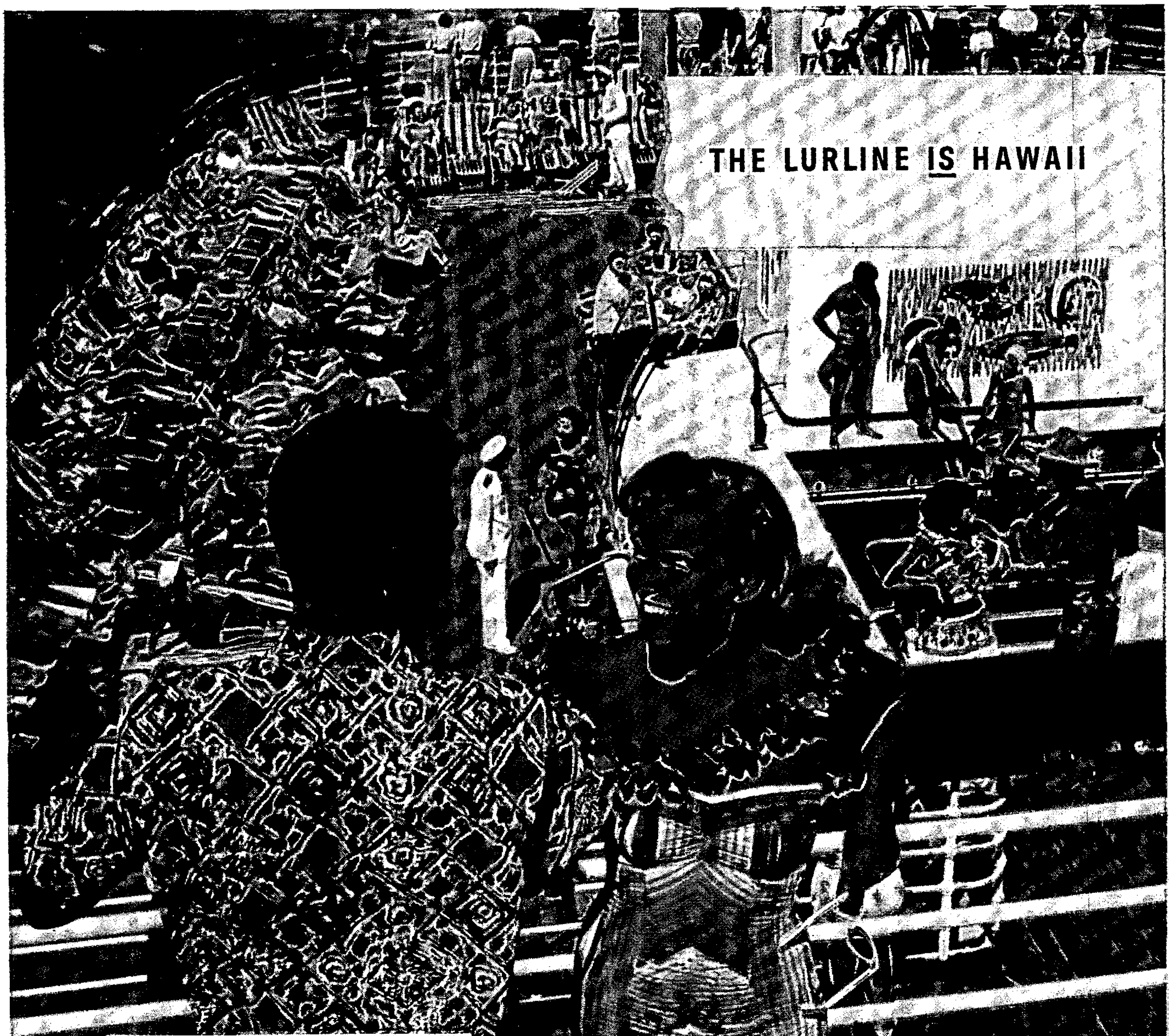
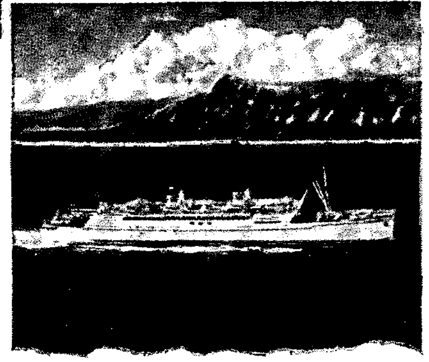


JOHN FLOREA



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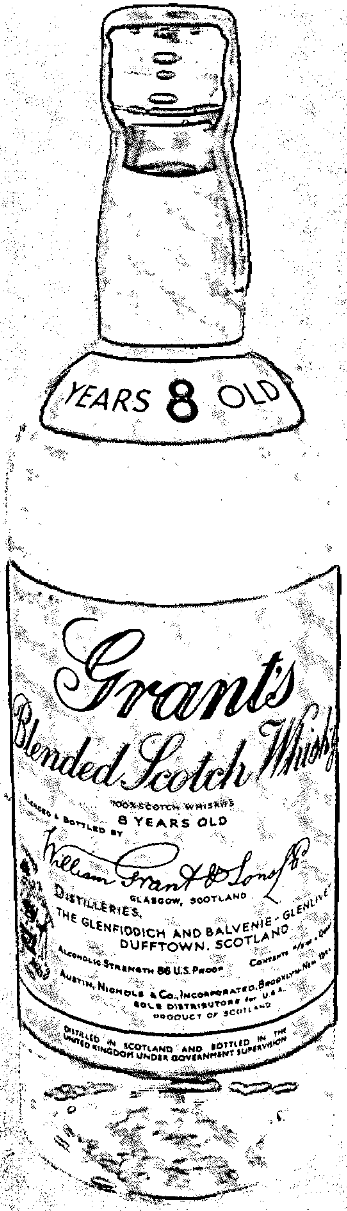
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Washington, but not too close, and follow him with the doggedness of a counter-intelligence agent keeping a suspect under surveillance. The report is all-inclusive within its scope, as if the agent were not willing to take the responsibility for leaving anything out. He puts down every pertinent detail about background, behavior, habits, associations, and opinions, in addition, of course, to the full chronology of deeds and events; at the same time, he presupposes *nothing*, anticipates nothing, and ignores how things might have looked to another reporter at another vantage point. Dr. Freeman never forgets that Washington is his man. Other fascinating characters appear, and the temptation to wander off after them to see what they're doing is great; Dr. Freeman resists it. He tells only enough about the scene to make Washington's actions understandable. He does not write social or political history, or trace the evolution of eighteenth-century ideas; he steps around controversies that belong in other kinds of biography; he writes about George Washington. The result is that in Volume VI there is only a summary of how others wrote the Constitution, but there is everything about where Washington drank tea in the afternoons, and where he fished during the Convention's adjournments, and what he thought of the farms he visited during his stay in Philadelphia, and the merits of the positions Hamilton and Jefferson later took are less important than the effect on Washington of the falling out between these two friends of his.

For the most part, Dr. Freeman seems impersonal toward his subject. That heightens the excitement of the places in his report where, it is reasonable to imagine, the form the biographer has adopted specifies something like "Investigator's Summation." There are two such passages in the six volumes—an estimate of Washington as a young man, at the end of Volume II, and an appraisal of Washington as a military leader, at the end of Volume V. Dr. Freeman planned a third assessment, more important than either of these, for Volume VII, which was to have been the concluding volume. It is sad for the reading public that he died before he had time to set down his over-all judgment, but there is no mystery about what it would have been. Even now, at the end of Volume VI, the suspense is gone. One aim of Freeman's method is to make the conclusions perfectly evident before they are formally expressed. In addition, Dr.

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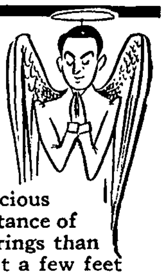

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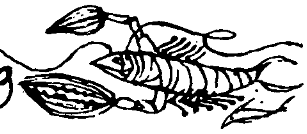

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING, by J. R. R. Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin). This whimsical and sententious fairy story, which is intended for grownups, tells at length of the country, the customs, and the nature of the Hobbits, human-shaped, hairy-footed, amiable creatures who seldom grow taller than three feet. The Hobbits, who are champions of good, or of good will, join with other odd, well-intentioned beings to make a stand against the forces of Evil, and Mr. Tolkien devotes this book to a partial history of a dangerous mission undertaken by the Hobbits in the cause of freedom and enlightenment. The work has the air of having been written as a hobby by a man with a ferreting imagination and a capacity for industry that will not allow him to stop inventing long after all the facts are down and the picture is clear. The language is majestic and gleeful by turns, but it is almost always artificial, and, except for Hobbit enthusiasts, there is a great deal too much

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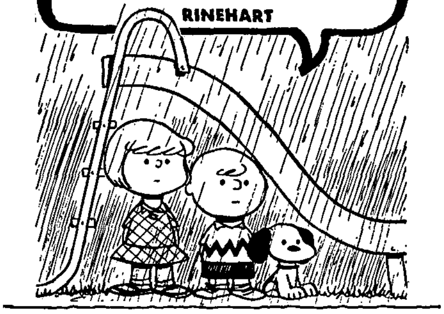

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of it. Perhaps this is a book that should be read as it was presumably written—a little at a time. Mr. Tolkien will reward such patient attention, because in his unhurried and independent way he has created a country, a magic, and a race of creatures that are entirely credible.

THE SPANISH BRIDE, by Walter O'Meara (Putnam). La Sola, a young Spanish dancer of the early seventeen-hundreds, is on the verge of fame and great success in Madrid when she makes a mistake that threatens to cost her her life. She escapes from Spain with the Governor of New Mexico, but after eight years she tires of being his mistress and begins to look for a younger and more considerate lover. The greater part of this overweight volume concerns La Sola's capture of, and flight with, her new lover, but the only interesting section, which is much too short, ends when she parts with her illustrious and tyrannical instructress, La Maya, and leaves Madrid forever.

MUSES THREE, by Terence Kennedy (Roy). A small, entertaining, shamelessly romantic novel about three aged ballerinas who were once famous stars and bitter rivals in the Imperial Russian Ballet and who now find themselves trying to keep alive on the small fees they earn teaching young dancers in Paris. Three long flashbacks, ingeniously arranged, tell the stories of these three lives, which Mr. Kennedy views with respect, amusement, and some fascination.

NOTE: "Hester Lilly and Twelve Short Stories," by Elizabeth Taylor, has been published by Viking. "Hester Lilly" is a short novel, previously unpublished; most of the stories first appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

THE STORY OF MAN, by Carleton S. Coon (Knopf). In an introductory note, written with what turns out to be characteristic lucidity, the author, curator of ethnology and professor of anthropology at the University Museum, in Philadelphia, informs us that the aim of this book is "to describe the main events of human history from the time that man appeared on the face of the earth until the present moment, when he has the power to destroy it." His conception of human history, as might be expected from the disciplines in which he is trained, is not that of the usual historian. It opens, he be-

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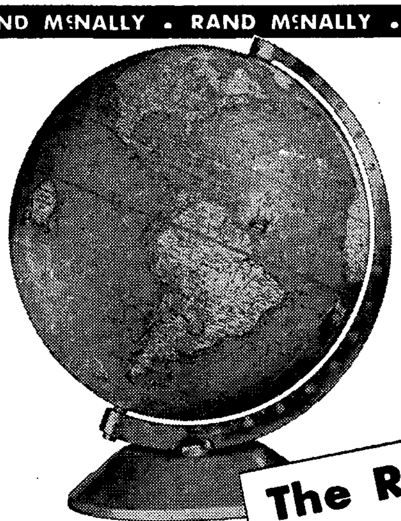

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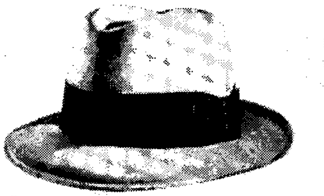
lieves, with the evolution of Homo sapiens, and its end is implicit in its beginning. To his mind, it is essentially a record ("non-repetitive, progressive, and cumulative") of man's dynamic tendency to sustain himself with the least possible expenditure of energy. Dr. Coon develops this thesis, which equates such seemingly unrelated phenomena as revealed religion, the hinged rudder, and the domestication of cattle, with a combination of good sense and good grace that could hardly be more persuasive. A richly rewarding book. Illustrated with photographs and drawings.

THE DARK CHILD, by Camara Laye (Noonday). This little book, translated from the French, is by a native of French West Africa. It is a sort of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," with, to our astonishment, Kouroussa taking the place of Dublin, and the upper reaches of the Niger making a most serviceable Liffey. The author, a black Dedalus who has distinguished himself in the native schools and is offered a chance to continue his studies in Paris, discovers that to succeed on the white man's terms is to fail as a son and an African. His father, a superb blacksmith and goldsmith and the local great man, lets him go, knowing that he will probably never return, and his mother cries out that if he disobeys her wishes and flies off to France, then she has no son and he needn't trouble to return. But long before he faces this choice, the author shows us what it is to grow up a brilliant and sensitive child in a corner of the world that would strike most of us as extravagantly backward in culture and unpleasant in aspect. The brilliant and sensitive child in Kouroussa turns out to be very like his counterparts elsewhere, and it is the unfamiliarity of Mr. Laye's setting rather than his response to it that makes his account a haunting one.

FROM PAMPAS TO HEDGEROWS AND DOWNS: A STUDY OF W. H. HUDSON, by Richard E. Haymaker (Bookman Associates). This book, like its title, could stand a little shortening. The author has placed Hudson in a good, bright light and examined him from all angles—as naturalist, pantheistic lover of life, novelist, social thinker, philosopher, prose stylist, scientist, explorer, man of action, and man of reflection. This is all to the good, but the trouble is that the author lacks system. He says



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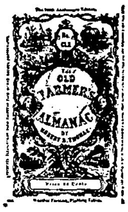

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the same things in a dozen different ways, and he repeatedly succumbs to the temptation to drag in his other enthusiasms—Montaigne, Santayana, and the Chinese landscape painters, to name a few—whether or not they have anything to do with the matter at hand.

THE VIOLATORS, by Israel Beckhardt, with Wenzell Brown (Harcourt, Brace). Mr. Beckhardt is, and has been since 1936, an investigator in the Probation Department of the Bronx County Court. When a person is convicted of a felony in the court, it is an investigator's job to make a thorough socio-psychological study of the case, in order to assist the judge in arriving at a proper sentence. With the help of an amanuensis, Mr. Beckhardt here recalls the details of twenty-two cases that seem to him to be symptomatic in one way or another of the schizoid morality of our time. Most of them are sordid to a degree, and several are downright sickening, but since Mr. Beckhardt's purpose is not to shock but to illuminate, we leave most of his bewildered or belligerent felons with a sense, if not always of sympathy, at least of understanding.

A KING'S HERITAGE, by King Peter II of Yugoslavia (Putnam). King Peter, who is now thirty-one, takes himself pretty seriously in this book. The first part of his story deals with his early childhood in the royal palace in Belgrade; with the assassination of his father, which catapulted him, at eleven, out of an English public school and onto a rather slippery throne; and with his flight from Yugoslavia with his government in 1941. The second half tells, in ponderous detail, of the politicking that went on during the war to restore him to his throne. In this part of the narrative, the author makes it plain that he thinks he was badly used, if not actually double-crossed, by the heads of the Allied governments. King Peter's self-importance sometimes betrays him into unconscious humor (in describing his first meeting with Winston Churchill he says, "His attitude to me was kindly and yet respectful"), but, all in all, the book is an impressive testament to the undying tenacity of those who have once worn crowns. For anyone interested, copies signed by the royal hand are available at twenty-five dollars each. Photographs.

JOURNEY WITHOUT RETURN, by Raymond Maufrais (Crowell). In

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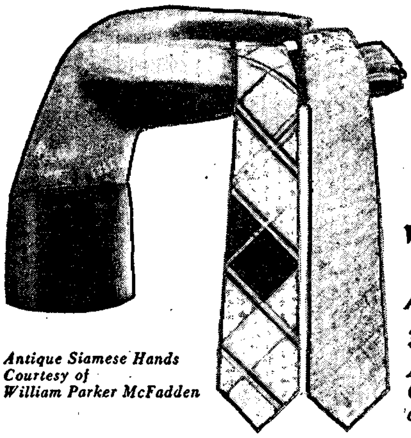

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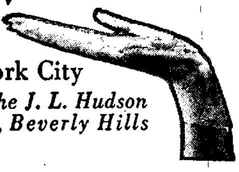

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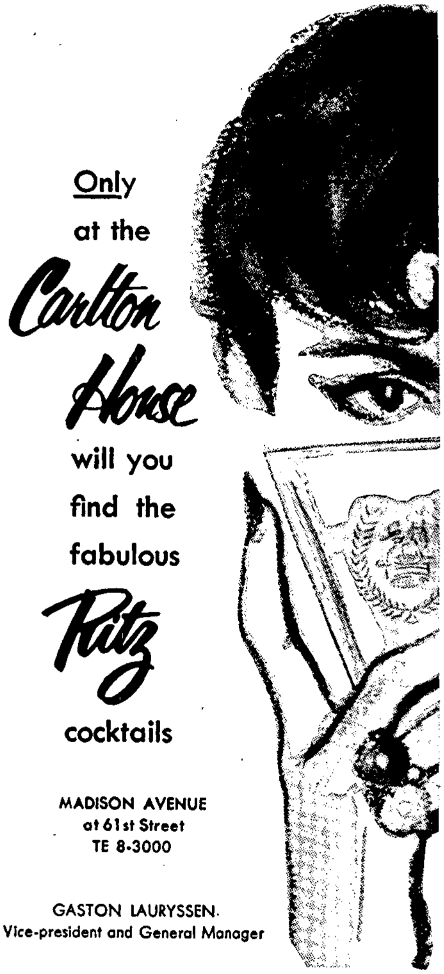

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the fall of 1949, Maufrais, a young French journalist impulsively turned adventurer, dived into the jungles of French Guiana and headed—alone, ill-equipped, and suffering from an abscessed tooth—for the largely unexplored Tumuc Humac Mountains, near the Brazilian border. Shortly before Christmas, he passed through a village on the border of Dutch Guiana, now additionally racked by malaria and dysentery but still determined. A few months later, on a riverbank in southeastern French Guiana, an Indian hunter came upon his last known camp site. He found there, along with Maufrais' rifle, camera, and knapsack, this feverish chronicle of his suicidal wanderings. The final entry is dated February 13, 1950. It indicates that—stripped to a pair of shorts and armed only with a knife—he was planning to swim downriver to civilization. It also indicates, as do most of the earlier entries, that he was a man of practically psychopathic instability. Translated by an unidentified hand and illustrated with photographs.

SAMUEL BARBER, by Nathan Broder (Schirmer). Mr. Barber, whose elegant and lyrical music first appeared on American concert programs in the nineteen-thirties, is a nephew of the contralto Louise Homer. She and her husband, Sidney Homer, who was himself a composer, encouraged and guided Barber in the years when he was something of a child prodigy. Then, despite the rather skimpy patronage available to American composers in the nineteen-twenties and thirties, he managed to win a batch of awards and grants; eventually, his music brought him enough to live on. He was an Air Force corporal in the Second World War, and spent most of his service composing a march and a symphony. Mr. Broder, who is an editor of *Musical Quarterly*, maintains that at the start the composer deserved the label "neo-romantic" that was hung on him, but says that he has in many ways outgrown it. Photographs, a list of compositions, and a list of records are included.

THE LIGHT OF DISTANT SKIES, by James Thomas Flexner (Harcourt, Brace). This is a study of American painting from late Colonial days to the middle of the nineteenth century, and the fact that it is solidly documented does not detract in the least from its readability. Generally speak-

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ing, Mr. Flexner's approach is biographical, and he ranges from the amazing Benjamin West on through Copley, Stuart, Trumbull, and Peale to such men as Samuel Morse and John Vanderlyn. The period, though a fairly short one, was curiously rich in personalities, and it represented a turning point in the development of American art. If it was West who became the first important American painter to study abroad, it was Morse who first counselled artists to stay home—thus beginning a controversy that has continued, off and on, to this day—and if artists were usually regarded as journeymen when the period began, "art academies" were forming all over the land when it ended. (A couple of them, the American Academy of the Arts and the National Academy of Design, engaged in America's first big family squabble over art.) Mr. Flexner writes with spirit and discernment, and the book is pleasant as well as instructive. There are a hundred and two halftone illustrations. Ten dollars.

Treasures of the Great National Galleries, by Hans Tietze (Phaidon). This is such an excellent idea that one wonders why it has never been tried before—at least in a single, moderately priced (ten dollars) volume. Perhaps the reason is the sheer magnitude of the undertaking. This book's size—some four hundred pages—makes minor quibbling irrelevant, and, in any event, there is remarkably little in it to criticize. The eight great national galleries of the Western world, from the Picture Gallery in Vienna to the National Gallery in Washington, are all covered, and so are eight other collections—most of them not government-owned—including the Metropolitan Museum's and the Vatican's. Each section is preceded by a briskly authoritative survey of the historical and cultural background of the museum in question, along with a *catalogue raisonné* of the paintings under discussion. There are around three hundred illustrations, twenty-four of them in full color, and they are all well reproduced and, in general, well selected.

Ero della Francesca, or The Ineloquent in Art, and The Arch of Constantine, or The Decline of Form, by Bernard Berenson (Macmillan). These books, both brief, are written in the now almost extinct manner of the eight-

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eenth-century essay, in which the writer first puts forth a mildly paradoxical idea and then develops it with urbanity, scholarship, and, occasionally, humor. The emphasis is less on the central idea than on the reflections, recondite and otherwise, that it suggests, and Mr. Berenson, drawing on his tremendous knowledge of all the earlier schools of art, ranges widely indeed. In the volume on Piero, he argues (partly with tongue in cheek) that a certain lack of emotion—or, as he calls it, "ineloquence"—helps make a work of art enduring, and this volume is perhaps the more interesting; the other, in which Mr. Berenson uses the run-of-the-mill embellishments on the celebrated Arch as an object lesson in vulgarity of design everywhere, leads him into modern art, a subject that invariably makes him a little testy. Both books are stimulating, however, and the illustrations, which are fairly plentiful, are as discursive as the text.

AMERICAN SCIENCE AND INVENTION: A PICTORIAL HISTORY, by Mitchell Wilson (Simon & Schuster). A big, handsome picture-and-text hurrah for three hundred years of Yankee genius and ingenuity, largely in the field of applied science. The subject is not only one that lends itself uncommonly well to visual elucidation but also one that Mr. Wilson, a physicist by profession, is uncommonly well qualified to handle, and his captions, though necessarily brief, are almost always sharp and illuminating. An entertaining book, and far more substantial than most such literary collages. Ten dollars.

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SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—Robert B. Morris, his wife and 4-year-old son all got sick about the same time for two weeks recently. Thinking a change of climate might help, Morris moved his family here from San Mateo for six days. All promptly got better.

When they went back home, they all got sick again. Then his wife collapsed on the floor.—*Amarillo (Texas) News.*

That's the climate, all right.

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[*From a letter in the Wilmington (Del.) Journal-Every Evening*]

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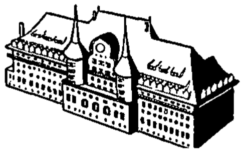

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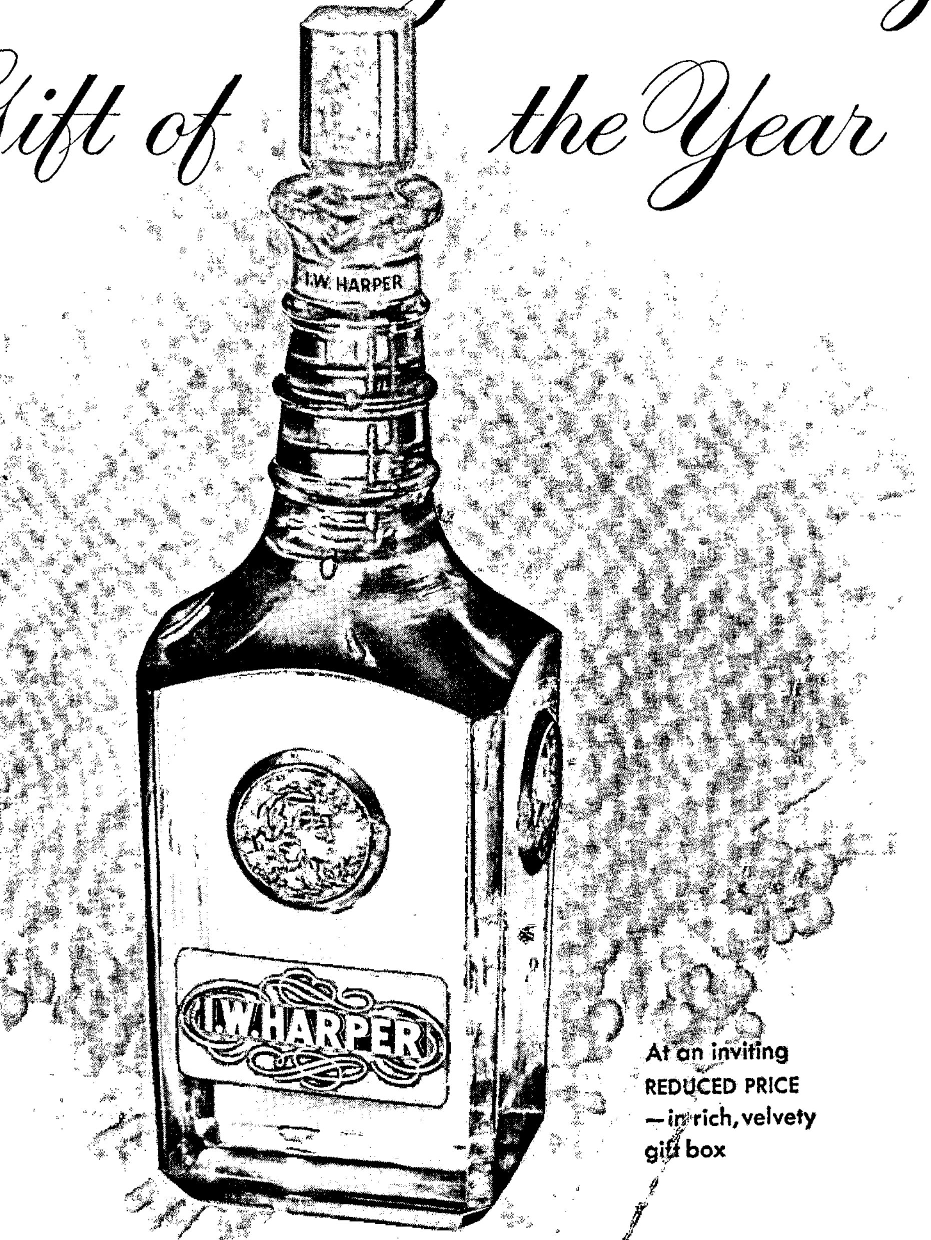

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